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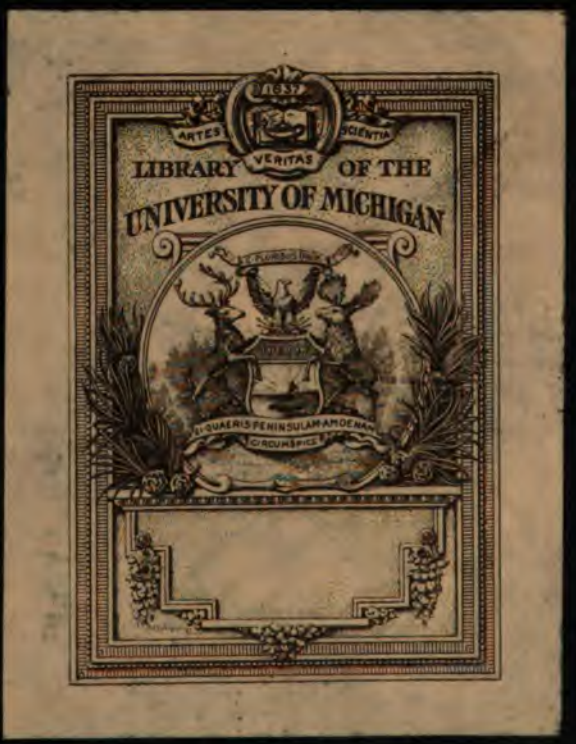
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ISAAC ERRETT.

MEMOIRS

OF

ISAAC ERRETT

WITH

SELECTIONS FROM HIS WRITINGS.

By J. S. LAMAR.

VOLUME I.

CINCINNATI:
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Dedication.

◆

THIS WORK, THE LIFE OF HER
ILLUSTRIOUS FATHER,

THE WRITING OF WHICH WAS PROMPTED BY FILIAL LOVE, AND
MADE POSSIBLE BY HER INTELLIGENT AND FAITHFUL
COOPERATION, IS INSCRIBED, WITH ALL
RESPECT AND ESTEEM,

TO MISS JANE R. ERRETT,

BY HER OBLIGED AND GRATEFUL FRIEND,

THE AUTHOR.

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INTRODUCTION.

The preparation of the following work was facilitated in many places by information kindly furnished, upon request, by several of Mr. Errett's old friends and co-laborers. I have sought to make suitable acknowledgments of such favors by credits given on the different pages where they have been utilized.

In the case of Miss Errett, however, whose aid was continuous, and almost everywhere invaluable, such course was manifestly impracticable. It is due to her, therefore, as well as to myself, that I should state here, with some fullness of detail, the amount and character of her contributions.

As her father's literary executrix, she was able to place in my hands all the accumulated productions of his prolific pen. These included: 1. Printed matter, such as books, pamphlets, lectures, reviews, etc., together with complete files of the "Christian Standard." Many of the above publications are now rare, and some of them can be found only in this collection. 2. Numerous manuscripts, embracing sermons, addresses, diaries, notes, and interesting memoranda. 3. An immense preserve of letters, received during the whole period of his public life. Some of these, although for ordinary purposes entirely worthless, were occasionally suggestive and valuable to his biographer. 4. As the

work progressed, interesting communications were secured from competent persons who were familiar with certain periods of the history.

All these stores were placed freely at my disposal; and from these alone, supplemented by such as an enterprising author might have discovered for himself, it would have been possible to trace the outlines of Mr. Errett's history, and to give a fairly good representation of his character and work. The result, however, would have lacked warmth and color and animation—would in fact have been a statue rather than a life. Something else was needed to complete the outfit of desiderated resources;—something from the region of domestic privacy; pictures of pastoral labors and trials; sketches of his various churches; mental portraits of some of the men and women with whom he was from time to time associated; anecdotes, incidents, gossip—all the thousand nameless things which serve to quicken mere existence into life, and which add savor and spice to what would else be but insipid routine.

Miss Errett's personal recollections, supplemented by trustworthy family traditions, enabled her to supply these desiderata; and it will doubtless be found that the most entertaining parts of the following work, especially in the first volume, will be those in which I have woven these personal anecdotes and gossipy reminiscences into the warp of my story. The memories, too, of poverty and struggle, and of sickness and sorrow, will have their own tender interest—while the great work for God and humanity will be seen to go on and on with never-failing, never faltering devotion.

These contributions, which came to me in the form of letters from Miss Errett, were not meant to be in-

corporated, as written, in my work; they were intended rather to serve as a store-house of materials to be drawn upon by me *ad libitum;* and such drafts as I might choose to make were to be fitted into their appropriate places in my own way, and my own language. In some instances I have been able to quote her exact words and to indicate such quotations by proper marks. Very often, however, I have been obliged by the limitations of space, and the necessity of preserving a sort of balance and harmony in the main narrative, to omit parts of these recollections, and to exhibit others in the less happy forms of my own expression. In these latter cases I was obliged to feel that by the changes made, however imperatively required, the passages lost something of the grace and piquancy which are so natural to a gifted woman's hand. Still I trust that at least a suggestion of their original flavor has been retained, and if so, I am sure that her own and her father's friends will thank her, as I do, for rescuing from oblivion so much that was pleasing in his domestic and social life, and so much that reveals to us the "sweetness and light" in his character.

In the later years of his life I was myself more intimately acquainted with him, and for a part of the time had the honor of being associated with him in his journalistic work; and, of course, for this period I have felt less dependent upon others for information. This, however, was the period during which his public work was more distinctively and perfectly the expression of his inner life. The numerous agencies which had contributed to the development and maturity of his character, and which would properly receive attention from his biographer in *tracing* such development, were now

seen only in the result which they had accomplished. Here, therefore, the reader should expect less of biographical incident, and more of the profound significance and all-controlling purpose of his life—a significance and a purpose which he himself has best displayed for us in the imperishable productions of his pen, and the deep and powerful influence of his personality.

It will be noticed that the life which I have herein attempted to portray was marked by very few striking contrasts. We shall read of no violent revolutions; we shall come to no points which were distinctively epochal. Mr. Errett owed surprisingly little to the unexpected and fortuitous. His success was due to no chance combination of propitious circumstances. He was nursed by no patronage; he was elevated by no favor. On the contrary, in spite of adverse fortune, he *climbed* to the station which he reached—he *commanded* the respect which he gained. By faithful labor, by hard study, by careful self-training, and by conscientious devotion to truth and duty, he *grew* into those large intellectual and moral proportions which attracted the attention and won the confidence and honor of all who knew him.

The times in which Mr. Errett lived were turbulent and critical. Great and momentous questions, both in politics and religion, had come to the front, and were demanding solution. His convictions upon these were matured and settled. I have sought to give a fair and impartial representation of his views, even in those rare instances when not myself in sympathy with them. Of course the reader will perceive that no direct effort has been made to influence his own belief respecting

any of these points. Many of them have long since been removed from the arena of practical controversy, and some have been finally settled by the *ultima ratio regum.* It should here be stated that with Mr. Errett political issues, whatever their factitious prominence, or temporary importance, were subordinate and secondary. His real strength, and his characteristic and most enduring work, were devoted to the things of the Spirit—to those great vital truths and principles which are connected with man's immortal interest. It is well known that in his day the various religious communions had hardly begun to awake to the supreme importance of cultivating an unsectarian spirit, and of occupying and maintaining an unsectarian position. He believed that the Disciples had been raised up to point to this haven, and lead the way; and his life and labors were chiefly devoted to the exposition and advocacy of their simple faith and lofty aims. Moreover, in the natural course of doctrinal and ecclesiastical history, these people had themselves reached a critical stage, and some of them were being seduced into the occupancy of a position, and the manifestation of a spirit and attitude, which he regarded as unscriptural and pernicious. Both within and without, therefore, both at home and abroad, the situation called for a clear head, a wise heart, and a firm hand. And as he came to be recognized and trusted as a safe and gifted guide and leader in all this mighty work, it will be seen that no record of his life would be complete or adequate which did not clearly exhibit the situation as it then was—explaining and justifying his work by pointing out the necessity for it. It has not been, therefore, with any partisan purpose—any design of making this

work a propagandist vehicle—that I have so frequently introduced the Disciples and their doctrine; but only because the life of which I was writing could not otherwise be truly represented nor properly understood.

In conclusion, the author can but express the hope that, whatever imperfections may be found in his work, and he is himself painfully sensible of many of them, it will at least give stimulus and encouragement to the young aspirant after honor and usefulness. Mr. Errett's history furnishes but another example of what our American institutions and social life render possible. From a humble sphere, and out of conditions and circumstances which seemed wholly unfriendly, he worked his way up to a station of high renown—a station which he was able to adorn by his genius and learning, and to make illustrious by his character and influence. It will also be observed that during the greater part of his career, there was but little in his work or environment that was exceptional or peculiar. The fields he cultivated were like those which many others are now tending. The people to whom he ministered and with whom he mingled, were not uncommon either in character or attainments. His pastoral labors, trials, sacrifices, were such as all of us have seen, and many of us have known. As we follow him through all these years, we are almost ready to conclude that his outward life, made up thus, as indeed all life is, chiefly of routine and commonplace, hardly calls for record—so little was it distinguished from that of every other faithful and toiling minister. But we can not forget that while he was passing through these *common* experiences, and performing this *ordinary* work, he was himself all the while growing into a meetness

for the *uncommon* and *extraordinary*—growing in knowledge, in wisdom, and in strength, and so becoming better and better fitted for the greater work to which God from the beginning had appointed him. The very absence, therefore, of the extraordinary and exceptional from so much of his history, may give to the record an intrinsic and special value. We may learn more from the steady radiance of such a planet, moving in its established orbit, than from the most dazzling splendors of rare and eccentric comets.

And now, whether it be well done or ill, at any rate, my work is done. No intelligent reader—certainly no experienced writer—need be told that, notwithstanding the assistance so generously afforded me, and for which even my warmest acknowledgments seem cold and inadequate, my task has been very arduous. I bring it to a close with devout thankfulness to Him who has enabled me to do so; and with humble trust that in His gracious favor it may please Him to make it useful.

MEMOIRS OF ISAAC ERRETT

WITH SELECTIONS FROM HIS WRITINGS

CHAPTER I.

BIRTH AND ANCESTRY.

Isaac Errett was born in the city of New York, January 2, 1820. He had good blood in his veins. We have no trustworthy information respecting his remote ancestry, but we know that his grandfather, William, was an honored officer in the British army—a man of unusual intelligence and sterling integrity; and, though his residence was in the South of Ireland, he was a devout and uncompromising Protestant, and never failed upon occasion to wear the *orange*, albeit the green, in that region, was the popular color.

It is probable that Ruth Follows, a Quaker preacher, refers to one of the family in a diary of 1761: "From Dublin we were accompanied by William Taylor to Arklow, Wicklow, to Joseph Pims. We then proceeded to Ballycane, and were at meeting there on First-day, which, I think, held four hours. On Second-day we had a meeting at Askin, in the house of Henry Errats." In the absence of any record to the contrary, we may cherish the hope that the services

on this Second-day were somewhat curtailed. As this is all that is known of this Henry Errats, which is, of course, merely Sister Ruth's way of spelling Errett, we may not only infer that he was a Quaker, but the circumstance mentioned shows that he was a Protestant.

Henry Errett, the father of Isaac, was born in the town of Arklow, County Wicklow, May 13, 1788. This little borough is a seaport near the mouth of the river Avoca, and only a few miles south of that "sweet vale of Avoca," to which Moore has given celebrity in his beautiful poem, "The Meeting of the Waters."

The lady whom William married, Sarah Redmond, was of good family and ample fortune, and graced, as we may assume, with refinement and culture. These happy circumstances of her early life will give deeper color to the sad story of her later years, to which we shall presently have occasion to allude. Three children were born to this couple. The daughter, Margaret, died in infancy. The older of the two boys, Isaac, proved to be of a roving disposition, and at some time during his youth, he was so mastered by it, that he ran away and went to sea. But the younger, Henry, in whom we are especially interested, availed himself of the educational advantages which his father was able to give him, and in due time entered the Dublin University. It is probable, however, that he did not remain to complete the course, as the dark shadow which was destined to envelop his young manhood must have touched him while he was yet in college.

It is not necessary to dwell upon this shocking occurrence, but inasmuch as great changes grew out of it, issuing ultimately in this very history which I am writing, it must be briefly mentioned.

During a period of great political excitement and trouble among the "ribbon-men," Henry being fortunately at home at the time, a party of masked men, "wearing the green," came to the house one night, and as the father approached his home, to visit his family, he was assaulted by this party, who, in the presence of his son and his agonized wife, shot him to death. The shock was more than the poor wife could bear: she lost her reason.

The heavy responsibility thus unexpectedly cast upon him, young Henry bore with manly fortitude. He seemed to rise with the emergency and to be equal to it. For some years he devoted himself to his afflicted mother, sparing neither labor nor expense in the vain effort to restore light and comfort to her darkened and bewildered mind. When it was finally settled beyond a doubt that her case was incurable, he wisely placed her in a safe retreat; and being now all alone in the world, with fortune greatly reduced by the heavy expenses which he had been obliged to meet, he resolved, both for his mother's sake and his own, to emigrate to America, and there begin life anew.

Soon after landing in New York he secured employment in the firm of R. & A. Stewart, who carried on a large real estate business, and he remained with them steadfastly, and served them faithfully, being promoted from time to time until he became their confidential clerk, and at the time of his early death was about to be taken into partnership.

It was not very long after he came to New York before he met the young lady, Miss Sophia Kemmish, who was afterwards to become the mother of Isaac Errett. There is a pretty little story of love and

religion connected with the affair, which, if I can, I will tell.

Sophia's stepfather, whose name was Sanders, belonged to the straitest sect, not of the Pharisees, but of the rigidly good. He seemed to know nothing of any neutral territory lying between the church and the world. Whatever was not positively religious was positively wrong, and in his family it was positively prohibited. He had no toleration for the ebullient spirits of youth; worldly pleasures of all sorts were under ban; nothing was pleasing to the Lord but the sober, the serious and the solemn. Henry having a letter of introduction to this grave and reverend seignior, called upon him. He was kindly received, and they talked about the Bible and religion, and the vanities and follies of this wicked world, until it developed that in theory at least they were of "the same faith and order." The upshot of it all was that the young man was invited, not only to attend the meetings where the old man worshiped, but to visit him at his home. And there he met Sophia Kemmish. Poor little girl, not yet sixteen, she had had a hard time of it. She was pretty; she had bright eyes; her heart was like a bird's, and she was full of fun and frolic and song; but there was no outlet for these. All her natural inclinations were supposed to be of the wicked one, and they had to be suppressed. Youthful companionship was denied her, because it was fraught with peril. Being an only child, she had never had a playmate, but she was carefully trained to habits of industry, and taught to spend long hours in devotion. Every Sunday she walked demurely to church, took part in the psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, for

she was fond of singing, and listened with outward gravity and inward impatience to the long-winded dissertations and discussions of the elders.

It is amazing with what ingenuity her way was hedged about her. A singing school was started in the neighborhood. All the young people were going. She longed to go. It would give her a little freedom. She would be thrown with girls .and boys of her own age, and she could sing to her heart's content; and as it was a *school*, she thought, of course, that she would be permitted to attend. But no, she must not think of it! The miserable little sinner, she ought to have *known* that it was "*wrong* to sing secular songs." This was a sad and sore disappointment—and I am afraid, that away down in her heart, there was something akin to rebellion. But a neighbor to whom she told her grief, assured her that only sacred music was sung in the school. This revived her hope, and gave her courage to make a second application. But it was all in vain. She must know that it was "wicked to use God's tunes for the purpose of worldly instruction." I am not sure that Sophia was totally depraved, but I imagine that she began to think there was a good deal of total depravity in her immediate neighborhood!

It was after this that Henry Errett began to be a frequent visitor at her father's house. She had become well acquainted with him. He had joined the church; she had seen him baptized; he had become one of them; and she had listened with interest to his little "talks" in the meetings, which in addition to their novelty, had a flavor of spice in them. She began to like him. True, he was grave and serious in demeanor, for he had been chastened by sore trials and afflictions;

but he was certainly an immense improvement upon Stepfather Sanders, with his inflexible and cold rigidity. As for Henry, he seemed to be wonderfully taken with that stepfather—when Sophia was present. He would talk to him by the hour, always contriving, however, to have his chair so placed that he could be cheered from time to time in his *argument* by the friendly flashes of a pair of dancing eyes. There was, too, a lovely mouth near by, and there were rosy cheeks with dimples in them; and he could not help seeing an arch look now and then, and little graceful movements, and modest, winsome ways—all of which helped him mightily in his talk, and made the stepfather very entertaining! And so it came to pass that while Henry was discussing original sin and the plan of salvation, one of the original sinners was playing havoc with his peace of mind, and working up a little mysterious agitation within, which would cause him to lose himself or be a cast-away.

I do not know how it was brought about—may be it was ingeniously contrived, may be it was accidental—but somehow there was a chance for a courtship; and it turned out that he was willing, and she was willing, and the old folks were willing, and so they were happily married, June 12, 1811.

It will be better for us not to pry curiously into their home life. Sophia had been trained to industry, that is, to the performance of tasks or of work laid out and prescribed; but she knew nothing in the world about contriving or managing. Things might run the best they could; she was utterly ignorant of the art and mystery of successful housekeeping. She reminds us of David Copperfield's Dora, entirely incompetent,

and yet with a great and ever-increasing load of responsibility resting upon her. The truth is, there had been a tremendous mistake in her education. Great and sometimes foolish efforts had been made to fit her for the other world, with little or no regard to the fact that she had first to live in this. Her husband, considerably older than herself, was well educated—a man of books and culture, with fine taste, and a high ideal of domestic life. He had an eye for the beautiful, and a mind and heart to appreciate the thousand nameless touches by which deft fingers can convert a cheerless and dreary house into a sweet home. He could not have been pleased with his careless and incompetent little wife, and yet with his high character it was impossible to treat her otherwise than with consideration and affection. It should be said also that though she was incompetent she was not incapable. She improved with her years; and slowly and painfully became equal to the management and training of her household, and developed so many good traits of character and such a wealth of maternal affection, that her children rose up and called her blessed.

Seven children were born to them,—William E., Henry R., Joseph J., Russell, Isaac, John W., and Margaret A. S. If little Isaac, the fifth of these, exhibited any of "the promise and potency" of the great Isaac whom we shall know better after a while, he must have been very beautiful. But we have something yet to say of his father. It may be seen from such of his writings as have come down to us, that his mind had been trained to accurate thought, and that he had a copious vocabulary, and a happy facility in its use. He was a diligent student and a painstaking

investigator. Withal, he was characterized by sound common sense and ample self-reliance. When we add that he was an honest, industrious man, and deeply religious, without a trace of fanaticism or emotional gush, we begin to see the source of some of the remarkable qualities and powers which we are hereafter to meet with in his son.

Henry Errett deserves to be better known. Although he filled no conspicuous place in the eyes of the world, he was really one of the forerunners of that great movement towards Christian union and the great restoration of apostolic faith and practice, which was afterwards so ably and successfully carried forward by Thomas and Alexander Campbell. He became a member of the church in November, 1810. At any rate he was baptized at that time, and identified with a small company of Disciples who subsequently, and perhaps then, met on Hubert street, corner of St. John's Lane. But he must have been a religious man and a profound student of the Bible before this; for it was only the next year that he published a very able and well considered work entitled: "An Essay on the Constitution of the Apostolic Churches." The work is wide in its scope, methodical in its arrangement, and admirably perspicuous and strong in its argument. It covers ground with which we have since become quite familiar—and in some respects we may have improved upon his presentation of the great themes which he handled; but when we remember that his was pioneer work; that he was going forth into the wild woods, as it were, and blazing out the metes and boundaries of Christian truth; and when we remember that all this was done by a young man only twenty-

three years of age, we can but recognize his extraordinary ability.

We are not surprised to find that in a few years he became one of the elders of the church, and took the place of influence and leadership for which his talents and piety so well fitted him.

In 1818 he initiated an "Epistolary Correspondence between Christian churches in Europe and America," by addressing a letter, signed by the officers of the New York church, "to the Churches of Christ throughout the earth." It elicited many replies from churches in England, Ireland and Scotland, and from a few in this country. The whole correspondence was subsequently published by him, with a preface and final review. It is deeply interesting as showing the germinal condition of a cause which has since come to large proportions and abundant fruitage. In his well-considered preface, the author says: "There is one consideration which adds greatly to the value of these letters, and on account of which they are deemed exceedingly interesting. It is their having respect to a reformation in the Christian profession which seems to have had no parallel since the days of the apostles. Of the rise and progress of this reformation they give considerable intelligence; affording faithful descriptions of several of the numerous churches that have arisen under this new state of things; churches as peculiar in their character as their sudden rise and rapid multiplication have been marvelous."

After pointing out the way in which sects have usually arisen, he contrasts by saying:

"But the rise and progress of the churches described in the following letters, have been marked by

circumstances wholly different. Without anything in the state of civil society to operate upon the hopes or fears of Christ's disciples; without any renowned leader or leaders to bring them together, or to frame religious systems of faith and practice for their guidance; without any representative body to organize them into a distinct sect, or to establish a uniformity of belief and worship among them; without any general concert among themselves; and without any patronage from the learned or the great, these churches arose in various places at nearly about the same period of time. And what is still more remarkable, they all partake of the same general character, and have a striking similarity of belief and obedience."

It was but natural that these churches, thus groping their way towards the light, should sometimes blunder; that in many cases they should attach undue importance to the circumstantial and transitory; and especially that prevailing errors and abuses should drive them into opposite extremes. We are not surprised, therefore, to find that in a few of these churches such things as the "kiss of charity" and "feet washing" were regarded as ecclesiastical obligations, and binding upon the church as a church. It is interesting to note the shrewdness and, as I must think, the latent humor of Henry Errett in dealing with such things. He states the position of the New York church as follows:

"The kiss of charity, the washing of feet, and the entertainment of the disciples, being things the performance of which arises from special occasions exemplified in the New Testament—we deem of importance to be attended to *on such occasions*."

He returns to the subject of "the holy kiss," in his review of the correspondence, which he argues at some length—finally disposing of it as follows:

"As the salutation of a kiss is of no value unless it be truly and evidently the fruit of love, flowing freely from the heart, they (the New York church) conceive that the brethren *should be at liberty* to manifest this mark of affection towards each other *whenever they feel disposed to do so.*"

Clearly this was putting it beyond controversy.

It is not necessary to dwell longer upon this early period. In some respects it was chaotic; in others, the elements seemed partially reduced to order; but in nearly all cases, as we can now see, the customs and usages of the several churches were adapted only to infantile and very small bodies. It soon became manifest, in the wisdom and experience of succeeding years, that the churches must either grow out of these or perish with them. But in their grasp of the great fundamental *principles* of the apostolic and true Christian religion, the holy men of that time have been surpassed by very few of their successors. And among these men, Henry Errett, for the clearness of his intellect, the abundance of his labor, the ability of his advocacy, and the purity of his life, occupies a foremost place. He died in the faith and hope of the gospel, February 17, 1825.

So much for the father. As for the little mother, it must be said that under the genial influence of her husband, she became a woman of devoted piety and lofty character. Isaac's own testimony to her worth, written in 1849, is a crown of glory which may fittingly conclude our notice of her. "Of my mother," he says,

"I can not speak as I ought. She has been everything to me. To her Christian piety I owe all that I am. And I can never cease to thank God that having taken from the family so excellent a father, he has been pleased to spare to us a mother in whom we have ever found all the wisdom and gentleness and patience and love that heart of child could ask for."

It is a blessing to have been born into a good domestic atmosphere—an atmosphere brightened by intellectual light, and purified by the inspirations and aspirations of genuine piety. And we are glad to record that it was so with the little child Isaac. His parents were of sterling worth—persons of excellent intelligence, of lofty purpose, of noble life, and with it all, sincerely and faithfully religious. We should expect that something of all this—at least to the extent of mental trait and tendency—would descend to him by heredity; much more perhaps would come from early impressions and training.

We linger fondly upon the far-away scenes and incidents connected with Isaac Errett's ancestry. Those of us who knew and loved him, who rejoiced in his power, and were blessed by his influence, feel a peculiar interest in the question, Whence came he? What were the remote causes of such an effect,—the primal germs of influence out of which this great strong man was developed? Naturally we seek for these in the characteristics of his father and mother, and the result is not disappointing. It is true, as Holmes says, that "the gift of genius is never to be reckoned upon beforehand, any more than a choice new variety of pear or peach in a seedling; it is always a surprise, but it is born with great advantages when the stock from which

it springs has been long under cultivation." And I may add that, after the "choice new variety" has come, after "the gift of genius" is manifested, we can but look to the parent "stock" for its cause and reason.

Henry Errett was compelled about the year 1824 to withdraw from the church, owing to the strife, contention and ill-will engendered by certain domineering spirits. This state of things was so distressful to him, and so interfered with his comfort and enjoyment in worship, that, after laboring long but vainly to correct it, he saw no road to peace and spiritual happiness but by separation. I have his letter to a brother in Danbury, giving a full account of the whole case. It is admirable in every sense, and does honor alike to his head and his heart.

151 HUDSON STREET, NEW YORK,
16 April (Good Friday), 1824.

MY BROTHER IN CHRIST JESUS OUR LORD:

In breaking the silence that has so long passed between us, I am admonished by the day on which I do it (the anniversary of the crucifixion of the Son of God, our adorable Lord and Savior) to be sober, and to endeavor to cultivate the spirit of Him who was led *as a lamb* to the slaughter, and who, even on the cross, when pain and indignity had accumulated upon him to the utmost, said: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

I still venture to address you with the endearing title of *Brother*, though tacitly warned not to do so by the *attitude, tone and manner* of certain letters with which I have been recently favored from your quarter. I do so because I know of no change in *your* character or principles, since I last had the pleasure of seeing you, to authorize a change in my feeling or language towards you; and with regard to myself,

such as you saw me when last we parted, so I remain still; if there was anything then to form a solid ground for attachment, there is as much now; and I would fain hope that you have learned long ere this to found your esteem for men, as Christian brethren, upon a more solid basis than the circumstances of their *connection* with this or that society. If that is indeed the criterion of brotherhood, there is reason to fear that the heavenly country will be thinly peopled. But I need not reason with you, as I feel satisfied you already perceive the true merits of the subject, perhaps more clearly than I do. And although I have above hinted at *the attitude, tone and manner* of letters lately received, still I would not be understood, by that hint, to convey the slightest censure upon our dear friends who wrote those letters. I can make fullest allowance for the force of custom and habit, as well as for the special circumstances of the case; and do not, therefore, indulge any feeling of displeasure towards them, nor think of them with less affection than I uniformly did before. Will you be kind enough to inform them that what they saw me to be, when last in Danbury, so I remain still, and that the esteem and attachment which I felt for them at that time remain unabated and unchanged. . . . Brother Morris wishes me to give an account of the *reasons* of separating from my former associates. This I have hitherto avoided to do *in writing*, on sundry accounts. But all hope of a reunion with them being now at an end, owing to the refusal of the leaders among them to correct the evils and abuses complained of; there is no longer any objection to stating in a summary way the principal circumstances of the case.

It may be necessary to premise that I had no personal or private quarrel with any of them, and that after having taken so deep an interest in their concerns from the very beginning, it could not have been a slight matter that would part me from them, forever, in this world.

Last summer, owing to former causes, which you well know, the state of things had become so bad that the com-

plaints were loud and universal. Every one saw and felt the evils, and it was a general apprehension that the body must soon come to naught. The evils complained of may be summed up under the following heads:

1. *The disappearance of love and confidence.* Many felt as if they were associated with so many enemies, instead of friends.

2. *The formation of factions and conspiracies to oppose or overturn the existing order.* My colleague, instead of assisting me to repress these, actually took part with some of them against me.

3. *The prevalence of an angry spirit of contention,* even respecting the most trifling matters.

4. *A general contempt of order and subordination,* and various persons seeking to lead; also public opposition to the elders.

5. *Intolerance and a persecuting temper* with some for differences of opinion.

6. *The profanation of divine worship by controversial prayers, by inflammatory, abusive and indecent speeches,* and by sundry other licentious acts in the meetings on the Lord's day, so that all comfort was destroyed, and strangers were so disgusted as to cease attending.

7. *Scandal,* or the causing some to stumble, or turn away, by allowing a man to act as a *public teacher* who had not a good report among them who were without; in consequence of which the whole body became contemptible in the eyes of the public.

These are, in substance, the evils generally acknowledged and as generally deplored by the members in the course of last summer.

It was under the excitement which this state of things produced that an extra meeting of the church was called by Jonathan H. in the month of August last. He did not acquaint me nor any other person with his object in calling it; and when he went, he would only state in general that things were not right, and recommended appointing a com-

mittee to consider the state of the church and report their views accordingly. This was not satisfactory; and there was a general call for some one to state, in detail, what they understood to be wrong. No one appearing disposed to do this, I, at length, thought it my duty, with all the mildness and sobriety I could, to state the several evils which were generally complained of—and that without naming or designating any individual whatever. I had no sooner done, than a furious attack was directed against me by him who was the chief cause of the several disorders; and so angry was he, that he charged the *elders* with being the sole cause of all that was wrong. No one showed any disposition to check his rudeness—on the contrary, he was immediately appointed on the committee which was then chosen "to consider what remedy could be adopted to restore the church to peace and unity."

Soon after this I visited Danbury (early in September), and I had more comfort during that visit than I had here for a year before.

On my return from Danbury, I was astonished beyond measure to find that, during my absence, a report in writing was got up, and publickly read, purporting to be a *report of the committee*, but which neither the committee, nor even any *two* of them, approved; in which (among other things) I was condemned as *a leader in mysteries and speculations*, and as one of the chief causes of the existing evils. This, I was informed, was the work of the rude character before alluded to—and much art and management was said to be used by him to get the paper read *during my absence*, though some desired it to be delayed on that very account.* This was one of the basest tricks ever practiced on me in my whole life. Yet there was not a soul among them that would open his mouth in behalf of truth and order;

*The calumny, however, had no effect except to produce additional murmurings against the conduct of the author of it, which all professed individually to disapprove—though each was afraid to speak publicly against it.

all seemed disposed to give way before the great man who had already trampled them under his feet on many occasions.

Soon after this, I resigned the eldership, being persuaded I could no longer be of any service to the church. But what was my surprise when, the moment I had done this, the other elder and all the deacons resigned also; I now saw that there was no prospect for the church, but that it must become a prey to every kind of disorder, and subject to the entire domination of certain aspiring individuals; and accordingly, under this view of things, I deemed it my duty, on the 28th of September last, to send in a letter, announcing my separation from the body, or rather from those in it who were the children of strife and disorder.

In this letter I stated my reasons to be, in general, the deplorable state of the society, rendering it impossible for me to worship God among them *in spirit and in truth*, or to enjoy any of the blessings which should arise from Christian fellowship. At the same time I assured them individually of my sincere regard and good wishes for their welfare —though from the *habits* of some among them, I could no longer hope for any favorable change in their circumstances. The letter was mild and respectful, and I have not heard that any fault was found with it.

This was one of the most solemn and sorrowful events of my life; but it was deliberately considered before it took place: and I am happy in being able to say that nothing, in after reflection, has appeared to warrant my regretting it. Since that time the church sent a committee to me to assure me of their affection and respect, and to beg my return to them; and to assure me the more of their sincerity, they thought proper about that time to make me a member of the American Bible Society for life by the payment of thirty dollars to that institution. . . . I stated to this committee my views frankly and affectionately, that I had no *personal* quarrel with any, but that they tolerated certain *evil things* vitally destructive of true Christian fellowship,

which if they were removed, would open the way for my reunion. This, however, the committee did not think it well to recommend to the church; they did not, indeed, tell the church what had passed, but smothered the matter up as well as they could—and there it ended.

It is pleasing now to look back and remember that the tendency of all my labors in that society, especially of late years, has been to encourage the study of the holy word of God—to repress speculations and trifling discussions, and to promote peace and love. It is also a pleasing thought that although I might readily, had I laid myself out for it, have secured a large separation to take place, I carefully avoided using the least influence with any single individual, and have left each to be guided by his own conviction. Party-making is a business which my soul abhors, and I am thankful that the Lord has preserved me from it. Therefore it is that only four or five or six, besides myself, have withdrawn. It was to be expected that these would meet together—and we have accordingly, *of late*, begun so to do—but did not do so until all hope of reunion with the other body was gone. I send you a copy of the order of our worship, of which I may give you further explanation at another time. I have for some time held a weekly *conversation* meeting at my house, at which several of the old connexion attend and take a harmonious part.

But I must have done. . . . .

Yours truly,

H. ERRETT.

MR. JOHN ABBOTT, Danbury.

Of the church at Danbury, Conn, B. B. Tyler, in "The Christian Standard" of February 13, 1892, gives this admirable account:

The beginning of this church was away back in the year 1817. . . . It began in this way: A Mr. Osborn and a Mr. Wildman and their wives, Sandemanians, from a study of the New Testament, reached the conclusion that

when Christ commanded baptism he enjoined immersion—the immersion of penitent believers. Mr. Osborn, hearing of a small community in New York City who desired to be known as Disciples of Christ, and who were trying in all things to follow the teaching of the New Testament, came to the city and was baptized on a confession of his faith in Jesus as the Son of God, by Henry Errett, father of Isaac Errett, who was an elder and teacher in this little congregation in New York City. When Mr. Osborn returned to Danbury he immersed his wife and Mr. and Mrs. Wildman.

Two years later John Abbott united with this little band; and it is to his wife we are indebted for this letter. "Henry Errett and others visited the little church frequently," adding to their numbers—teaching them the way of the Lord more perfectly.

CHAPTER II.

1825–1832.

Little Isaac's first school.—Home training.—Sunday food for the lambs.—A prayer test.—Boyish escapades.—A step-father, and his reception.—Removal to New Jersey.—Life there.—How to avoid a whipping.

Isaac was but little over five years of age when his father died, and the only thing he could remember of him in after life was his burial. The mother upon whom the heavy responsibility devolved of supporting and training her seven children, received much kindness from the Stewarts, whom her husband had served so long. They assisted her to open a boarding house, and took pains to keep her house full of guests. She had her trials and troubles in the business, for it is one that is never without them; but she bravely held up, and succeeded in making a good living for the family. She apprenticed the oldest son to a trade, and the others, when of proper age, were sent to school. Isaac never forgot his first teacher—an Englishman whose *h's* were a constant worry—and he often laughed at the way he spelled and pronounced the word "hell"—haitch-he-double-hell—'ell. The boy contrived, however, by hook or by crook, to make considerable progress in *American* orthography, and in due time he advanced to reading, writing and arithmetic. Religiously

he was carefully trained by his mother at home. He also attended Sunday-school, and *had* to "go to meeting." There was not much in the meetings that was suited either to the taste or digestion of the little lambs. There were long-winded talks; there were long, wearisome prayers; there was much discussion of grave and profound theological "points." The *edifiers* were Irish, and Scotch, and English, and Scotch-Irish; and every one "knew it all," and felt moved to tell it. It was mete and proper that men should exercise their gifts—the same being without money and without price. But they were honest, earnest men, and in spite of their methods, the children learned from them to believe implicitly in the Holy Bible, and to love and reverence it.

One good brother devoted his time and talents to the subject of prayer, and he was such an enthusiast that he led some of the very small boys, who took in only half the truth, to conclude that they had only to decide what they really *wanted*—and to ask for it in *faith*—without a *doubt*—and it would certainly be granted! Little Isaac and one of his friends determined to test the truth of this doctrine by a *fair trial*—thus anticipating by more than fifty years the recently proposed scientific "prayer test"! They had several meetings before they could agree on something which they both wanted with their whole hearts fervently—but they finally decided upon *a gray horse and a buggy*. And now the praying began. Every day at a certain hour they repaired to the attic to ask for this good gift. They not only prayed, but they watched to see the horse and buggy come—taking turn about in this part of the "service"—but of course they were doomed to disappointment; and, after about three weeks of

earnest prayer and watching, they gave it up, and became for a while genuine little skeptics.

There was a touch of both good and bad in the boy's character. He loved his mother and was devoted to her happiness; for a little fellow he was faithful in the performance of his tasks—making satisfactory progress in his studies—and listening reverently to his mother's biblical lessons, and to the church-people's biblical discussions; but it must be said that both he and his brothers were sometimes tricky and sly; and very often after the good mother had seen them lying snugly in bed, and, as she thought, asleep, the little scamps, as soon as she had retired, were up and dressed in a trice —then, after mounting to the roof through a trap door, they made their way down into the streets, and goodness knows where. The only explanation I can give of this is, that boys will be boys—and it might be that, *for* boys, there was a little too much religious seriousness, and not enough of juvenile pleasure and frolic in the ordering of the household.

Such was the mingled life led by Isaac for about two years after his father's death. He was of course too young to be held primarily responsible for the badness alluded to; he was drawn into it by his older brothers. And now the time has come when this "night school" is to show its effect upon all of them. The mother resolves to marry again. An honest Scotchman, named Souter, has proposed and been accepted, and the boys know nothing of it. Evidently she was afraid to face the storm of opposition which was sure to arise. At length "the happy day" came, when the secret must be told. She took the oldest boy aside and revealed it to him, under a solemn injunction

that the others were not to be told till after she had left the house for her marriage. Sure enough, the storm rose and raged in fury. While she was gone the boys carried on at a high rate, and they each and all solemnly bound themselves upon their "sacred honor" never to call the intruder father. One of them, Henry, even left the "indignation meeting" and went forth to waylay the returning party, and break the man's legs with stones and brickbats. He collected a goodly pile of these missiles and stood by them long and anxiously, waiting for the appearance of the "enemy." At length, worn out and discouraged, he returned home, to find the aforesaid legs safe and sound in doors—they having come by another way. The account that comes to me of that beginning of "wedded bliss," is too good and graphic to be curtailed or changed. It must be quoted just as it reads:

The home-coming must have been a trying hour to all concerned—that first meeting under the new conditions. There was dead silence, and there was defiance in every face that met the mother's gaze; not a word of welcome, not a sign of preparation. The meal provided for was not set forth. A cheerless picture, and rather discouraging to the Scotchman, who was formally introduced as their *father*. They were bidden to come and shake hands and call him by that sacred name—but not one of them moved; there was no relenting. One and all utterly refused to give him welcome. The rod was resorted to all in vain, and supper prepared and served in a most solemn fashion and in stony silence. After supper the family gathered together for evening worship. A chapter from the Bible was read, they all knelt down, and the new head of the house made his first and last effort to pray in the presence of those children. His speech was *broadest Scotch* always, and in his embarrassment it was peculiarly rich on this occasion. It was too much; they

tried to "hold in" the laugh that was shaking their sides—and succeeded in hiding all evidence of their mirth till John, a four-year-old rebel, punched his brother Isaac, who was kneeling by the same chair, and only needed that to set him off in shouts of laughter, as he rolled over the floor. Of course they all joined this chorus, and laughed till they were exhausted. Robert Souter was very angry, and made it manifest in such a way that his bride felt obliged to pacify him by a resort to severe punishment of the offenders, and a renewed attempt to make them call him *Father*. The boys were victors, for the harder the stripes, the deeper the determination to make it hot for the man for whom they suffered. They had never admired or liked him before he entered in, and he was to be made to realize that he was not one of them. He was a man of sterling honesty, industrious, frugal, kind-hearted, and possessed of ready wit of the Scotch type. With prudence and patience he might easily have won the place in their hearts that after long years they gave him. *He* was unforgiving, and had the old-country habit of harping on his ills; *they* were earnest and relentless, and the home life was sadly changed. The mother faithfully continued her teaching without help from her husband. Robert Souter was a stone-mason by trade, and earned his six dollars a day, but he did not contribute liberally, nor with cheerfulness to the support of the family; his old bachelor habits, and the small outlay of the halcyon days "before the war" were dear to *his* memory, and it was his daily effort to keep their "memory green" to the inhabitants of one kingdom, at least. In truth, he was a "*little near*," as old-country people express it, and the wife of his bosom was greatly disturbed over the expenses of the family, and the growing hostility of her boys to the new ruler. This finally led to the renting of a farm in "the Jerseys," where wife and children moved, leaving the "guid mon" to work at his trade in the city.

The family were very poor, and their home in Somerset County, N. J., viewed in comparison with

the comforts and luxuries which are now so common, would seem bare and meager to the last degree. And yet Isaac testifies that his happiest boyish days were spent there. The work on the farm was hard—but they were in the free open country, away from the brick walls, the narrow streets, and the close confinement of the city. They had country sports and grand frolics. They could ride and hunt and fish. Their very minds and hearts seemed to expand under the genial influence. And what if their fare was poor, and limited in kind?—they had good appetites, and hunger added a relish to their daily *menu* of milk and mush. They were often left alone for days together, while the mother went to the city to visit her husband and go to church. But they knew how to milk the cows, and boil their mush, which they had piping hot for supper, and what was left over could be readily converted into breakfast and dinner for the next day as a *fry!*

It is necessary to record — for we are writing about boys — that they sometimes made a raid upon the preserves which were kept in a high cupboard, for company only. Once, when it fell to Isaac's lot—for they cast lots to determine who should scale the heights —he secured a valuable prize in the form of a large jar of peaches. But alas! he fell, and with him the peaches. The jar was broken; his confederates in crime left him in the lurch; and his mother coming home, he was soundly thrashed. Solomon was greatly respected in those days, and parents were careful to avoid showing hatred to their children by sparing the rod. It must be admitted, however, that little Isaac was never partial to that kind of endearment. Indeed, he

had such a dread and horror of physical suffering when it came in that form, that he was sometimes quite ingenious in avoiding it. On one occasion when his mother was after him with a good switch, he climbed a tree and refused to come down unless she would promise not to whip him. The situation was interesting. *She* could not climb, and he simply *would* not come down. The case was troublesome and perplexing, for the young rascal was climbing higher and higher all the time, and her fears for his safety were increasing every moment. At length he reached the highest possible point, and again proposed his terms, only to be again refused. Whereupon he moved out to the end of a limb, which he grasped firmly in his hands, and, swinging himself downward like a monkey, he called out to her to promise *at once*, or he would *let go!* She promised: and he escaped—that time!

There had to be many shifts and turns to get on in that New Jersey home. They had very little money; the mother had no help but such as the boys could render when not in the field. Their food was plain, their clothes were coarse, their home was rude and bare, and the knitting and darning and patching that must be done were far beyond the capacity of one little woman. But where there is a will there is a way. The boys who needed to *have* the socks could be taught to knit and darn them. And so, during the long winter evenings, a circle was formed in front of the great open fire-place in which logs of wood were blazing, and while the mother read to them from the Bible or other good book, and explained and impressed the lessons by her talk, the boys were plying their busy fingers—stimulated by the Medo-Persian-like

law, "No knitting, no socks." Nor was this work disagreeable. They learned to take an interest in it; they became skilled in the art and mystery of it; and we may be sure that the hours were brightened by many a joke and many a jolly laugh. It was not all serious and solemn talk, nor distasteful and wearisome labor. Doubtless for young people, shut in as they were, and having but few resources for pleasure, it proved to be an agreeable pastime.

At any rate, whatever the hardships, the trials and self-sacrifices of their New Jersey life, the boys liked it, and in after years, whenever they came together, there was nothing that gave them so much pleasure as to recall and recount the incidents and experiences connected with that happy home. But now they are soon to leave it. Isaac is twelve years old. He has grown a good deal, and he promises to be tall and slender. He has learned something, too, while there, and he has thought and planned a little in his boyish way, but it is only a dream, and amounts to nothing. The parents for a good while yet will direct his way, and he must take his chances.

CHAPTER III.

1832–1838.

An emigration fever.—Removing to Pittsburg.—Mills.—A rough and toilsome life.—Conversion.—Clerk in a book-store.—Helping with the baby.—Poor success as a nurse. Early Christian life.—Clothes.—Personal appearance. Feeling his way.—Bound to a printer.—Writes for the press.—Becomes editor.—His salutatory.—"The Secret of Success."

We can not tell what sort of nervous feeling it is which causes a crane or a wild goose to make his semi-annual migrations. Something puts it into his mind: it is impressed upon him that he must go; and all his fellow-citizens sympathize with his purpose, and resolve to accompany him. So it frequently is with communities of men; and so it was, about 1832, with the little church in New York. A sporadic case of emigration fever broke out among them, which proved to be contagious, and very soon became epidemic. Stepfather Souter had it bad, as did his brother-in-law, Robert McLaren. Their land of promise was Pittsburg, then looked upon as being in the "far west." There was a church there, formed upon the apostolic model; some of its members had originally gone from New York, and they wrote back glowing accounts of the church, the city, the country, the climate. *El Dorado* had been found, and blessed was the man who should go in

and possess it. Among others, the two brothers-in law made up their minds to be "blessed." The family over in Somerset county—perhaps not averse to the change—began to make preparations for moving to Pittsburg. At length all things were ready, the stuff was packed in the wagons, and the two families set out together on their long, weary journey, over mountains and through wilds, to the goodly land which was waiting for them, and which was flowing with milk and honey.

The brothers-in-law settled down near together at a place called Saw Mill Run, about three miles out from Pittsburg, where they united their fortunes in a new enterprise—the milling business. They had both a saw mill and a grist mill, and there was a long strip of good land which yielded fine crops of clover.

Thus, in his thirteenth year, Isaac Errett was brought to the borders of that great west, which was to be the field of his future labors and triumphs. But as yet he knew nothing of what he was to be, nor what he was to do. He could not look beyond the immediate present, and perhaps he did not so much as dream of the plan which God had marked out for him, nor the path along which he was to be led to honor and renown. The only thing to be done now was to perform the duty next before him—to labor and to wait. And it was labor indeed. We can but sympathize with him and his brothers, as we contemplate the exceedingly rough and toilsome life which they were now forced to lead, and which for their mother's sake they patiently endured. The stepfather Souter was a rushing business man, with but little tenderness of feeling for any one, and no consideration for boys who, years before, had

been unkind to him. But they were good "hands" now, and he worked them for all they were worth. As regularly as the day broke in the morning, they were aroused by the stirring call, delivered in broad Scotch: "Russell! Isaac! John! *Up-rise! Haste ye!*" Then off to the mill, to roll great logs to the saw; to lug away the slabs and pile up the lumber; and anon to bend beneath the burden of heavy sacks of grain. These were tasks for strong men, not for lithe and willowy boys; but with heroic fortitude and endurance they performed them. This labor was varied, when the season came round, by work in the clover field—cutting the grass with a hook, binding it in bundles, and carting it off to town, where they peddled it out from house to house; for we are not to forget that those were primitive times, long before mowing machines and their resulting conveniences were thought of. Who could have dreamed, looking upon those country boys—poor, comparatively uneducated, roughly clad, and daily working like slaves—that one of them was destined to rise to political distinction and become a member of Congress, and another to a yet higher place of influence and honor in the church!

Isaac's health, after a while, seemed to be giving way under the toil and exposure to which he was subjected, and his mother, fearing that the case was tending to consumption, made arrangements to apprentice him to a baker in the city. It is probable—so many are the hinges upon which life turns—that if this purpose had been carried out, his whole subsequent career would have been different, and there might have been no call for his biography. But a little hasty and unreasonable passion on the part of father Souter, and a

little self-assertion on the part of Russell, who felt that the old man had grossly insulted him, changed the whole plan. Russell determined that he would not remain another day at home, let the consequences be what they might—and so, as a refuge for him, he was put into the place that had been provided for Isaac.

It was not long after this that Isaac began to think seriously of the high claims of the Divine Master upon his heart and life. He gives us, however, no account of his conversion. The thoughts and feelings, and hopes and fears, which antedated the decisive change, and led up to it, he seems to have regarded as things personal to himself, and unprofitable to others. But we know what his wise father, so deeply versed in sacred learning, understood by conversion, the knowledge of which his intelligent and pious mother had no doubt imparted to him; and we know how he himself understood it in after years; and we may therefore safely infer that his own conversion was not at all convulsive, but rather the calm and deliberate, but at the same time deep and solemn, recognition of the authority of Christ, and of his right to rule over him and in him. Away, therefore, from all excitement and perturbation, where the gospel's divine and loving solicitation could influence heart and conscience, he counted up the cost and made up his mind. The way of duty and of privilege became clear before him, and he resolved to walk in it. He was therefore—in the spring of 1833, in company with his next older brother, Russell—baptized by Elder Robt. McLaren, in the Allegheny River.*

* The love between these boys was very tender. They had always talked of some day becoming Christians, and they hoped to enter the portals of the church together. To make this possible they entered

Together they united with the Church of Disciples in Pittsburg, and were enrolled among the people of God. With grateful joy Isaac afterwards makes the following record: "I have the pleasing reflection now that all my brothers, save one, and my sisters, followed me to the baptismal waters, and are now trying to walk in the ordinances and commandments of the Lord."

Isaac's conversion was not, for it could not have been, as *revolutionary* as that of some hardened and "desperately wicked" man. He had not been a bad boy. From a child he had known the Holy Scriptures. In the days of his earliest youth he had remembered his Creator. There is preserved a boyish letter of his, in which he earnestly exhorts his brothers to repentance. It is in a boy's hand, and his spelling is not quite perfect. The grammar, too, might be improved; and I am not sure that the theology is up to the latest standard; but the letter certainly has point and pungency. It is a clear indication of the bent of his mind, and a prophecy of his future career. The conversion of such a boy was, if I may so express it, a *lateral* rather than a *revolutionary* turning. He was not perfect. He had gone out of the way; but he had not gone far, and perhaps his heart had hardly gone at all. He needed but a few steps to the right to bring him back into the strait and narrow way; and the taking of these with deliberate and solemn purpose constituted his conversion. We make a serious mistake

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into an agreement, that when either should resolve to turn his face heavenward, he would at once notify the other. Isaac, on his way to the city on this errand, met Russell coming to seek him for the same purpose. They turned back to make the little mother happy and to secure change of raiment, and together went on their way rejoicing.

when we suppose that our children, who have been trained up in the way that they should go, have, in order to become Christians, to pass through agonizing experiences as if they had been corrupt and abandoned sinners. Certain it is that young Isaac's conversion proved its genuineness by leading on to a whole life of faithful and devoted service.

But for a good while yet he must be subjected to the discipline of hard work and severe trials. Thus only, perhaps, could the fine statuesque character which was lying concealed within him be *chiseled* by the Great Artist into beautiful proportion and symmetry.

His mother succeeded in securing a place for him in a book-store, where he was to fill the difficult office of factotum, and make himself generally useful. He was so fortunate as to please the proprietor, who furnished him in return with good books, which he was at liberty to read at any time when he was not occupied in the store. We may be sure that he eagerly embraced so favorable an opportunity, and that some of the rich fruits produced by him in later life came from this early sowing. But there is no royal road to learning; and Isaac's pathway, even in the book-store, was hedged with thorns. The proprietor's wife was not in sympathy with the boy's literary pursuits, and deemed it much more in harmony with "the eternal fitness of things," that he should spend his idle time in helping her with the baby! He entered no formal protest, but he had not associated with a Scotchman so long for nothing. He took the baby, as in duty bound—he would *always* take it when it was thrust

upon him; but it soon began to be noticed that whenever he got hold of it, it presently began to cry. Whether it was the child's pins or Isaac's fingers that were out of place, or whether, as the mother seems to have concluded, it was a case of mere infantile antipathy, may not easily be decided at this distance of time; but at any rate the boy got back to his books. If he did pinch the little thing, let us hope that he did not pinch hard, and that he was actuated by a good motive!

As a young Christian, he was very faithful in his attendance upon the meetings of the church—responding from the first, though modestly, to whatever calls were made upon him to take part. Both he and his brothers were in deep earnest; and for boys they were serious and thoughtful. They had been well instructed in the Scriptures; they were gifted in singing; when occasion required they would read a lesson, or deliver a brief exhortation, or lead in prayer. All this was lovingly appreciated, and they were considered very promising. Isaac is described at this time, by one who was present at some meeting, as being very tall for his years—slender and frail looking—and very shabbily dressed in brown jeans clothes, which were many sizes too small for him!

Now, if he had been, like Horace Greeley, proud of his ungainly appearance, and had worn by choice, those *outre* and outlandish habiliments, our sympathies would not be invoked for him. But in truth, it was a heavy cross to him. He was deeply and painfully sensible of the figure that he cut—and it required all his philosophy and religion to enable him to appear in public in the old cast-off clothes of his older brother. He felt

that he was a guy, and it was torture and torment to him. His feelings were intensified, too, by the knowledge that this was the result of pure and unmitigated stinginess. By the help of the Errett boys, at the mills and on the farm, the stepfather had become prosperous, and now when we see him looking with cold indifference upon these same boys—sons of his faithful wife—brought before the congregation in such a plight, we almost wish that Henry *had* broken his legs the day of the wedding, as he wanted to do. Long, long after this time, Isaac and Russell talk it over, and one of them says, and the other sanctions it: "I can not find it in my heart to forgive Robert Souter for the mean, bare living he so grudgingly gave us; *and I get rousing mad when I think of my clothes!*" And the old man himself, when he was "looking towards sunset," saw his mistake and grieved over it. "To think," said he, "what gran' men they are, and I didna help them on their way up! They were a' good boys and vera bright, and to think I didna see it. I canna forget—I canna forgie mysel' that I wasna a faither to 'em."

Isaac remained in the book-store only one year, and after that he tried first one thing and then another, but none of them brought any great increase to his fortunes. He seemed in fact, during all this time, to be feeling his way, as it were in the dark—seeking to find his proper place and vocation in the world. And for a young man in his condition—without money, or patronage, or special skill, with nothing, indeed, but a willingness to do what he could—this place is not easily discovered. At length he determined to become a printer, influenced probably by Franklin's autobiography, which he had no doubt read while in the book-

store. In order to accomplish his purpose he bound himself, in his seventeenth year, to Mr. A. A. Anderson, of Pittsburg; and in this place and business he was, for a time, a fixture. He engaged in this new vocation with unwonted zeal and heartiness. He liked it, and he resolved to master the whole art and mystery of it. He soon perceived that in order to reach the highest success, he must educate his head as well as his fingers, and so he purchased a grammar and some other books, which he studied with diligence. It goes without saying that he became a noted compositor—a master workman, accurate, intelligent and rapid.

In Mr. Anderson's office a weekly journal, called "The Intelligencer," owned and edited by Isaac Harris, was published; and before a great while Isaac Errett began to contribute to it, both in prose and poetry. Even those early productions were quite acceptable to the public, and often elicited comment and commendation. We may anticipate the drift of our story by stating here that later on Harris sold the paper to Mr. Anderson, who continued its publication, with "I. Errett, Editor," whom Harris introduces in his valedictory, as a "young gentleman of good talents, sound morals, and an exemplary citizen." Isaac's "Salutation" is too long to be quoted here, but the reader will get a fair idea of his nascent style from the following extract:

"We wish to make 'The Intelligencer' a useful and acceptable journal of commerce, manufactures, education, and general intelligence. Whatever may advance the true interest of our beloved country—the permanency of its free and sacred institutions, the majesty of its laws, the success of its commercial enter-

prise, the increase of its manufactures, and the virtue and intelligence of its citizens, it will be our object to advocate. It will therefore be an AMERICAN paper. Whatever may contribute to the prosperity of the beautiful, fertile and flourishing *West* will demand special attention. It will therefore be a WESTERN paper. And more particularly, everything calculated to foster and encourage the commerce and manufactures of our own city, and the moral, literary, and scientific improvement of its inhabitants, it will be our duty and our happiness to notice. It will, therefore, be a PITTSBURG paper."

No one, we think, would call this bad writing; and in view of his age, and of the trials and difficulties of his previous life, it must be pronounced surprisingly good. I shall quote very little from "The Intelligencer," as it was out of the line of his principal life-work, and is interesting mainly as showing his present development, and as indicating his future possibilities. The next week's leader, which seems to have been suggested by his own experience, and to reveal the dim outline of his own ambition, will suffice our purpose.

(From the Pittsburg Intelligencer, Nov. 13, 1841.)

THE TRUE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

It is observed in the golden verses of Pythagoras, that "*power is never far from necessity*"; a simple truth which we see frequently confirmed in the present age. It is surprising what a man may accomplish by his own unaided efforts, when he is compelled to arouse all the energies of his nature, and put them forth in a resolute enterprise. The beggar becomes a man of wealth; the dullard, a literary prodigy; the fool, a philosopher; the stammerer, an eloquent orator; the coward, a valiant hero; the abandoned

profligate, a virtuous citizen. Thousands, no doubt, have lived unknown, and died "unwept, unhonored and unsung," who, had they been placed in circumstances where their slumbering faculties could have been awakened, might have earned immortal renown; and thousands still live who are ignorant of their own abilities because the stern, imperious voice of *necessity* has never called them to diligent and arduous exertions. As a proof of this we may mention an instance, frequently cited, of individuals who, before the revolutionary struggle of our country, could scarcely write their names; but who, during the progress of the war, being compelled by necessity to write to their friends, became not only expert as letter writers, but elegant in the art of composition. The "power" was not far from the "necessity"; but had that necessity never existed, they would probably have died in ignorance of their own abilities. It is for the same reason that many of the poor and ignorant have risen to eminence, while their wealthy coevals have lagged behind: necessity conducted the former through difficult and dangerous paths, where the latter would not, because they needed not, venture. Indeed, necessity, though often cursed, is a real benefactress. She leads a man into an acquaintance with his own resources; she uncovers to his view rich mines of his own, and reveals to him the only true basis of a sound and thorough education—that it consists, not in filling the mind with the ideas of others, but in the full development of his own. We, therefore, esteem it rather a blessing than a curse, that Nature's gifted ones are frequently sent into this world poor and destitute. They are then deprived of factitious resources, and have to rely upon their own strength. They do not shine with a feeble, borrowed light, but in the full splendor of original underived effulgence, that bursts through clouds and darkness, and lights up earth with a cheerful and happy brilliance. Genius, with them, is not like the smooth stream that flows in artificial channels, through fertile fields; but like the proudly swelling waters that break through all obstructions, and roll

majestically on in their resistless course. We say, then, curse not necessity. It was in the school of necessity that such men as Franklin and Shakspeare obtained their education, and in the same school every poor man may seek and find instruction.

Young man, if you are envying the fortunes of others; if your ambition pants for any of the honors and distinctions which the world presents, but to which your slender means forbid you to aspire, remember that power is never far from necessity. Seek not the aid of others; you have the means within yourself. Persevering application is all you need.

CHAPTER IV.

1839–1840.

Teaches a school.—Self-training.—Rules of life.—Poetry.—Learning how to preach.—At the Lord's table.—Forced to preach.—First sermon.—Becomes pastor.—His preaching methods.

Resuming the thread of our narrative,—in 1839 he purchased his time from Mr. Anderson, and engaged with him as a journeyman. Before very long, however, he was induced to leave the printing business, and take a school in Roberson Township, Allegheny County; and in this he was made sensible of many of the deficiencies in his early education. "I had frequently," he says, "to sit up late at night to keep ahead of my scholars in some branches I undertook to teach; but succeeded beyond my expectation in advancing the scholars and giving satisfaction." Indeed, he seems to have made a reputation as a good teacher, for the next year he was elected over many competitors to a better school, with a salary of five hundred dollars a year. This, for that day and time, was much more in intrinsic value than the sum would indicate to us now; and for a man who knew how to live on a dollar a week, as he did, it was opulence.

With very little school learning, Isaac Errett was coming to be well educated. His mind had not been

crammed and crowded with intellectual "meat," which was too "strong" for him; his own mental hunger prompted him to find the food which he needed, which he was able to assimilate, which promoted his healthful growth, and by which he was "nourished up" into a great strong man. Little by little the door into the vast storehouse of learning was opened to him, so that he could *look* in, even though as yet he might not *enter;* and this *view* it was which served him instead of schooling. It excited his desire; it begot aspiration; it aroused ambition; he resolved to learn, and the determined will found the way. To such a mind and purpose that book-store was a fine school. And then came the printing business, itself a good educator; and to an intellect like Franklin's or Isaac Errett's, it was equal to a college. Fortunately, he gives us a little insight into his manner of life while engaged in this service, and it harmonizes with what we should have expected of him. "During my apprenticeship," he says, "I diligently employed my leisure hours in study, and, having but limited means to rely on, kept bachelor's hall about a year and a half, and lived on about one dollar per week, that I might have means of improvement. Not receiving my pay regularly, I was often in a strait, but still worked my way along, and kept my head above water."

Another most excellent school which he attended was the one taught by himself. It was wise in him, as soon as he felt competent, to engage in this calling. While it revealed his deficiency, it taught him to be accurate, and it made him familiar with elementary learning.

It is also to be observed that during all these years, while he was so diligently prosecuting special studies, he was also reading the best authors and storing his mind with general information. It was during this same period, too, that he was forming and maturing his literary style, which subsequently became so characteristic and beautiful. With reference to this I judge that Addison was his favorite author. Some years after this he seemed to have expressed his admiration for this elegant writer, and, no doubt, his sense of obligation as well, by naming a son for him, Joseph Addison. It should be noted, however, that he did not copy and reproduce the Addisonian style, for indeed it would not have suited his purpose. It was too playful and superficial for earnest work. For the Spectator's scrappy little manners and morals it was admirable; the expression was everything, the underlying substance almost nothing. It was a *dandy* work, and, as with all dandies, its chief value was in its dress. Now and then we come across subjects that seem worthy of the treatment accorded to them, but in general the disparity between matter and manner can but remind us of "a giant's robe upon a dwarfish thief." Still the robe was certainly very beautiful, and fifty years ago, when Isaac Errett looked upon it, it was unrivaled.

What he gained from Addison was not Addison's style, so much as a quickened sensibility to literary excellence. He learned to appreciate the value of good writing. It educated his ear. It taught him to enjoy the melody of verbal cadence, and of rhetorical periods; and, while it enriched his vocabulary, it showed him a thousand nice distinctions in the meaning and use of words—in short, it supplied the mate-

rials out of which he was enabled to manufacture for himself a style often as chaste, as simple and as beautiful as Addison's, and yet varied to suit the taste of his age and the serious purposes of his life.

During all this period, and while engaged in printing, teaching, and whatever came to hand, he was taking an active part in the public exercises of the church, writing for the "Intelligencer," and pursuing a regular course of reading and study.* He also wrote much for his own personal benefit alone. When I remarked, in a preceding paragraph, that he "manufactured" for himself a style, I used the word in its strictly etymological sense, meaning that he made it with his own *hand;* for this is something which can not be acquired from teachers or books. While these may cultivate the taste, arouse ambition, and stimulate the native powers, the only way at last to learn to write is to write. In the case of young Isaac—if evolution implies a previous involution—we may feel sure that quite early in life he began to feel the stirrings of his embryonic genius. He could but know that he had wings. But the first flights of even the young eagle are likely to be earthward rather than heavenward; and there are flappings and flounderings, and many a fall and some bruises, before it learns to soar. It has been discovered, too, that all wings are not designed for purposes

* I find, in one of his note books of this period, the following:

"RULES OF MY LIFE.

"1. I will, with the help of God, rise at four o'clock and spend until six in reading the Bible and prayer.

"2. Monday and Tuesday shall be devoted to the "Intelligencer," Wednesday to general reading, Thursday to the study of some science until noon, the remainder to visiting, etc., Friday and Saturday to preparing for the service of the Lord's day."

of flight. Some are merely to flap with! They make much noise, but they go "no whither."

Nothing could have been more modest and unpretending than Mr. Errett's earliest writings. He was not sure of his power, or, rather, he *was* sure that as yet he was not prepared to make the best use of it. He acted strictly in the spirit of Poor Richard's caution:

> Vessels large may venture more,
> But little boats should keep near shore.

He composed for the sake of practice; as a means of drilling himself in the combination and use of words, and in the expression and coloring of ideas. He dipped a little, as I have already said, into poetry as well as prose, and he was glad to find that his verses were always welcomed and read with pleasure. But he seems to have concluded at an early day, either that he was not specially gifted as a poet, or else that he could better serve his generation by confining himself to plain prose. Hence we find hardly a specimen of his verse written after this period. A hymn or two; a few sportive lines, called out by some special incident; with an occasional desperate effort, such as all literary men *have* to make, to "write something in my album," would cover it all. In order to show his facility in versifying, I give here two or three specimens which I find recorded to the credit of his early muse.

MARRIED: On the 22d of June, 1837, by Rev. A. M. Bryan, Mr. *Luther G. Fox* to Miss *Elizabeth West.*

> Foxes, of yore, on silly geese
> Bestowed their undivided love;
> But now, a vow of lasting peace
> Is made between a *Fox* and *Dove.*

Within the bosom of the fertile *West*
The *Fox* now finds a pleasing resting-place;
Through coming ages may their names be blest,
And *Western Foxes* form a noble race.

Addressed to my brother, Joseph J. Errett, while absent from his friends.

A wanderer in a distant part,
To every eye a stranger;
No friendly voice to cheer the heart,
Or warn of coming danger;
No kindred spirit to condole
The melancholy, careworn soul.

In such an hour the floods of grief,
From feeling's fountain gushing,
Afford a short—too short relief,
Each perturbation hushing,
And cleanse the fountain filled with woe,
Again to fill, again to flow.

In such an hour at Hope's bright shrine,
Offer your fond oblation:
She'll cause the heart with joy to shine,—
And sweet imagination
Will bring before the dreary mind,
Each wished-for joy you left behind.

These lines do not exhibit any high order of poetic excellence, nor any great poetic promise; and yet there is some genuine poetry in them. The second of the foregoing stanzas, especially, is happily conceived and expressed. But he was not indeed a poet; for if he had been, the "divine afflatus" could not so readily have been suppressed. He was in this, as we may suppose, simply like the rest of us scribes: most of us, perhaps, when the *writing itch* was first caught by

us, felt it worth while to *flirt* a little with the muse, even though no serious courtship was intended. And this was an *agitating* experience! For who could tell what was going to happen? Possibly we might be about to be "born!"—*Poeta nascitur.*

We may say, therefore, that to us, the chief interest in Isaac Errett's "fancy's flights" lies in the fact that to him they were mainly, if not exclusively, *exercises*—and as such, invaluable.

They were the prelude to those *unmeasured* "songs"—so rich in imagery, so chaste in diction, so warm in color, so melting in pathos, so full of all that was brightest and mightiest—with which he was wont to move and gladden, and sometimes to electrify the vast audiences that hung upon his lips, and that drank inspiration from his words. But for this early training and drill, although he would doubtless have reached a lofty place, he might never have attained so signal a preëminence.

It is obvious to remark, however, that it was not simply by extensive and thoughtful reading and careful writing—not by even the most diligent cultivation of head and heart and hand—that he learned how to *preach.* These were merely the preface to the work. And it is remarkable how gradually, how undesignedly, how almost unconsciously, he became a preacher. It was not the accomplishment of a predetermined purpose; not the attainment of an end which he had set before his mind; nor the entrance upon a chosen career. He grew into it. Nature and nature's Author had designed him for it. God's preachers, like his poets, are born, not made. There are institutes, schools, seminaries, which do undertake to manufac-

ture preachers; and, where the raw material is of the very best quality, they sometimes succeed. In other cases the products are simply *clergymen*—gentlemen of dignified port and bearing, who always do and say the right thing in the right way, who make no mistakes, who observe all the proprieties, and deliver *beautiful* sermons—but they never preach! The preacher instinct is not in them. They are an artificial product—*professional* gentlemen. It sometimes happens, too, that even the best classes of young men are more injured than helped by academic influences. Their wings are clipped, their natural bent is disturbed, they are cast into the mould of their professor, the native fire and freshness and originality are taken out of them, and instead of strong and mighty men, they become cramped and feeble copyists, and dull retailers of dry theological lore.

Isaac Errett, by the grace of God, escaped this danger, and was able to preach out of the fullness of his own heart, and in the untrammeled freedom of his own thought.

But, as I have said, he did not set out to become a preacher. It was a Providential development. In the language of the good Book, "it came to pass." And the way of it was this: He was deeply and earnestly religious, and sometimes in the social meetings of the church he would feel moved to say something. It was not much. In the beginning, indeed, when he was yet quite a young man, it was very little. But it soon began to be noticed and felt that what he said had point in it; that it came home to men's business and bosoms; and that it was fresh, and warm, and helpful. And yet, after delivering one of these little addresses,

it hardly seemed to him that he had made a speech—he had only unburdened his soul. And that was really the secret of his power—it was the outpouring of what was in him. He spoke, not to say something, but because he had something to say. As a matter of course, such a young man as that would not be overlooked, nor let alone, but would be encouraged and stimulated to go forward. He began to specially prepare himself for these little talks—extending them to five minutes, and after awhile to ten minutes, on rare occasions even to fifteen minutes. But all this time he was attending to his book-store, or his printing, or his school-teaching, thinking of nothing else but to make his way in the world by means of his secular pursuits, and at the same time to do whatever good he might, simply as a private member of the church.

Before very long he is elected secretary of the church, which makes it necessary for him to be present at the meetings of the board of officers, where he becomes familiar with the details of church work, the management of difficult and delicate cases, the steps to be taken in the enforcement of discipline, and the various things that call for careful consideration and discriminative treatment in the supervision and guidance of a Christian congregation. In these weekly meetings of the board, among other things, provision was made for the conducting of the services of the ensuing Sunday. The chapters to be read were selected and noted, the readers appointed, and the persons designated who were to make addresses. It should be stated that at that time the church in Pittsburg was comparatively young and feeble, and it had no preacher. They were under the necessity, there-

fore, of relying upon "mutual edification" as the means of keeping themselves and their cause alive. This ecclesiastical resource is good or bad, according to circumstances. Where there is an Isaac Errett in the church, and a Russell Errett, and two or three other gifted men, it works well. They study. They prepare themselves. They bring something fresh to every meeting. The loaves are *renewed* every week. The food is never stale nor unpalatable, and is always well served.

But if by chance it should ever come to pass that some excellent brother should feel it to be his duty to "exercise gifts" which he does not possess, and to deal out the same dish always, supposing that because it was good once it must remain good forever, if *that* should ever take place, "mutual edification" would fall into disfavor! It has been my good fortune, however, to know several congregations, like that in Pittsburg, whose membership and officers were able, in cases of emergency, to maintain the spiritual life and prosperity of the church.

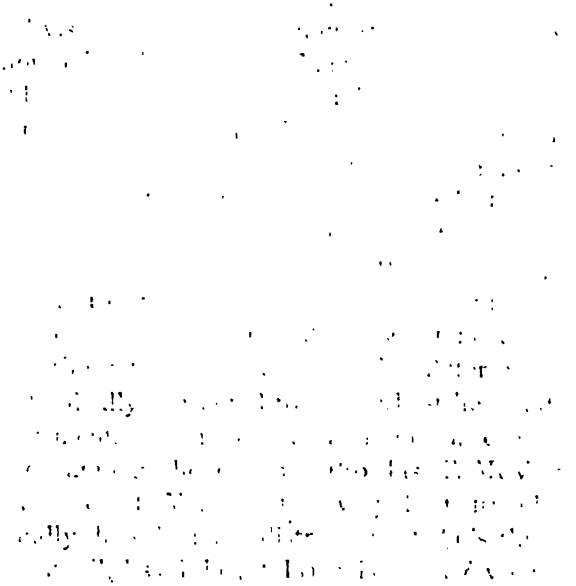
In looking over the old records, I find it quite noticeable that Isaac Errett, during this period, was more frequently than any one else designated to address the congregation on Sunday afternoon, when the church met to partake of the Lord's Supper. There was evidently a reason for this; and no doubt it was because he was peculiarly happy on such occasions, as he continued to be to the end of his life. Always, at the Lord's table, it seemed that the frame of his spirit, the tenderness of his words, the fullness of his heart, the very tones of his voice, harmonized with the service, and made it, as it should be, a sweet

and grateful memorial, and a blessed, edifying worship. We see at once that such a man can not be spared to the printing office or the school-room; manifestly he will be obliged to land in the pulpit. He is so variously and richly gifted in mind and heart and tongue—gifted for high service and large usefulness—his own sense of obligation to God and man must, sooner or later, carry him there. With characteristic modesty he left on record only a few lines showing how he was led into the pulpit. He was working and struggling to make his way in the world, but "still," so he wrote, "devoting much of my time to study, writing and speaking—*the latter not so much because I wanted to, as because circumstances combined to force me into it.*"

These last clauses tell the whole story. He was *drawn* into preaching. Circumstances combined "to force him into it." He had not "wanted" to be a *preacher*—he simply wanted to do good. And all around him doors were opening. Wise and faithful brethren were calling for him. He himself saw the need. He could not be blind to his own ability. His heart and conscience constrained him. He was *forced* into it. "On the 21st of April, 1839," he says, "I delivered my first regular discourse—never having spoken before more than ten or fifteen minutes. The subject was the promise made to David that his kingdom should not fail. It was well received."

The church in Pittsburg was in some respects an exceptionally good one. Its officers were intelligent, prudent and devoted men, and its membership well instructed, zealous and thoroughly consecrated. The city being only forty miles from Bethany, Alexander Campbell, then in the very strength of his

Affectionately and truly yours
N. Campbell



manhood, frequently visited them; and his coming was always the occasion of joy and triumph. The house was packed with intelligent people, drawn together to hear the greatest preacher of his age—a man of transcendent power and of matchless personal influence, whose name is yet to receive its highest honors, from the unprejudiced generations to come. This mighty "Paul" had his "Apollos" in the person of Walter Scott, who also sometimes preached in Pittsburg. Like Mr. Campbell, he had been educated in the Old World, and he was a versatile and gifted man. He was mighty in the Scriptures, and he knew how to water the divine seed with his tears. The hardest hearts felt softened under the influence of his tender, touching, eloquent appeals.

But the church could but feel, after the edifying and helpful visitations of those eminent men, that they needed more of such blessed influence. Their friends and neighbors had been impressed by the truth, and longed to be fed and guided. The eldership could suffice to keep alive the personal interest of the members, but to reach the world and save the lost they must have a preacher. At length one of the elders, Warwick Martin, without consulting the others, appealed to Isaac Errett with earnest entreaty, to prepare a regular sermon—to make a trial—to see if he could not do something to supply their need. After much persuasion he finally consented to do the best he could. This arrangement, when it was announced, caused consternation among the elders. Bro. Jas. T. McVay particularly, one of Mr. Errett's very best friends, was profoundly disturbed and distressed. "This thing will not do at all," said he; "Isaac is a *good* young

man, and we all like him and look upon him as promising. He can talk in our prayer-meetings, and do it well for a young man; but to bring him before the public as a *preacher!* It will do the cause harm; he does not know how to preach!" But the announcement had been made, and it was now too late to help it. The time came; a large audience assembled—many of them out of curiosity; the elders were all in their places; Bro. McVay, nervous and unhappy, wishing they were well through with it.

At length Isaac arose in the pulpit. He was tall, slender, smooth-faced and pale. He had the student caste of countenance, and looked like he had long been burning the midnight oil. He was singularly composed, as he always was in after life. Calmly and deliberately, with well-modulated and melodious tones, he began to speak. His introduction was appropriate, in good taste, and not too long; and by the time he had reached his theme the audience began to show more interest in the subject than curiosity about the speaker. This warmed and kindled his own mind; his self-consciousness, if he had had any, disappeared; and now, with easy grace and well-chosen language, and with warm and affectionate interest in his hearers, he pressed upon them the great truth which he was delivering, illustrating and enforcing it as he knew so well how to do; and so at length, with tender and solemn appeals, he reached the end of his first discourse!

It was received with enthusiasm. It was a surprise. Bro. McVay, who had come to the house with fear and trembling, was filled with wonder and delight;* and

* Jas. T. McVay proved a wise, true friend. His library was at the service of the young preacher; his time was freely given, as occasion

he and all of them gathered around the young man with warm and hearty congratulations. Here was the turning point in his history. He had found his place and his work in the world; the place and the work for which God had all along been fitting him, and up to which He had been slowly leading him.

And now the demands for sermons became more and more frequent. He began to be recognized as a preacher, and also to realize in himself that he *was* one; that it was his appropriate and predestined calling. About this time a new church was organized in Smithfield Street, and to this he gave much of his time; and there, on the 18th of June, 1840, he was set apart as an evangelist. It was not, however, till the month of October of that year that, at the solicitation of the church, he resigned his place as a teacher on a salary, that he might devote his time exclusively to the pastoral care of the congregation and the preaching of the gospel. Thus at length he is fully enlisted in the work to which his best and brightest days are to be devoted —the work in which his influence is to be widely felt, carrying joy and gladness and comfort and peace and hope to unnumbered thousands of his fellow-men. Let it here be noted, for the encouragement of young men about to adopt, or who may have recently adopted, the same sacred profession, that his beginning was a very humble one. The church to which he was called was young and small and feeble. It offered

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demanded, for advice, criticism, encouragement, instruction or help in every possible way, "even as a father the son in whom he delighteth," and at his death, which occurred a year or so later, he directed that the books then in Isaac's keeping should be given to him as a last token of love and trust.

no glittering prize, either of fame or money. The prospect presented was rather of hard work, of very small pay, and of weighty responsibility. He tells us that he entered upon it with many fears, and more in compliance with the wishes of others than of himself. But with true Christian self-sacrifice, however he might shrink from the difficult task to which he was called, it seemed to be his duty to accept, and accept he did; and, hard and lowly as was the position, he would have been unworthy of himself and his high calling if he had refused.

His sermons during this period were sometimes fully written, and sometimes partly written and partly extemporary. We may presume from this that when the whole ground of a discourse was thoroughly familiar, he dispensed with the pen altogether, or prepared only brief outlines. In any case it is to be noticed, his preparation was conscientiously thorough. While he seemed to be gradually training himself to extemporary *speech*, he eschewed extemporary *thought*. He mastered the *subject* in all its details before he ventured to bring it before his hearers. His example, therefore, and it is an instructive one, gives no countenance to "the inspiration of the moment" theory as a main or even frequent reliance. Hard study, painstaking research, diligent and careful preparation—it was by this road that he traveled towards that masterful facility in the use of all methods which he afterwards reached. His written sermons of this time, though lacking somewhat the exquisite and peculiar *flavor* of his later productions, are really excellent compositions, instructive, methodical, gracefully expressed, happily illustrated, and thoroughly scriptural and earnest.

CHAPTER V.

1841–1844.

Courtship and marriage; no cards; no nonsense.—The wedding "tour."—Love *vs.* mathematics—Manners and customs ecclesiastical.—Strict discipline.—Marrying out of the faith, and what came of it.—The "holy kiss," and how it was "administered."—A rousing smack in the street.—A discovery made by the young men which abolished the custom.—Success as a preacher.—A tribute to the Pittsburg church.—Called to New Lisbon.

We have high authority for saying that it is not good for man to be alone. And in the very beginning of his pastoral work Isaac Errett seemed to feel the force of this divine word. Among the homes that had long been open to him in Pittsburg, there was one which seemed specially warm and inviting. It was a religious home, and its inmates, the Reeders, were members of the church. He had gone there for many a good Sunday dinner. It was a sort of headquarters for country brethren and sisters who remained over for the afternoon service, and there was abundance of good religious talk, and may be a little now and then that was not religious—strictly speaking. For there was a bevy of young ladies there—Bro. Reeder's daughters—who had been well educated, who were quite familiar with the English classical literature, who had something to talk about, and who were as bright

as sunbeams, and as cheery and happy as birds. It is not to be wondered at that Isaac thought the dinners there were good. They could hardly have been poor —with Miss Harriet so close by. It is altogether probable that there was courtship of some sort, and if I knew just how it was managed, I should not hesitate to tell it, because such things are in the order of nature — and very instructive. But the archives of Pittsburg contain no records of this occurrence, and the reader must be content with knowing that by some sort of Free-Masonry. Isaac and Harriet contrived to have little religious chats [*aside*]. It went on thus for a while, and then resulted—as such proceedings will do sometimes—in an engagement, and finally in a marriage. The wedding, which occurred on the 18th of October, was quiet and private. No cards. It took place on Sunday afternoon, not very long after one of those big dinners aforesaid. The truth is, there was no nonsense about it. They did not rush off to spend a year's support on a long wedding tour. On the contrary, they remained quietly at home until after tea, and then Harriet took Isaac's arm, and they marched down the street, and around the corner, and up the steps, and into the church; and then took their seat in the congregation, and while they listened to Robert Forrester's sermon, they tried to look as though nothing had happened. But the marriage was indeed a most important event. He had secured a good, true, faithful wife, who would go with him through the whole journey of his life, with ever-ready help, encouragement and comfort, sharing his toils and his poverty, and rejoicing in his growth and his triumphs. Long after this he writes thus of her:

"On the 18th of this month I was united in marriage with Harriet Reeder, daughter of James and Hannah —a native of England, but reared in this country—and one that to me seemed every way fitted to be my companion in life's journey. I have not been disappointed. Peace and happiness have attended us thus far in our married life—and I see new reasons, as I learn to know her better, to love and cherish her."

If Isaac figured on the matter before deciding to marry—which he probably did not do, as love is not given to mathematics—he perhaps worked out the problem from *data* drawn from his past history. He had been living, if not in great comfort, certainly in health, on one dollar a week; two persons need not cost much more than two dollars a week; and now, with the munificent salary of three hundred dollars *promised* in hard cash, it was evident that there would be a handsome surplus, which might be expended for luxuries or books! I do not know that he reasoned thus, but it is certain that he did get married on this prospective salary, and we have all learned that although figures will not lie, they are sometimes a little tricky.

The young couple rented a house, which they plainly furnished, and entered bravely upon their career—like Sydney Smith, very poor and very proud. Isaac engaged with renewed zeal in the work of the ministry, for he had somebody now to stimulate and uphold him—a friend in whose faithfulness and love he could implicitly trust; and more than all, a most intelligent counselor, whose very affections would prompt her to give him those delicate criticisms upon tone and manner, and small indiscretions, which every

preacher needs, and which only a refined and cultured wife can supply.

And now that we find him in a settled pastorate, with a great and arduous work opening before him, we may turn aside for a moment to contemplate the character of his church, and some of the manners and customs ecclesiastic, peculiar to the time and place. While this is necessary to a just appreciation of his work, it will be interesting as a study of religious development.

In the inception of all great doctrinal movements, there is a remarkable, and sometimes a ludicrous, failure to discriminate between the essential and the circumstantial. Roused by the perception of a great vital principle, which has been overlooked or disregarded, and realizing its supreme importance and far-reaching consequences, men may yet signally fail in their application of that principle, and may bring it into disrepute and distrust by an illicit extension of it. There is no question, for example, that the Bible, and especially the New Testament, is the only rule of faith and practice—the only one which is truly authoritative—which it is legitimate to enforce, or which it is sinful to disobey. This was the original Protestant doctrine, and that which alone justified the Protestant cause. Now the Disciples, with whom Mr. Errett was identified, had come into being in consequence of the fact, which they clearly perceived, that the various sects of Protestantism had abandoned their own fundamental and justifying principle. They had adopted other standards of faith and other rules of conduct; and while each party claimed that *its* system was *according* to the word, though not the word itself,

it was manifest that this was but the substitution of human *inferences* for divine *authority;* and that if *logic* was to rule, the Romanist could argue as plausibly as the Presbyterian, and make out as strong a case as the Methodist. Moreover, the logic of the Presbyterian locked horns with that of the Methodist, while the Baptist had something to say for his side and against every other; and so with the Episcopalian and dozens of other different sects and sectaries. The whole religious world was in confusion; and to the great mass of men everything seemed unsettled, and nothing could be known and accepted as *certain truth.* And all this fearful evil had resulted from one and the same cause—the practical departure from that great principle which had given birth and legitimacy to the Protestant movement.

Now what the Disciples designed and attempted to do was simply to go back to this abandoned principle, and to carry it out in all the details of individual and church life. The purpose was most noble and unselfish, and manifestly in harmony with the very spirit of the Lord Jesus; and it is amazing to reflect how bitterly they were opposed! and how persistently they were misrepresented and traduced!

But they had this treasure in earthen vessels. They were in the main an excellent and devoted people, striving earnestly to conform their lives to the highest standard—but they were not perfect. I believe that it is not too much to say that, in most respects, and taken as a whole, they were a *superior* people, both morally and spiritually. Their ideals were lofty; their model was the Divine Man; their rule, the Divine Word; and in all their aims and efforts they were

earnest and zealous. Such a people, gradually working their way out of darkness and confusion into light and assurance, and doing this in the face of opposition and obloquy, might have been expected to make many mistakes and blunders, and often to miss the spirit and meaning of the word, while reverencing and obeying its letter. But from this distance of time, as we look back upon those noble men and women, so true to their convictions, so lofty in their aims, so heroic in their courage — the very vanguard of God's great army,—we are obliged to admit, if there be one spark of heavenly fire in our breasts, that, in spite of their imperfections and blunders, they were eminently respectable, and worthy to be held in lasting honor and reverence.

The church in Pittsburg erred, as we now think, in the matter of discipline—in the extreme and inconsiderate strictness of it. Many passages of Scripture which are very profitable for instruction and counsel, were held by them to have the force of positive law. It is not well for Christians to pride themselves upon their costly apparel or golden ornaments, and those whose hearts are tending towards this sin, should be warned and cautioned, and gently led to something higher and better. But to call them up for public rebuke and censure, while it may seem to be justified by the letter, is violative of the spirit of the Biblical teaching upon that subject.

Again, the apostle warns the Corinthians against being unequally yoked together with unbelievers. But those unbelievers were heathen idolators, engaged in the observance of the corrupt and licentious rites and practices for which Corinth was celebrated. The

marriage of Christians to such people would be hazardous, and should be avoided. The elders of the Pittsburg church, however, looked upon this special caution as a universal law; and if a man married a woman who was not a member of the church, however moral and upright, and however respectful in her bearing towards Christianity and its ordinances, he was called to account for marrying contrary to the word of the Lord, and he must say—perhaps in the presence of his wife—that he was *sorry* for it; and moreover—though this probably gave the poor woman some comfort—he must promise that he would not do so any more!

I will also mention one or two of the customs which in the same way had come into vogue. As to feet-washing, it must be said that notwithstanding some earnest efforts to introduce it into the church, it never became general. Once a few inconsiderate literalists went gravely through the ceremony; but the opposition was overwhelming, and the advocates were forced to yield. Not so, however, with the "holy kiss." This had been brought in by the immigrants—most of them from New York—who originally planted the church, and it held its ground for many years. As there are perhaps very few persons now living who ever witnessed a "*holy* kiss," I may properly pause here to describe the old-time practice, not with any purpose or desire of having it revived! but solely as a matter of historical interest.

Let me say, then, that at the appropriate place in the service, the presiding elder would call out, in the language of Paul, "Greet ye one another with a holy kiss!" And forthwith the greeting began—right and left, and forward and back. It should

be stated that there was some discrimination in the kissing. Though there was nothing in the "law" regulating it, custom had acquired the force of law. The old men kissed everybody, as did the older sisters. The young men saluted the old folks of both sexes, and one another; and the manifestation of "charity" on the part of the young women was limited in the same way. It is barely possible that the practice would have been more popular with the young people, if the unwritten law had been different, especially if its provisions had been reversed! But as to this I am not prepared, at this late day, to speak positively!

But the hebdomadal church greeting was not the end of the matter. It was by no means certain—indeed it was quite improbable—that the apostle intended to limit the performance of this duty to the public meetings of the congregation. It was far more likely that the "law" was to accompany the members wherever they went; and so, all through the week, whenever two of them happened to meet—at home or abroad, in street or store, in public place or private—they must practice what they preached, and they did; they were very faithful,—always excepting, however, those parties who were within "the prohibited degrees" of age and sex. It is reported, but of course I do not believe it, that the *brethren* were especially faithful in the observance of this mode of salutation. And there is a tradition respecting one of them, which is so circumstantial in its details, that although it may be wanting in verisimilitude, it must be quoted here for what it is worth. This good brother—so in effect the story runs—a drayman, much addicted to the use of the weed, never missed a chance to greet his sisters in

the Lord. The moment he saw one, he would rein up his team, jump down off his dray, rush headlong to his "victim," extend one hand, wipe his lips with the back of the other, and then "salute" with evident relish and a resounding smack that told of duty well done.

At length some of the young brethren began to read up on the subject, and they made the startling discovery that the unwritten law to which they had been subjected was unconstitutional, null and void. They complained that the partial obedience to the written law, to which they had been restricted, did not satisfy their "weak consciences," and in short, they insisted that it was their duty to kiss all or none. This bit of common sense brought the whole thing into disrepute, and before long the practice was abandoned altogether.

Such was the character of the church, its excellencies and its defects, when Isaac Errett began his ministry. Though its failings leaned to virtue's side, though they were but misapplications of a principle which was truly sublime in its grandeur, it is easy to see how obstructive they must have been to the success of that principle. Supposing, as men naturally would, that these were necessarily involved and wrapped up in it, their very common sense would turn them from a cause which, in its true significance, was and is most perfectly accordant with common sense.

It is amazing that, in spite of such drawbacks and obstructions, the young preacher, imperfectly educated as he was, and of limited experience, should have achieved a success that, under any circumstances, would have been creditable, and under those surrounding him was truly signal. It shows at once the great

nascent force of the man, and the essential importance and wonderful strength of the fundamental principle which he advocated. And how many young men, afterwards eminent, came up out of that "church in the wilderness!"—Robert Forrester, James Darsie, Robert Graham, the Errett brothers, the Martins, S. A. Marshall; and with them a company of notable women who made their impression for good wherever they went! Isaac Errett led that church out into the sunlight of joy and gladness and freedom; he helped it to shake off some of its more obstructive crotchets and foolish notions, and put it in the way of healthful spiritual growth and legitimate development. But notwithstanding its surface imperfections and unfortunate mistakes in doctrine and customs, it had always been, deep down in its heart, a truly good church—ready to help, willing to distribute, visiting the sick and the afflicted, watching over one another in love, and in all things trying faithfully to please God. And when it came to pass that one by one many of them were scattered abroad, they went everywhere preaching the Word; and it is said that hundreds of churches were built up by those who went out from that "mother church" in her best days.

But Mr. Errett was not to remain in Pittsburg. Excellent as the church was in many respects, it had not been educated to appreciate its obligations to its pastor. The membership loved him, honored him, were proud of him; they recognized the elements of power and greatness that were being gradually developed in him; they saw that he gave promise of a grand and glorious future; but still the compensation which they rendered for his services was wholly

JAMES DARSIE.

inadequate. It did not suffice to supply the absolute necessaries required by himself and his family. This was largely due to the fact that the church had been trained under influences which, so far from laying any emphasis upon the duty in question, tended rather to keep it out of sight. The pastor, like the others, was simply a member of the church; it was the duty of every member to do what he could for the common weal; and if he could preach to the edification, and comfort, and enlightenment of the body, he should feel bound in conscience to do it—and do it without reference to pay. This would have been very beautiful, if they had not felt justified in *receiving* the service without reference to pay. He might very properly have thought less about it, if they had thought more. Still he struggled on for nearly four years, bringing about a hundred new members into the church,* and giving the work in Pittsburg a powerful impetus. At length he felt obliged by dire necessity to make a change. Doubtless "the *uses* of adversity" would prove "sweet" in the end, but he had not found its *experiences* at all delicious. He had become quite familiar with the "toad, ugly and venomous," to which Shakspeare compares it, but as yet he had never seen the "precious jewel in his head." He determined, therefore, to prosecute his *batrachian* studies in a new field; and as the church in New Lisbon, Ohio, knew him, wanted him, called him—to New Lisbon he went.

* The first person baptized by him was Mrs. Sarah Ann King, a most excellent lady, and his life-long friend. Soon afterwards, if not the next in order, he immersed his half sister, Libbie Souter—who developed into a lovely and faithful Christian. These were but the first fruits of a great harvest.

CHAPTER VI.

1844—NEW LISBON.

County-seats.—Church in New Lisbon.—Its history.—Walter Scott.—Condition of the church.—First impression.—Troubles.—Salary.—Luminous figures.

Some of the smaller towns of America, especially the county-seats, are most delightful places of residence. Everybody knows everybody; social lines are not strictly drawn; the sick and afflicted are tenderly cared for; while occasional weddings, funerals and parties are matters of general interest, which break up the routine of daily existence, and furnish something to talk about. There are commonly three or four churches of different denominations, in each of which anti-sectarianism is preached every Sunday—and practiced very little during the week. Two or three times a year the court of highest original jurisdiction holds its sessions, which brings in lawyers from the neighboring towns, and jurors, parties and witnesses from the country round, along with everybody else who can spare the time. They listen to the trials, to the arguments of counsel, to the charges by the court, and so become educated in the general principles of the law, of right, and of justice. Such a town is apt to be well supplied with intellectual stimulus and resources. It will contain a goodly number of persons who are well educated,

have plenty of choice books, who are gifted in conversation; and what with the lawyers, the doctors, the teachers and the preachers, the proportion of cultivated and intelligent people, male and female, will be much greater than in the larger cities.

New Lisbon, in Columbiana County, Ohio, to which Mr. Errett had been called, was such a town as this. It was beautifully situated, in a fine country, and it might well have been proud, not only of its natural advantages, but also of its sterling population. Its moral tone was high; the predominant public sentiment was on the side of the right and the good; and the congregation to which he was to minister had made an honorable record. It had a history which gave it distinction among the churches of what was then called "The Current Reformation." I refer to the fact that it was the very first church that came out *fully* upon the ground which has since been so unflinchingly and so successfully maintained by the Disciples. Before this time the great *principles* which justified the step taken by the New Lisbon church—which was then a Baptist church—had been most ably set forth and advocated by Thomas and Alexander Campbell and others, and the whole Mahoning Association, with which they were ecclesiastically connected, was in a ferment of intense excitement—not passional, but intellectual. Many were running to and fro, and knowledge was being increased. All religious doctrines and customs and usages seemed to have been suddenly opened up for reconsideration and review. From such a profound awakening, and universal discussion carried on with deepest, liveliest interest, it was evident that, sooner or later, important practical

results would follow, and one of these, perhaps the most important of all, appeared in New Lisbon, under the ministry of Walter Scott, an eminent and eloquent preacher, of whom I spoke in a previous chapter, who was then acting as the evangelist of the Mahoning Association. The account of this great event is given with so much clearness and interest in a work now lying before me,* that I can not refrain from quoting it.

The scene of his first practical and successful exhibition of the gospel, as preached in primitive times, was at New Lisbon, Columbiana County, Ohio, the place at which he was appointed as traveling evangelist a few months before. The Baptist Church at that place had become acquainted with him at the Association, and received with pleasure an appointment from him for a series of discourses on the ancient gospel; and the citizens were glad to have a visit from the eloquent stranger. On the first Sunday after his arrival every seat in the meeting-house was filled at an early hour; soon every foot of standing-room was occupied, and the doorway blocked up by an eager throng; and, inspired by the interest which prevailed, the preacher began. His theme was the confession of Peter, Matthew xvi. 16: "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God," and the promise which grew out of it, that he should have entrusted to him the keys of the kingdom of heaven. The declaration of Peter was a theme upon which he had thought for years. It was a fact which he regarded the four gospels as written to establish; to which type and prophecy had pointed in all the ages gone by; which the Eternal Father had announced from heaven when Jesus came up from the waters of Jordan and the Spirit descended and abode upon him, and which was repeated again amid the awful grandeur and solemnity of the transfiguration scene. He then proceeded to show that the foundation

* Life of Elder Walter Scott, by William Baxter.

truth of Christianity was the divine nature of the Lord Jesus; the central truth around which all others revolved, and from which they derived their efficacy and importance; and that the belief of it was calculated to produce such love in the heart of him who believed it as would lead him to true obedience to the object of his faith and love. To show that faith and love were to be manifested, he quoted the language of the great commission, and called attention to the fact that Jesus had taught his apostles "that repentance and remission of sins, should be preached in his name among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem." He then led the hearers to Jerusalem on the memorable Pentecost, and bade them listen to an authoritative announcement of the law of Christ, now to be made known for the first time, by the same Peter to whom Christ had promised to give the keys of the kingdom of heaven, which he represented as meaning the conditions upon which the guilty might find pardon at the hands of the risen, ascended and glorified Son of God, and enter his kingdom.

After a rapid, yet graphic review of Peter's discourse, he pointed out its effect on those that heard him, and bade them mark the inquiry, which a deep conviction of the truth they had heard forced from the lips of the heart-pierced multitudes, who, in their agony at the discovery that they had put to death the Son of God, their own long-expected Messiah, "cried out, men and brethren, what shall we do?" and then, with flashing eye and impassioned manner, as if he fully realized that he was but re-echoing the words of one who spake as the Spirit gave him utterance, he gave the reply, "Repent, and be baptized, every one of you, in the name of Jesus Christ, for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Spirit." He then, with great force and power, made his application; he insisted that the conditions were unchanged, that the Word of God meant what it said, and that to receive and obey it was to obey God and to imitate the example of those who, under the preaching of the apostles, gladly accepted the gospel message. His

discourse was long, but his hearers marked not the flight of time. The Baptists forgot, in admiration of its scriptural beauty and simplicity, that it was contrary to much of their own teaching and practice. Some of them who had been, in a measure, enlightened before, rejoiced in the truth the moment they perceived it; and to others, who had long been perplexed by the difficulties and contradictions of the discordant views of the day, it was like light to weary travelers long benighted and lost.

As the immediate fruit of this discourse, one man, William Amend, a pious, God-fearing man, a member of the Presbyterian Church, and regarded by his neighbors as an "Israelite indeed," pressed his way through the crowd to the preacher, and proclaimed his faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and his willingness to obey him; and on the same day, in a beautiful clear stream near the town, and in the presence of a great multitude, he was baptized. Mr. Scott continued the meeting through the week, and by Sunday fifteen others had followed the example of Mr. Amend. Opposition sprang up, of course, but it could not resist the onward sweep of the mighty power. The evangelist returned after a brief absence, and seven more were added; in a little while he came again, when over thirty came in; while the members of the Baptist Church, almost to a man, accepted the doctrine, threw aside their articles of faith, and resolved that henceforth the Word of God should be their only rule and guide. This was in 1827, seventeen years before Mr. Errett's call to the place. Meanwhile the enthusiasm had spread like a prairie fire; vast numbers had accepted the plea; the Mahoning Association, as an ecclesiastical tribunal, had been dissolved, and in its

place had come in annual meetings for praise and worship, and to hear reports from laborers in the field, and to rejoice in the wonderful progress of the work. During the same period the church in New Lisbon, while it had become very strong and influential, had not been free from the troubles which, sooner or later, come upon every congregation, for the trial, so it seems, of its faith and purity. And when Mr. Errett reached this garden he found in it some roses and many thorns. There was much good society in the town, eminent professional gentlemen and others, that afforded him congenial and stimulating companionship. From the very first he commanded the respectful attention and favorable regard of this influential class, and if other conditions had been propitious, his work would doubtless have been as successful as his surroundings were delightful. But, unhappily, the church was just then passing through its fiery ordeal. It was in debt; it was divided; party spirit was rife; there were criminations and recriminations; and a few of the members were in very bad odor in the community. What a chilling atmosphere for a warm-hearted, hopeful, cheery man to enter! And yet with all these many kinds of badness operating as obstructions to his work and depressions to his spirit, there were some excellent and exemplary Christians, honored and trusted by all men, with whom he could take counsel, and by whom be encouraged and supported. And so he entered bravely and trustfully upon his work.

In 1875 he visited this field of his early labors, and his account of the situation, as he recalled it, published in the "Standard" of that year, is very entertaining. I quote liberal extracts from it.

For nearly half a century, amid fierce oppositions, and contrary to all predictions of its speedy overthrow, that church has stood and prospered, and kept a light continually burning; and the occasion of our visit was its entrance into a remodeled house of worship—surely no token of a decrease of faith or of power. Many hundreds have been enlisted in the service of the Lord by this church—perhaps we should not err if we should say thousands—and her children are to be found over all the West among the faithful disciples of Jesus. Here the Campbells, Walter Scott, John Henry, the Gastons, Jonas Hartzel, Adamson Bentley, J. H. Jones, the Haydens, A. B. Green, J. W. Lanphear, John Whitacre, J. J. Moss, Amos Allerton, the Bosworths, and many more whose names we do not at this moment recall, preached many of their mightiest sermons when they were all afire with the early enthusiasm of pioneer work, and here J. W. Lanphear, Wm. Beaumont, the writer, P. H. Jones, Joseph King, —— Galley and William Baxter labored successfully in word and doctrine through a period of nearly forty years.

To us personally this visit had the additional interest growing out of the pastoral labors of five years at this point —from 1844 to 1849. We were then young and inexperienced in public life. It was here that our ministry began to reveal certain success. All preachers will understand us when we say that few memories are more precious than those of the sympathy and encouragement that came to us in that agonizing period when it was yet unsettled whether it was possible to grow into permanent usefulness in the ministry of the Word. In the weakness and trembling anxiety of that time, the church at New Lisbon extended a cordial sympathy and a hearty co-operation, and the leading men of the community gave us a generous confidence and approval, and the agonizing question of our calling for life was settled here. There are recollections, tender and sacred, of wise counsel and loving appreciation and abiding friendship—worth more than gold—that can never die. In this

respect this church has a place in our heart that is all its own. We went there in weakness, and fear, and much trembling; we left it regretfully, but with braver heart, bearing with us a thousand memories linked with the conversion of many scores of souls, the beautiful growth of many in Christian life, the peaceful and triumphant departure of others to their eternal home, and the progress of every good work undertaken in that community for its moral and spiritual welfare. We have visited them but three or four times since: once to hold a protracted meeting, in which scores who had grown up under our teaching were gathered into the fold; once at a yearly meeting; once more, some seven years ago, for a day only; and now, on occasion of reopening their house of worship. . . . . We discoursed to the congregation in the morning on the text, "Behold I make all things new." It was impossible to look over a stretch of forty years and gather up the reminiscences of a generation now largely passed away, without realizing the preciousness of the assurance that beyond this world of change and trial God will prepare new heavens and a new earth for his toiling and suffering children, where "there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away." It was a tender and tearful hour, and we trust not without saving impressions. As we gathered with our co-laborers in this beautiful house, and heard their voices as they all bore part in the service, and looked on the wrinkled faces and bent forms of the few of a former generation that yet linger on the shores of time, and the manly and womanly forms of those whom we had known only as prattling children—some of them even now showing marks of age—we could not but feel that this was our last meeting here; and while it did not grieve us to think that so many were nearing the heavenly home, it threw a pensiveness over our spirit to know that the hallowed communions of earth must so surely and speedily be broken. We shall not all again drink the cup together until we drink it new

in the Kingdom of God. And then the dear departed ones that were once around us—the Pritchards, and Campbells, and Gaskills, and Pettits, and Kimballs, and Dibbles, and Beaumonts, and Moores, and Peterses, and Greens, and Bakers, and Watsons, and Scotts, and Cornwalls, and many more that shall never be seen again until we go to meet them; and the numbers of our own children in the faith that were once a happy circle about us, now scattered over many states and territories, fighting the great battle of life; and the strong men we used to know as neighbors, and the happy families that have melted away: all these memories gave emphasis and preciousness to the divine declaration, "Behold, I make all things new."

Though still a young man, being only twenty-four years of age, his reputation as a preacher and worker had preceded him, and he was welcomed with open arms. A large and intelligent congregation greeted him on Sunday, and went home to talk about "the new preacher" and the wonderful charm of his pure and simple language, his silver-toned voice, his chaste rhetoric, his powerful logic, and the melting tenderness of his touching appeals. It was evident that he was no commonplace man; and that while he occupied the pulpit there would be no claptrap nor scheming in it; that he had not come there to curry favor, or to take sides, but to do good, honest work for his divine Master. They felt, too, that it would be done, and that every mean little jealousy and every unlovely spirit of rivalry and partisanism would better hide itself or get out of the way. These things would receive no feeding and no encouragement. His very presence seemed to make them ashamed.

The best people of the town became regular attendants upon his ministry; a Sunday-school was started

and prayer-meetings were carefully nursed and strengthened; in a little while he had found something for almost every member to do, and had enlisted the congregation in good work—thus diverting their minds from the old troubles and animosities, and fixing them upon things that were worthy and of good report. And so, by keeping the sores covered, and, as it were, bandaged, they gradually got well of themselves. Unconsciously to itself, the church was led away from its troubles, which were left far behind and out of sight. The preacher who is all the time *meddling* with such difficulties, who becomes nervously agitated over them, who can not refrain from talking about them, and who is all the time rushing around trying to settle them, simply succeeds in keeping them alive. To show the soundness of his philosophy in this case, I quote from a private record left by him:

> The church here, though large, was in bad condition and bad repute. I met with unexpected favor among the citizens of the place, and in a little while the church began slowly to rise. Animosities long cherished among the members began to give way, and although I had much to contend with, my soul was sustained through the trial by the cheering evidences of my usefulness. In two years the church rose to great influence, and sinners began to turn to God.

Among these trials was the inadequacy of his salary. This meager provision, however, was not peculiarly characteristic of that church. It did as well as most others. The Methodists of that day nearly starved their preachers to death, the Baptists were no better, and the Disciples were as bad as any. New Lisbon had promised Mr. Errett five hundred dollars a year, which at that time and place would have sustained

him and his small family; but they could not raise the amount. They did contrive, the first year, by hard struggling and unusual liberality, to get up for him about two hundred and fifty dollars, and that was all. They saw that this would not at all suffice, and so they arranged for the second year to pay him two hundred and fifty dollars for half his time, and allow him to make what he could besides, by holding meetings for other churches. The third year he was compelled to raise his entire salary in the field.

These are luminous figures. They cast floods of light upon the ugly articles we sometimes read of men's preaching for money; wretched appeals to the avarice and stinginess of half-consecrated Christians. There is no educated class upon the earth which, taking them upon the average, are as poorly paid as the ministry. They have upheld and fostered, and in many places saved, the cause of Christ by their unfaltering devotion, their unpaid services and their unappreciated sacrifices. Doubtless there are men here and there, who seek and find fat places, and who are influenced largely by the loaves and fishes; but they are the exceptions. The great body of the ministry look to higher and holier ends, and are content, if they can do good, to labor faithfully for inadequate compensation, and often for a niggardly support; and of these Isaac Errett shines out as a conspicuous and glorious example.

CHAPTER VII.

1845–1849—NEW LISBON, CONTINUED.

Slavery agitation.—Non-fellowship.—First lesson on "plans." —Visits Kentucky.— Made chaplain.—Some marriage fees. — Diphtheria. — Serious accident. — "Water-Cure Journal."— Calls.— Home-life.— Results of work.—Accepts call to North Bloomfield.

There were other troubles which, during his residence in New Lisbon, became pressing and full of annoyance—troubles growing out of the slavery agitation, which was then shaking all families and churches, as well as the two great sections of the country. Mr. Errett was by instinct and education an anti-slavery man; but he was too broad and just to overlook the origin of African slavery in this country, or to fail to recognize that the responsibility for its existence here was traceable to no one section or party. He also appreciated the extreme complications in which it had become involved, and the almost insuperable difficulty of removing it. He could but feel, therefore, earnestly as he deplored its existence, that men who had inherited the institution, who were inextricably mixed up with it, and who were faithfully trying to discharge their duty in the station and relations in which God had placed them, were not bad men. Slavery had been forced upon their ancestry, often against their

earnest protest, and had been transmitted to them, with all its difficulties, its responsibilities and its dangers; and as there was no way to get rid of it, it was not easy to see what better a good man could do than to try to perform his duty respecting it. But now the great agitation had become rife. Parties were arising in the churches North, upon the basis of non-fellowship with slaveholders. Shutting their eyes to the origin and history of the institution, and the peculiar and unexampled conditions under which it existed, and unmindful at the same time of many of the precepts and instructions of the Bible, they looked simply at the abstract question of slavery, and were not only uncompromising in their antagonism to that, but inconsiderate and unjust as well. Of course it was perfectly legitimate for them to hold and advocate their honest convictions respecting slavery, and if the question had been then arising *de novo*, whether slavery should or should not be *introduced* into the country, and constitutionally guaranteed, Mr. Errett would no doubt have gone as far as any of them in the earnestness of his opposition. But it had been here for generations. The venerated fathers of New England had helped to introduce it. The moral sense of the whole Christian world had until recently approbated it; and to say the least, there was no stronger reason against it in 1844 than there had been in 1834, and in all the decades and generations previous. Why, then, he could but ask, is it proper all at once to take this extreme ground, and insist upon this new basis of fellowship? The maintenance of this moderate and evidently wise and just position was all the more disagreeable to him because it brought him in opposition to his

own beloved brother. The sentiment of his church in New Lisbon was also divided, some desiring to have it occupy the non-fellowship ground, and taunting him with inconsistency, as an avowed anti-slavery man, in not going to the same length. But thoroughly satisfied that in view of all the circumstances his position was right, though he was as uncompromising in his unfriendliness to slavery as was any of those who favored the new movement, he stood firm, and, with wise and prudent counsels, guided his church safely through the perilous storm.

Slavery is now a thing of the past. It has no advocates in any part of the country. No man in the South would re-introduce it if he could. As an issue it is dead and buried, never to rise again. While, under partisan frenzy, much injustice was often done in times past both to the opponents and the advocates of slavery, we are now living in a happier age. The old mistakes, the hot passions and the unbrotherly sins are relegated to the domain of history. The blood of the North and the South, equally responsible for the existence of the institution, has been equally shed for its extirpation. While the great brotherhood of one section of the country will honor Isaac Errett as a strong, earnest and unyielding opponent of slavery, a similar brotherhood in the other will not fail to recognize his right to his convictions, and will do justice to the honesty and sincerity in which he cherished and maintained them. There was a time, amid the heat of partisan strife and the dominancy of partisan fury and folly, when he failed to satisfy the mad extremists on either side. But as the years roll away and the agitation more and more subsides, as we begin to study the

question simply as an historical phenomenon, and to take a calm, cool, broad, philosophical and comprehensive view of it, it will be seen that if Isaac Errett did not always stand perfectly erect and true to his original and deliberately matured convictions, amid the cyclone of passion that swept the land, he came as near doing so as any man in it. He who keeps his head when all the world goes mad is very likely to be voted crazy. The time is rapidly approaching when Mr. Errett's name will be honored for the very moderation of feeling and breadth of view which once grieved his friends, and were misinterpreted by them. He will be judged by the eternal standard of right and truth, and not by that of sectional animosity and partisan prejudice.

Many things occur in the life of a pastor which may afterwards be recalled with pleasure, and some of them with amusement, albeit these delightful qualities are not primarily conspicuous. Like Virgil's Æneas and his companions, our delight is frequently in remembering what we *have* endured. Bishop Marvin remarks that he always desired *to have been* in a storm at sea, and he calls special attention to the *tense* of the verb in this statement.

While Mr. Errett was at New Lisbon, a well-to-do brother minister proposed to exchange meetings with him. He was to come over to New Lisbon and hold a "protracted meeting," and to turn over to the pastor all that he received for it; and then Mr. Errett was to give *him* a meeting, and turn over his receipts. It looked like it might work very well. But after announcing and advertising the meeting at New Lisbon and working up an interest to hear the "new preacher,"

when the day arrived no preacher came, and no word from him. The pastor did the best he could under the circumstances, but it is well known that no *human* preacher has been found equal to such an occasion! He, however, felt that the preacher was only temporarily delayed, and made an appointment for him for the next day, and then for the day following; and still he came not. When at last he did arrive with some "lame and impotent" excuse, the outsiders were gone, the church was disgusted and outraged, his meeting tapered out into a total failure, and he received not a cent—all of which was to go to Mr. Errett!

And now *his* time comes. He goes as agreed upon —incurring some expense to make the trip—is on hand the first day at the appointed hour, holds a good, warm, successful meeting, and is paid forty dollars for it—which, as in duty bound, he turns over to the other man—who keeps every cent of it, not even paying the traveling expenses! It was so written in the bond! But while, financially speaking, this novel arrangement could not be regarded as a success, it doubtless taught him his first lesson on "plans."

In the winter of 1845–6 he spent three months traveling and preaching in Kentucky. This was his introduction to the great brotherhood of that rich and flourishing state, and the admiration and love which he excited in them then continued and increased till the day of his death. There was a something in his preaching—a sort of affectionate tenderness, a genuine and heartfelt pathos, joined to remarkable clearness of statement and strength of argument—which could hardly fail to win the love and to command the respect of all who heard him. Everywhere he went during the

winter he made fame and friends, and won many lives to Christ. It was a most successful mission, and I am glad to add that the brethren generously rewarded him for his labors.

Soon after his return he was commissioned by the Governor as Chaplain of the First Brigade of the Ohio Militia, a position of honor, especially for so young a man, and one whose duties were light. He also consented to supplement his limited salary by acting as agent for the Biography of Barton W. Stone, a work which may still be read with interest by students of the religious history of the times. It contains an admirable description of the remarkable excitements and surprising phenomena witnessed in many of the religious revivals of the early years of the century—phenomena which were variously characterized as "the falling exercise," the "jerks," the "dancing exercise," the "barking," the "laughing," the "singing" exercise. But the chief value of the book is found in its portrayal of the gradual growth of the subject of it, from the extreme of hyper-Calvinism into the light and liberty and joy of apostolic Christianity.

It may be noted that the usual ministerial "supplements," coming in the form of marriage fees, were at that time and place neither numerous nor large. Some of his experiences with this "source of income" are rather amusing. For example, he was invited to marry a couple, some miles away, both well to do; and as the case was promising, the preacher concluded to hire a buggy and take his wife along. On reaching the place it turned out that a meeting had been arranged in a school-house, where he was to preach, and then and there marry the parties; all of which he did;

but after dinner, when he came to start home, some one who had been designated to the office, whispered to him confidentially, "Of course, Bro. Errett, you will not expect anything for this, *as they were married in church!*"

On another occasion the groom, who happily was not married in "church," proposed to settle the fee in trade. He showed him a rickety old bureau, propped up with brickbats, which he offered him at the moderate sum of four dollars—"cheap as dirt!"—and he generously proposed to allow him one dollar for his fee, and let him take the whole thing for *only* three dollars cash! The preacher, however, charitably declined to allow the sacrifice, remarking that the new home would need the furniture more than he did, and so he contented himself with the dollar in cash. The next day the bridegroom called to borrow two dollars, to buy a little *more* furniture—and that was the last seen of him.

Of course it was not always thus. There is a tradition which has been handed down, of one wealthy farmer whose daughter was to be married, who invited the whole family to the wedding; came for them in his own conveyance; entertained and feasted them royally; gave them a thoroughly good time; and then took them home, as happy as birds, with a shining gold piece in pocket for a fee!

Once during his residence there a scourge of diphtheria visited the town. The cases were very numerous, and many of them fatal. Mr. Errett, like a true Christian minister, devoted himself unremittingly to the stricken population—sitting up night after night with the sick, and giving them tender and helpful

ministries; supporting the spirits of anxious mothers and fathers; burying their beloved dead, and giving comfort and consolation to the sorrowing; and although there was an anxious mother in his own house, who felt, as he himself felt, that his constant intercourse with the sick increased the danger to their own children, there was no thought on the part of either of them that he should flinch or falter. In these trying emergencies, as in all other cases, the path of duty is the path of safety. The scourge, though it came so near, was mercifully averted. Every one who has passed through a similar ordeal will know how much more closely and tenderly after this the church and pastor were bound together. They had found an abiding dwelling-place in his heart, and he in theirs.

Before long there was an occurrence that sounded their affection to its depths. By the breaking of a harness he was thrown from a buggy, while returning from a church some miles distant, and seriously hurt. He was taken up unconscious. News was borne to town, and almost the whole population followed the surgeon to the scene of the disaster. A settee was procured, upon which to lay him; strong arms and willing hands, relieved from time to time, bore him gently to his home, which had been prepared to receive him; and there, by tender nursing, in which all esteemed it a privilege to take part, and where every want was anticipated and provided for, he was slowly but unremittingly brought back to health and soundness.

A good and thoughtful brother, Charles Brown, a member of the congregation in Pittsburg, and who among his other excellent commendations seems to

have been a firm believer in cold water as a remedy for the ills that flesh is heir to, presented the family, a while after this, with the "National Era" and the "Water-Cure Journal." But while these publications furnished much pleasant reading matter, the children thought that the "Journal" added largely to their tribulations—as they had to practice the precepts which it advocated! * This could not fail to elevate the parents in the eyes of Bro. Brown, who already loved them dearly, and as he was arranging to move to North Bloomfield, he naturally desired to have the Erretts follow him. No doubt he descanted eloquently upon the place and its advantages, not forgetting the excellency and the liberality of the little church there. The extent of his success for the present was simply to put North Bloomfield into their minds, and to prepare them to entertain favorably any proposition that might hereafter come to them from the church.

But by this time Mr. Errett's fame as an earnest, able, attractive and very successful preacher had spread abroad. Numerous calls were coming to him from near and far—from Massillon, from Detroit, from Port Gibson, Miss.; Maysville, Ky., and other places; † but at the same time he was warmly and devotedly attached to the church and public of New Lisbon; and so for the present he made no change. He, however,

* This "Journal" was responsible for an association composed of three members—Mahlon Martin, J. W. Lanphear and Isaac Errett—pledged to *drink* cold water, and nothing but cold water; to use *Graham bread*, and to abstain from the use of tobacco.

† The offers from Port Gibson and Maysville were munificent and, to one so poorly paid, were tempting—but "slavery" and his principles could not agree.

visited Detroit, where he was warmly received, and where generous offers were made to induce him to locate. But much as he needed stronger financial support than the church at New Lisbon was able to afford him, there were other reasons which deterred him from settling in Detroit. There were a few members of the congregation who believed in "mutual edification," even though it might not edify, and who saw dire disaster in having a strong and fascinating preacher among them. They were afraid of "the one man power," and Mr. Errett, who had not the remotest thought of establishing such a "power," was yet afraid of *them*, and of the trouble they would be capable of producing—and so he declined to go.

We have already seen the manly and masterful side of his character manifesting itself in the skillful and successful management and correction of the disturbances and troubles which he found in the church when he first went to it. Later in life, as we shall hereafter see, he became widely noted for the possession and exercise of these strong administrative qualities. The other side of his character, its womanly gentleness and tenderness, came also to be prominently manifested while he resided in New Lisbon—displayed in loving ministrations to the sick and sorrowing. He felt for the distressed as though distressed with them. But it was in his own family and among his own little children that his gentleness was most constantly manifested. They loved him with passionate devotion. He was considerate of them. His kindness to them never tired. And his tenderness—it was like that of their own tender mother. They remember still, and cherish in their sacred archives, numberless instances of his

thoughtful kindness and devotion to them, and of the sacrifices he made for their comfort and happiness. All the while, too, he was faithfully training them in the way that they should go—teaching them the truth, and gently leading them into the fold. The family worship in his household was something memorable. There was no gloomy solemnity; no affectation of awfully religious tones; it was a season of brightness and gladness. All, as soon as they learned to read, took part in reading the lesson from the Scriptures; a song adapted to the young was sung, in which all joined. The favorite was,

Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me;

and it lingers in the thoughts, and gives expression to the petitions, of those children till to-day. And then the father prayed, as few like him could pray—as though God were felt to be very near and very loving, and as though he called for no peculiar strain of tone or speech to influence his regard. It was all so sweet and so simple, so truly an act of faith and a service of love!

And thus the years in New Lisbon passed away. The family were very poor, but were happy in the possession of the true riches. It was often a hard struggle to get on, but God was with them. And for the church there, it should be stated that some of them were also poor. If the pastor was sometimes reduced to hard shifts, he perhaps remembered these and did not make it known. The author is assured that, perhaps as a result of the impetus which he gave to the cause there, and the influence which he exerted upon the public mind, "the old town has been heard from

in the councils of Church and State. Names familiar to his children's ears are mentioned with pride in the nation's roll of honor. Her sons have earned fame in nearly every calling of life. Brave men and lovely women have come out in shining colors for their firm, unyielding adherence to truth and righteousness."

There were many homes in town and country where he and his family were as welcome as sunlight, and they received numerous tokens of remembrance from hands that were ever ready to do some loving service.

But the call to Bloomfield presented itself as an open door of escape from financial strāits and embarrassments. And when we remember how much and how long he had suffered, and when we think of his growing family and his increasing necessities, we can but feel that it was right for him to go. "Bro. Brown," too, was there, loudly seconding the call; and when we read his letters inquiring about the size of the family, and the amount of meat he should pack down for them—with visions of a cow, and a pig, and chickens, all their own—we can not wonder at the turning of the scale. Moreover, the good man did not fail to hint something about a barrel of good *soft soap* that would be waiting for them!

And so the farewells were spoken. They had been in New Lisbon for five years, and, of course, many of the attachments to place and people were very strong. Mr. Errett speaks of his residence and farewell with deep emotion:

"On the 28th of March, 1849, I removed to North Bloomfield. During the time I lived in New Lisbon, I labored industriously and with earnest supplication to God for his blessing. I saw my influence

daily increasing and my usefulness extending, and I thanked God and took courage. When I removed from the place I believe I left not an enemy behind—though in discharging my duties I had often to come in contact with the prejudices and errors of many. I shall ever feel grateful to the community for their numerous expressions, public and private, of confidence in and esteem for me, as well as their uniform kindness in every day's intercourse."

I close this chapter with another quotation from him, written at this date, which shows how deeply and earnestly religious he was. He says: "In reviewing the past I see nothing but a wonderful succession of unmerited mercies. My mother still lives. My sister has grown up to womanhood—an humble, useful Christian. My brothers are all living—all honest, industrious, respected. I have now a wife and four children—all healthy, free from deformity, and living in happiness. My own constitution, though feeble, endures great labor, and by temperance and cheerful piety I get along with but little sickness. I have an extensive influence, of which I feel that I am unworthy, but still it has been honestly gained. I am poor, and have had many troubles; but out of all troubles the Lord has delivered me. May the tender mercy of God still be abundant, through Jesus Christ our Lord!" *

* The first organized effort to supply needy churches with occasional preaching, and to plant good seed in destitute places by the wayside, was made here during the last year of Mr. Errett's pastorate, and was largely due to his earnest pleading. Two evangelists were engaged—Israel Belton and a Brother Streator. They called at the parsonage for their wages once a month. The effort was a success; but when Mr. Errett moved away from that district, the inspiring and directing spirit was gone, and there it ended.

CHAPTER VIII.

EXTRACTS FROM MR. ERRETT'S EARLY SERMONS.

Before getting farther away from the early days of Mr. Errett s ministry, I must favor the reader with a few extracts taken from his sermons of this period. The manuscripts from which I shall quote are in many cases undated, but they all relate to the time over which we have passed; and while brief excerpts, culled here and there from the body of his discourses, can do but scant justice to their author, it is hoped that they will serve to indicate the clearness and purity of his style, and the accuracy and value of his thought. The discerning reader will also see in them, if I mistake not, the promise of coming eminence and power. I shall, therefore, appropriate this chapter to their exhibition.

(From sermon on Christ our Refuge.)

Said we not rightly that no comparison could be instituted between the manslayer under the Jewish law, and the awakened sinner under the gospel dispensation! His alarm and terror when fleeing from the vengeance of the avenger of blood give but a feeble expression of the sinner's alarm; and his punishment is a mere trifle compared with that most terrific doom that awaits the unpardoned transgressor of God's holy law. Are there any precious souls here this morning who feel the truth of this? Any who have been awakened from the slumber of those who are dead in tres-

passes and sins, to realize the wretchedness of their present condition, and the terrors of that punishment which their sins deserve? Any who feel that they are unworthy of life, and that unless they can find a city of refuge, a horn of salvation, they must be overtaken by the stern and inflexible justice of God? Let me say to you, my dying friends, that a secure and glorious refuge is prepared for you. And if your terror greatly exceeds that of the fugitive murderer; if the avenger who pursues you is more terrible than the God that sought his life; if the punishment which threatens you is infinitely more horrible than that from which he fled—so is the refuge provided for you more secure, more happy and more blessed than that which he obtained. The heralds of salvation are posted on your way, crying, "Refuge! Refuge!" to every distressed soul, and pointing to the blessed Jesus, the Son of God, as the great asylum, the promised horn of salvation, to whom the sinner can come and find a safe retreat from his enemies; and the hope set before him is that he will be delivered from the power of every foe, from the vengeance of every adversary, and from the guilt of every sin. Is he not a glorious refuge? When the manslayer fled to the appointed city, it only afforded temporary safety. He had to undergo a trial, and if found guilty, he was delivered to his adversary to be tormented. But Christ is a refuge to the *guilty!* He affords an asylum, not to those who are unjustly charged with crime, but to those who are really guilty; and though they are horribly polluted, and richly deserve the punishment of heaven's avenging justice, yet he cries earnestly and sincerely to them, "Come unto me . . . and I will in no wise cast you out."

(From sermon on the Apostleship. II. Corinthians iii. 18.)

. . . In this way we regard Jesus as fulfilling his duty as Sun of Righteousness,—

First, that he came with proper credentials as the apostle of the Father, to reveal his will. Secondly, that he was infallible as a teacher sent from God. Thirdly, that he revealed to man a righteousness by faith and not by works,

proving to them that "God so loved the world," etc. In doing this he dispelled all doubt concerning the mercy and love of God, the forgiveness of sins, and the possibility of salvation. He cleared away all obstacles that intervened between man and his Maker, revealed a blessed and glorious plan of salvation, calculated to embrace the whole race of Adam in its blissful design, banished the darkness and terror of the grave, and unfolded the glories of immortality to the sons of men. . . . These glorious things were scarcely hinted at in former times; the Jewish religion gave but an obscure representation of them; the Gentile world were still more ignorant; and men had never conceived of such transcendent glories as were displayed by the Sun of Righteousness, when he arose in full splendor, and shed a happy and overpowering light upon this benighted sphere. But let it be remembered that this light was intended for the whole world. The Sun itself only shone on the land of Judea. The ministry of Jesus was confined to the Jews, and after his resurrection he ascended to heaven, so that, as far as his *personal* influence was concerned, the Sun of Righteousness no longer shone on the world. This brings us to the passage under consideration, where we learn how this light was afterwards shed abroad—the apostles *reflecting as mirrors* the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image; or, as it is said in the sixth verse of the following chapter: "For God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." Here, then, we learn that the twelve apostles took the place of the Sun of Righteousness. God shone into their hearts, and they, like mirrors, affording true representations of things by reflection, exhibited the same glorious light that Jesus did, and, being changed into the same image from glory to glory, they became in fact so many suns of righteousness, standing in Christ's stead, to a dark and apostate world, the principal part of which had yet to be illumined. Now this being understood, the same remarks

which we applied to Christ as the Apostle of God, must be applied to the twelve as the apostles of Christ. First, they must be divinely authorized. Second, they must be infallibly correct in that they say and do in performing their mission. Third, they must establish the same great proposition of righteousness by faith, or, in other words, that whoever believeth on him hath everlasting life. We say these marks of apostleship, so distinctly recognized in Christ, must be characteristic of the twelve, because they stand in Christ's stead. . . .

(Duties of a Christian Preacher. II. Tim. ii. 15.)

. . . Since the time I was first called to labor in this church, this passage of Scripture has caused me great anxiety of mind. If it instructed me to show myself approved unto men, I would not be long in deciding what course to pursue. I know what would please men. But when I remember that I am to show myself approved unto *God*, it is a graver question. I feel that there is something of graver importance than pleasing the fancy, and humoring the caprices of men with pompous declamation and lofty flights of the imagination. The members of this little flock are principally dependent for spiritual nourishment upon the portion of the word of life which they receive here on the Lord's day. Mingling in the busy affairs of a troubled world, they have but poor opportunities and little time to devote to spiritual matters through the week. They come up here on the Lord's day, sometimes faint-hearted and weary, almost famished for lack of nourishment; their former store is about exhausted, and perhaps they are becoming lukewarm, almost tired of the profession, and half tempted to abandon it for some glittering prospect that the world offers them; sometimes they come sorrowful and distressed; the victims of numerous cares and heavy trials; they need consolation, they need to be cheered and encouraged; they have waited anxiously for the return of the resurrection morn, that they might obtain a short and happy release; and now if they do not receive something suited to their

condition, they go away despondent and half out of humor with their church and everything connected with it. There are others who are young, who have as yet learned only the alphabet of Christianity, and who, being anxious to grow in grace and knowledge, expect to receive instruction. There are sinners, too, inquiring the way of salvation, who listen to hear something suited to their case, and there are unbelievers who need to be alarmed, and aroused from their fatal slumber. Now the duty of those who feed the flock of God is, to rightly divide the word of truth among these various classes,* so that each shall receive his portion of meat in due season; and the only way they can present themselves approved unto God is to give them the pure unadulterated milk of the word, without regard to the approval or condemnation of men. He must banish from his mind all thoughts of the praise of men; (a very hard thing for a public speaker to do, but he must do it if he expects to stand approved before God;) he must never allow the fear of man to be before his eyes; but with his attention fixed upon the judgment seat of Christ, deliver the message of truth as honestly and as conscientiously as if he had to appear there as soon as it was closed. O, if this were the disposition of all who profess to preach the word, how soon would strife and sectarianism cease!

(From the Mission of Christ. Luke iv. 14.)

We can not look with undazzled eye upon the glories of the meridian sun; but when the sun is invisible, we can gaze with pleasure upon the softer luster of the moon, and behold his glory as reflected there. And so no man can see God and live—it would overpower and destroy the purest of the senses of man to have burst upon his feeble vision

* Mr. Errett was of course justified by the authorized version in treating his text as he did. But the critical reader is aware that the idea of *dividing* the word is in the text, if at all, only by *implication*. The better version is "handling aright," or "holding a straight course in" the word of truth.

the uncreated glories of the living God; but we can behold his glory as reflected in Jesus Christ; God is the invisible sun, and Christ the moon of our moral heavens—in whose face we behold the reflected glory of the Godhead. What an astonishing arrangement is this! What amazing condescension on the part of our God—who, when we could not mount up to him, to see his face and learn his ways, has come down to us, veiling his glories in mortal flesh, and through a human arm and a human tongue, exhibiting to the world the marvelous attributes of his nature! Truly may Jesus be called, The Light of the World! He brought to men in his own teaching and his own actions, the glorious attributes of Jehovah, and stood revealed to the world as God manifest in the flesh!

(Concluding portion of second discourse on Revelation i. 5-7, delivered in Pittsburg in 1841.)

"To him be glory and dominion forever." This is the chorus which every voice shall sing. In the third heaven, known as the dwelling place of the High and Holy One—the great temple of our God, whither all his worshipers shall be gathered, there is a throne of refulgent splendor, high and lifted up; and on it is seated one that looks like unto the Son of man, that Lamb that was slain, who was dead, but is alive, and liveth for evermore, and has the keys of death and hell. His countenance glows with surpassing beauty, and so rich are his charms, and so great his magnificence, that he is compared to the jasper and sardine stone—gems of matchless beauty! He is encircled by a gorgeous rainbow, like unto an emerald that spans the glittering arch of that sacred court. In the midst of the throne are the flaming seraphim, that rest not day nor night, from their blissful employment. Round about the throne are four and twenty elders, clothed in white raiment, and wearing crowns of gold upon their heads. Seven brilliant lamps are burning before them. Before the throne is a vast sea of glass like unto crystal, mingled with fire; whose brilliance illuminates that stupendous court; and there are gathered

together the immense multitudes of the faithful, who have gotten the victory over the beast, and over his image, and over his mark, and over the number of his name, and they have the harps of God. Thunderings and lightnings and voices proceed from the throne, clouds of incense arise from the golden altar. "*Glory*," cry the six-winged seraphim, while they veil their faces, and fly continually around the burnished throne of the Lamb, "the whole earth is filled with thy glory! "*Glory*," cry the four and twenty elders, as they fall upon their faces to worship, and cast their crowns before the throne. "Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and honor and power." "*Glory!*" cry the enraptured multitudes that dwell upon the crystal sea, and the harps of God are tuned to the praise of Him who loved us—"for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood." "Glory!" cry the ten thousand times ten thousand of angels, unto the Lamb that was slain, who is worthy to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing." "Glory!" is uttered by every voice in the infinite successions of beings that inhabit the everlasting mansions, and the eternal arches reverberate with the triumphant sound; while all the infernal furies and all the apostate sons of Adam, and every living creature shall bow the knee, and acknowledge his dominion forever and ever. "Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father; to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen."

O sinner! will you not resolve to be one of that number? Would you not like to join your voice in swelling the immortal song of glory and dominion unto Him that loved us? Would you not like to be one of that vast multitude which no man can number, that shall stand upon the crystal sea with the harps of God, and sing the song of Moses and the Lamb, while their eyes shall behold the King in his beauty, smiling on them with inexpressible love? Would you not like to join the seraphim in their adoration to the

Holy, Lord God of Sabaoth? Would you not like to be clothed in the pure white robe of righteousness, and wear the crown of life, and bear the palm of victory? This may be your portion, and most assuredly *will* be, if you come to Jesus, for "whosoever cometh to him he will in no wise cast out."

CHAPTER IX.

1849–1850.—NORTH BLOOMFIELD.

Moving.—Reception in Bloomfield.—"Auntie Brown."—The new home.—Western Reserve.—The Eclectic Institute.—A "singular" audience.—Edwin Wakefield.—A Yearly Meeting.—Design of civil government.

In the spring of 1849 Mr. Errett removed with his family to North Bloomfield. The change on many accounts was desirable, but it must be said that he left New Lisbon with regret. It had been a sweet home to him, and his work there had been both pleasant and fruitful. It was a much larger place than the one to which he was going, and its social and intellectual advantages were correspondingly greater. But, on the other hand, his life there had been one of struggle and deprivation, and there was no immediate prospect of any improvement in his financial condition; he was tired of having to think so much about such matters, and of being worried by them; and as the new field offered relief and mental comfort respecting them, he naturally gravitated to it.

To make the move of about fifty miles, it was necessary to dispose of some of his accumulated "wealth"—plunder too good to be thrown away, and not good enough to be carried; a song paid for it when sold, or thanks when given away; and at last, after his surplus

CHARLES BROWN.

NELSON WORKS.

RESIDENCE OF CHARLES BROWN.

RESIDENCE OF NELSON WORKS.

NORTH BLOOMFIELD, OHIO.

possessions had been sufficiently reduced, everything else—beds, bedding, clothes, books, furniture and utensils—was safely and snugly packed into a large "Pennsylvania wagon," which yet had room enough for the driver and the family, and he was ready to leave. Willing hands had been lent by neighbors and brethren, more and more "last things" were thought of and attended to, and at length there was nothing more to be done. Sorrowful farewells and hearty "God-bless-you's" were spoken; the four children were made secure on their lofty perch upon the "stuff," and were as jolly and irrepressible as if they had been starting to a "show;" the parents took their "reserved seats" for said show; the driver spoke cheerily to his team; "crack went the whip, round went the wheels" —and they were gone.

The journey, whatever it might have been to the older people, was a succession of delights to the younger. No traveler upon historic or foreign ground has ever extracted more pleasure from the scenes and wonders visited by him than did those children from their two days' journey in that great Pennsylvania wagon. Exclamation points were at a premium. The novelties were numerous—the surprises frequent. On and on the lumbering vehicle rolled, accompanied by clapping hands, and prattling tongues, and shoutings of gladness. The parents, too, entered heartily into all this joy, contributed from time to time to swell its volume, and were happy in the happiness of their children.

Their arrival at "Bro. Brown's" was a sort of triumphal entry. They had been looked for and longed for. "Dear Auntie Brown," writes Miss Errett, "was

a revelation to us—and the glad welcome to her sunny home one of the great events in the *chronicles* of our family. Such tears of joy as she shed over the 'olive branches' as she held them to her heart, and caressed them over and over! And how thoughtfully and bountifully she provided for all our wants! Her good husband was less demonstrative, but he was kind to children always, and he gave us the freedom of his possessions and made us very happy.

"The new home was found very satisfactory. *We* thought it elegant—when once it was in order. There was a nice large yard to play in; there was a garden and a stable, with a shop attached; a spring of water near at hand; and all about us fields and orchards; and a quarter of a mile away, the village of North Bloomfield—or the 'Center,' as it was called."

Mrs. Brown, whom the children called "Auntie Brown," was indeed a most lovable woman — gentle, amiable, kind-hearted, and withal of unusual intelligence and mental brightness. She was the daughter of Judge Leicester King, of Warren, of whom and his family we shall have occasion to speak later on. We may be sure that Mrs. Brown's sunshine often illuminated and gladdened the home of the Erretts. Her husband was a very good man—after a fashion; but as we shall see hereafter, he had certain "ways" of his own which were not attractive, but "on the contrary, quite the reverse." Still, he had great esteem and love for Mr. Errett; he was honest and upright; he was devoted to the church and the cause; and if he was sometimes a little cranky, we are to suppose that, like others of the same species, it was owing to a superabundance of "conscience."

As for the location and surroundings of the new home, it should be stated that North Bloomfield was situated in the extreme northern part of Trumbull County, about thirty miles from Lake Erie, in that portion of Ohio known to fame and politics as the "Western Reserve." It may not be known to every one that this part of the state is laid off with mathematical precision, like a great checker-board, each township being five miles square. The roads run north and south, and east and west, from center to center of the squares. At each of these various crossings is a small square of definite dimensions appropriated to the business of the township. Around this the town or village or city, as the case may be, is built up. When it grows to some importance, as in the instance of North Bloomfield, it is *named*, but the older inhabitants continue for many years to speak of it still as "*The Center.*" The people are described as "thrifty, upright, thorough-going, clean-handed, pure-hearted—'a peculiar people, zealous of good works.'" Of New England origin mostly, they had, at the time Mr. Errett went there, all the peculiar manners and dialect of their fatherland. In other words, they were genuine and pure-blooded Yankees—which means, among other things, that they were living interrogation points. But the Erretts, after they had become accustomed to "I want to know," and "do tell," dialectically modified sometimes into "due tell," found life very simple and very sweet among them. They were kind friends, good neighbors, and strictly honest and upright. Among other excellent qualities, they paid their preacher to the last cent, and paid him promptly. Very soon our preacher had a cow, sure enough, all

his own, and a pig, to say nothing of "the chickens," and in due time "the horse." And when Bro. Brown had granted the children the full freedom of his fine orchard, without let or stint, this mortal life could ask for nothing more. At last, after all their many years of poverty and struggle and makeshift, God had given them a good home, with plenty of food and raiment, and they were content.

The church at North Bloomfield, which had been planted about 1830 by Benjamin Alton, as a very small "vine," continued small for many years. The congregation having no house of their own, met regularly in a school-house about a mile from the Center, where they were visited from time to time by different preachers—the Haydens, Henry, Hartzel, Applegate and others—by whose ministrations their numbers were gradually increased. In 1848 Mr. Errett held a successful meeting for them by which their membership was doubled and the cause which they represented brought into great prominence in the community. But when he settled there the following spring as the first pastor of the church, they were still meeting in the school-house, though steps had been taken to build a church near the Center. It was, however, several months before they were able to take possession of it. Meanwhile he kept the school-house crowded with delighted hearers, many of whom became members of the church. When at length they were able to get into the new house, they all entered with renewed zeal and great joy and confidence upon the work which opened before them, while the relations between pastor and people were altogether sweet, loving and confidential. With such men to support him as Charles Brown,

THE CENTER.

BROWN HOMESTEAD.

CHURCH.

PARSONAGE.

NORTH BLOOMFIELD OHIO.

Nelson Works, B. F. Perky, Edwin Wakefield and others of like intelligence and devotion, and with a number of most excellent sisters, who were always ready for every good work, the preacher's life at Bloomfield was full of sunshine; and perhaps the two years of his pastorate there were the happiest in his history.

It was soon after his removal to this place that the question of establishing a school of high order in the Western Reserve began to be agitated. This movement was so favorably received that it very soon resulted in the building at Hiram of "The Western Reserve Eclectic Institute," afterwards and now known as Hiram College. Mr. Errett took a lively interest in this enterprise, was one of the school's first trustees, labored ardently to build it up, and rejoiced greatly at its successful opening. Like Bethany College, which had been founded some years before by Alexander Campbell, this school provided that the Holy Scriptures shall forever be taught in the institution as the foundation of all true liberty and of all moral obligation—a provision which in substance has characterized all the many institutions of learning which have been established and fostered by the Disciples. The Bible, in its facts, precepts, prophecies, natural history, etc., etc., is daily taught in all these schools, both male and female, as part of their several courses.

But Mr. Errett was too large a man to be confined to a small community like North Bloomfield. Certainly there was work to be done there—important work—and he performed it with his usual zeal and success; but still it seemed more like rest than labor. It was not enough for him; and as he was in great

demand in other towns and neighborhoods, he extended his field of usefulness by preaching from time to time at various places; among others at Green, now Greensburg, five miles east of Bloomfield, where he subsequently organized a church.

On one occasion when he visited this place, owing perhaps to a misunderstanding in the neighborhood as to the time of the appointment, there was only one person present at the "meeting." The "audience" was not formally identified with any church, although he had some years before been baptized, and he had great esteem and admiration for Mr. Errett. The preacher, nothing daunted by the smallness of the "congregation," went to work regularly to fill his appointment. He read a chapter, sang a hymn, prayed, sang another hymn, and then, as the man seemed composed and expectant, he preached a good warm sermon and closed with an invitation. The "congregation" arose and responded "with *one* accord!" Mr. Errett often referred jocularly to the incident, saying it was the only instance in his experience in which *the whole congregation came forward!**

But the best remains to be told; that auditor was *Edwin Wakefield,* who became one of the most successful preachers among the Disciples—a man known and loved far and wide for the excellency of his character, the sweetness of his disposition, and the efficiency of his work. A recent letter from his son,

* Since I first gave publicity to this incident, it has been subjected to the fiery ordeal which well-nigh destroyed George Washington's cherry tree and William Tell's apple. Various modifications have been suggested, and some skepticism indulged in; but I can not permit so good a story to fall before the blast of any historical iconoclast, and I am resolved to send it down through the ages just as I wrote it.

EDWIN WAKEFIELD.

Prof. E. B. Wakefield, addressed to Miss Errett, speaks so beautifully both of his venerated father and of the subject of this work, that I quote it here in full, though it was not written for publication:

HIRAM, OHIO, December 2, 1891.

MY DEAR SISTER:

In a day or two I will mail you a photograph or two of the "Old Eclectic." I wish to get, if possible, a better representation than I yet hold—for of course we have a proper interest in providing for you the best we can obtain.

I am glad that you remember my father. In his modest way he is one of the Lord's noblemen, and the men are exceeding few whose hearts stayed closer by your father.

Yes, Perky did baptize my father; and yet he was left unhoused—in the wilderness—when your father found him. Every instinct of my father seemed to lead him with the "reformation," and yet there was a critical season when everything seemed to depend on the vision and touch of Bro. Errett. *He* baptized my mother (gone to a beautiful and blessed rest now), and brought my father to his place in the church, and led him to preach. In a quiet way, with appeals at times of surpassing tenderness, father has brought thousands in Eastern Ohio, Pennsylvania and New York into the "fold of Christ"; and though now crippled, he keeps his sunshine and makes his life a benediction.

How many associations and reminiscences like this you must be running into as your work proceeds, and how blessed it must be to you!

The church at Green was part of the fruit of your father's life in N. Bloomfield. There was one faithful disciple in the place who called the Bloomfield pastor over on each possible occasion; and before he left the neighborhood he was called to dedicate a meeting-house, which still stands, though somewhat enlarged. The church in Green numbers over two hundred substantial members, and is one of the most solid of country churches. The church in Bloomfield,

by removals and deaths, is now very weak; but we shall make it strong again. Its history is all good.

Really, your work reaches out and out—and out. May time and strength and providential help not fail you.

Truly your brother,

E. B. WAKEFIELD.*

In the spring of 1850 the church agreed for Mr. Errett to give half his time to Warren, in Trumbull County, some fifteen miles distant. This place was endeared to him by tender memories and most delightful associations. He had often visited there while residing in New Lisbon, and in January, 1849, he had been summoned to the place to attend the funeral of Mrs. Julia A. King, wife of Judge Leicester King, one of his best and warmest friends. She was a woman of lofty character, cultivated in mind, gentle in manner, and of pure and devout spirit. She was the Lady Bountiful of the church and of the community, loved and respected by everybody, and her death was felt as a public calamity. Her honored husband, who had idolized her, went with Mr. Errett from her burial to the water, and was himself "buried with Christ by

* To Nelson Works, of blessed memory, is due something more than the mere mention of his name. A man of singularly gentle nature, and unassuming manners, kindly, devout, well read in the Scriptures, he was reverenced in all that region for sterling integrity, devotion to principle, faithfulness to church and friend. "Given to hospitality," "zealous of good works," kind, and wise and good, he was a model "elder," and the church at North Bloomfield owes much to him and Charles Brown, who were leaders in everything undertaken for the well-being of the flock under their charge. The home of this good brother was as sweet and sunny as the home of a Christian should be. There was a delightful intimacy and genuine lasting friendship between the families of this good brother and his pastor; and the memory of joyous hours spent together is kept green in the hearts of those who still tarry on this side.

CHURCH AT GREEN.

W. R. ECLECTIC INSTITUTE.

baptism into death," and ever after lived as a consistent and influential Christian.

This was a gifted family. The sons were educated, intelligent and able; and the daughters were refined, well-bred and cultured. Withal, they were admirable conversationalists, bright, sparkling, witty; but humble, earnest, devoted Christians. What a joy to one of Mr. Errett's genial disposition and deep religious nature was this charming companionship. His visits to this delightful home brought sunshine and gladness into his heart and his life.

In the fall of this year he visited, in company with Elder William Hayden, the State of New York, making an extensive tour, and preaching in numerous churches as they went. He was everywhere warmly received, and his preaching, which was fresh and original, was welcomed with cordial and irrepressible enthusiasm. We may imagine with what joy the good elder brother, who accompanied him, noted the ovations given to the young Timothy. It was like a father exulting in the successes and triumphs of his own son.

The summer following there was held at North Bloomfield what is known among the Disciples as a yearly meeting. Great preparations are made for these gatherings; people come from far and near, and come to stay; preachers and their wives, private members and their wives, old and young, saints and sinners, males and females, collect from the north and the south, and the other points of the compass, to enjoy the "big meeting" and have a good time. There is a great deal of direct and hearty preaching, there is animated and excellent singing, there is much fervent

prayer, and the occasion is commonly fruitful, and permanent good is done. But the entertainment of the crowds—there 's the rub. And yet it is accomplished with less difficulty than one might suppose. On the present occasion, Mr. Errett's small house comfortably accommodated *sixty persons!* At such times people are willing to take things as they come. They do not expect a room to themselves, nor yet a bureau and washstand. Everybody knows everybody. They rather prefer to sleep together, and a good soft plank on the floor, with a little help, makes acceptable lodging. The Erretts had a large vacant loft, which they covered from stem to stern with straw and bedquilts. They divided it into male and female apartments by means of curtains, and thus without difficulty they could stow away their guests by the score. Early next morning everybody was dressed and down stairs, and eager for an opportunity to take hold and help with the work. There was more firewood brought in than could be burned; more water than could be used; there were more cooks, and dining-room helps, and "chamber maids" than could find employment; and there was many a joke and many a repartee; and much merriment and jollity and laughter, with perhaps a little—a very little—flirting; and really, for the few days that the meeting lasted, it was all quite delightful. And, to cap the climax, there was the double-daily joke upon Captain Green and his milking! This good neighbor kept the Errett's cow in his pasture—an excellent cow that with good treatment would give perhaps as much as a half gallon at a milking! He insisted that during the meeting Mrs. Errett would allow him to "pail the cow," as he called it. And

now every morning and evening he brought in the result of his "pailing"—at least four times as much good, rich milk as the cow had ever been known to give before! Now it would not have done to thank the Captain for the *milk*. He would have felt ashamed and embarrassed by it. But he keenly enjoyed Mr. Errett's twinkling-eyed praises for his remarkable "skill" in *coaxing* Bossy to do so uncommonly well in a time of special need! The dear old Captain! We read somewhere of a cup of *cold water* and its reward; we may feel sure that this *milk* will not be forgotten!

Mr. Errett preached at Warren, February 9, 1851, a sermon on the "Design of Civil Government and the Extent of its Authority, as set forth in the Holy Scriptures." In this he antagonized the Fugitive Slave Law. And it must be admitted that while this law was constitutional, if we may accept repeated judicial decisions upon it, it contained provisions—such as the one compelling citizens to assist as a posse in the rendition of fugitive slaves — which were exceedingly offensive to persons who, like Mr. Errett, were conscientiously and from deep conviction opposed to slavery. Indeed, it was a service that even a refined pro-slavery man would have loathed to render. The sermon took issue with Mr. Campbell on certain phases of the main subject—which the author said was one of the most painful acts of his public life. Mr. Campbell's notice of the discourse, after its publication, began by saying; "I have just read a very beautiful rhetorical discourse on the Design of Civil Government and the Extent of its Authority, from a brother of high intellectual and moral worth, in Ohio, whose praise is in all the

churches in Northern Ohio, for good sense, sound doctrine and exemplary Christian character. Our much esteemed brother, Isaac Errett, its author, has, with a manly independence and with all decorum, animadverted on some of my positions, for which he deserves my admiration and respect, as well as that of all his readers. I always cheerfully extend to all men, and especially to all my brethren, the liberty which I claim to myself, of receiving nothing on mere human authority, but of trying all things by the only proper test—the Bible, properly interpreted" ("Harbinger" of 1851, p. 456). The discourse, which was certainly very able, was then in part reviewed by the editor, to which, in a subsequent number, Mr. Errett rejoined, the rejoinder being published with foot notes by Mr. Campbell; and there the discussion ended. The whole subject of slavery in its Biblical aspects, and of the Fugitive Slave Law in both its Biblical and constitutional bearings, is very ably and calmly discussed in the "Harbinger" of this year; but it is not deemed necessary at this time to even summarize the arguments *pro* and *con*. The question has been settled, not at the forum of free debate, but before a tribunal in which laws are silent, and where reasons give place to powder and balls.

Mr. Errett was not thirty-one years old. He had begun his public life early; he had been a hard student; he had spent much time in reading the best books; and he had written a great deal. He was a full man—apt, accurate, ready. In the years to follow, he will of course become riper and stronger. His vision will become enlarged. Troubles, trials and afflictions will still more chasten and mellow his spirit.

ISAAC ERRETT AT THIRTY.

But even now he is a mighty man—a powerful preacher, a wise and safe counselor, an accomplished and forcible writer. The two years at North Bloomfield, while really years of toil, have been by comparison years of rest and refreshment. He feels equal to a larger work. Warren is urgently soliciting all his time. His children need the advantages which that place offers. In short, there are strong and weighty *reasons* calling him to Warren; there are tender *affections* and sweet *memories* binding him to Bloomfield. The reasons prevail, and he goes.

CHAPTER X.

1850–1851.—WARREN.

First residence.—Daily life.—Nursing.—Birth of little Leicester King.—Hebdomadal tribulations.—An old-time church.—Character of the population.—Their estimate of the preacher.—Journal.—Extracts.—A specimen Sunday.—Building committee.—A dismal Sunday.—Singing "before the war."

As an inducement to Mr. Errett to settle permanently in Warren, Judge King had proposed to build him a house on an eligible lot, which was to be his in fee simple, provided he should remain for a prescribed time—otherwise it was to go to the church as a parsonage, upon compliance on their part with certain specified conditions. While this house was building, the Erretts resided in a pretty cottage a mile and a half from the Center and from the church, where they had fields for cultivation, ample playground for the children, pasturage for a cow, and all manner of conveniences and comforts. A buggy was soon afterwards presented to him by his munificent friend, so that the distance from the church and town was less objectionable than otherwise it would have been. Parts of his daily life here would hardly be considered "clerical" by those exemplary city ministers who draw ten thousand dollars a year, and manage to take life with some ease. He sawed the wood, groomed his horse, attended to

JUDGE LEICESTER KING.

the cow, supervised the work on the farm, and occasionally lent a hand himself. In short, what the Yankees call "the chores" of the housekeeping fell to his lot, over and above his work. For a good while, too, he was nurse. Mrs. Errett had a protracted spell of fever here, which obstinately refused, as it should not have done, to yield to cold water, and they were obliged at last to invoke the potency of quinine before it could be conquered. She finally got well, and in November little Leicester King came to them. He developed into a bright and beautiful boy of great promise—and then, as we shall see after awhile, the angels took him.

Mr. Errett was always kindly and patiently helpful with the children, and during his wife's sickness he was both father and mother to them. According to the custom of the time and place, they went barefooted all the week during the summer; and the putting on of their Sunday shoes was one of our pastor's hebdomadal tribulations. The wonder is that, with bruised heels and sore toes, the poor little fellows, even with all his helpfulness, got them on at all. A still greater wonder is how, with his much care and work and worry, he could manage to preach. And yet, somehow, he contrived always to carry sunshine and cheer into the pulpit.

The pulpit itself was one of those high and mighty ones from which the gospel came *down* in power to all our fathers and mothers! It seems to have been the idea of our ancestors that the source of the preacher's message should be symbolized by elevating him as near to heaven as possible. When it is added that the pews of that *old* Warren church were of the stiff and

high-backed species, it will be seen that the preacher *labored* under difficulties.

The congregation was large. Many of the members were among not only the most prominent, but the most excellent people in the community. Society was good. There were many educated, well-informed and refined citizens, and they had learned already, before his coming to reside there, to cherish a profound respect for Mr. Errett's character and ability. All these indications gave promise that his work would be unusually successful, and such indeed it proved to be. It should be understood, however, that whatever the joys and pleasures connected with the work, a pastorate in those "good old times" was not a sinecure. The preacher of our day, with his elegant surroundings, his large and select library, his ample salary, his trained cook, his superfluity of house servants, and his well-nursed dyspepsia, not to speak of his "throat" and his "nerves," would shrink appalled from the work which Isaac Errett performed week in and week out. And yet he not only found time for everything, but in addition he succeeded in doing what very few have ever done long at a time—he kept a journal. To be sure, there are occasional breaks in it, but for a *Diary* it is wonderfully complete. Of course he wrote it for his own eye alone—to serve as a sort of mnemonic suggestion, that would enable him to look back and revive in his own memory any period of his life. It records in brief what he did every day, where he went, whom he visited, who visited him, what he read, what he wrote, what he preached about, occasional estimates of prominent public men; and very frequently a memorandum of his religious state and feelings,

MRS. JULIA H. KING.

which were sometimes marked by depression and even discouragement, but in such cases the record never fails to conclude with "Jehovah Jireh." A personal journal has usually very little interest except for the writer of it; but a specimen or two taken from this one will at once illustrate "the old time religion," and serve to show the kind of life that Mr. Errett led in Warren. It will be understood that when "the house" is mentioned, reference is made to Judge King's elegant residence, which had been left in Mr. Errett's charge while the Judge and his family were traveling in Europe:

May 16, 1851.—Went in this morning [*i. e.*, to town]. Superintended some affairs about the house and returned home. Returned after dinner to town and visited Sister L., and arranged with her about the difficulty of J. M. Then met the committees on Bro. H.'s case, Bro. H. himself being present. Came much nearer the settlement of this than I expected. Have hopes of getting through with it so as to save Bro. H. Went home with Bro. Pettit and took tea. Went to Bro. Jones', accompanied by Bro. Pettit, and preached on Romans viii. 35—Sister Jones having been ill a long time. Had a very pleasant meeting. Rode home in the moonlight, along the river, and enjoyed the scenery. How time passes! Am I getting any better? Lord, teach me so to number my days as to apply my heart unto wisdom. I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep, for thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety.

May 18.—This has been a very busy day. I had scarcely time for thought in the morning until the bell rang for Sunday-school. The school was quite interesting, and myself felt very cheerful. In the morning meeting, preached on the observance of the Lord's day. In the interval between the morning and afternoon meeting, no one inviting me home to dinner, I remained at "the house." In after-

noon preached on the one baptism (Eph. iv.) After communion we had up the M. case, and disposed of it, Sister L. making confession, and M. withdrawing from the church. H.'s case also came up, and he having complied with all the requisitions made upon him by the committee, the church voted him a letter. I somewhat feared a little angry feeling, but it was avoided. After meeting, went home with Bro. Austin and talked over the matter. Met Brother and Sister Harsh at his house, and took tea with them. After tea went out into the fields alone and down by the river-side, and arranged my evening discourse. The trees were just putting on their summer raiment—the fields covered with grass and flowers—and the evening shadows of the trees thrown across them here and there; the gentle murmuring of the river, and the sweet songs of birds in the woods, all made the scene peculiarly inviting.

Returning to the evening meeting, I was doomed to hear the same unpleasant matters over again. How few men have any thought of a preacher's trials! They torment him to the very entrance to the pulpit with matters calculated to distress him to the very depths of his soul, and to forbid any concentration of his thoughts on subjects calculated to interest his auditors. In the evening I spoke from Psa. cxix. 30: "I have chosen the way of truth." Although I was quite hoarse, I was very patiently listened to, and I felt pleased with the meeting. May God bless my unworthy labors to the good of souls, that I may not run in vain, neither labor in vain.

I have quoted this one Sunday's record in full, as a fair sample of nearly all. Occasionally he preached at a school-house in the country at five o'clock in the afternoon, making four discourses a day; but regularly he preached three times every Sunday, besides teaching a Bible class in the Sunday-school. The cases of discipline were of course exceptional, and we can but read with surprise that at that time such matters were

KING RESIDENCE AT WARREN.

considered and disposed of on Sunday, immediately after the communion! The prevalent idea was that, as it was the Lord's *day*, anything pertaining to the Lord's house or business was proper and lawful for that day. But it has long since been discovered that while all things may be lawful, they are not always expedient. And though the custom was at that time general, it was certainly a great mistake to follow the sweet and solemn service of the communion by *anything* else—and of all things, a church trial! These matters are managed now very much more discreetly.

But to return to the three sermons. The custom of the times in all the churches required that the forenoon discourse should be *long and elaborate*. No twenty or thirty minutes of elegant diction and rhetorical beauties would begin to satisfy the demand. The preacher must go down into the depths of *doctrine*, and exhibit it in all its lights and phases and contrasts; all the Scriptures bearing upon it must be brought out and expounded; it must be cleared up, and supported, and pressed home and enforced with an earnest exhortation. And there were wide-awake listeners, too—for men had their Bibles, and they read them, and they knew what was in them; and woe to the unlucky minister who misquoted, misinterpreted or misapplied a text of Sacred Writ. So much for the morning discourse.

In the afternoon, Mr. Errett's congregation was usually larger than in the morning. In addition to the members of the church and his regular hearers, large numbers attended from other churches, attracted by his great ability, and the interest, freshness and beauty

of his sermons. It was consequently necessary to give at least equal attention to this service.

In the evening there could still be no relaxation of effort, for it was then that the *young* people of the town crowded to hear him, and he could but feel that in many respects this was the most important of all occasions. And so it called for another carefully considered and well-prepared discourse. But we note that with all this tax of brain and nerve and muscle, and with all this burden of responsibility upon his heart, the beauty of that river-side scene does not escape him. Every feature of it is observed and felt, and at night it is recalled and recorded for a perpetual memory and delight.

Preparation for all this work had to be made through the week, as well as that for a Tuesday night Bible class and a Wednesday evening prayer-meeting, to say nothing of that general preparation which every preacher must make in order to keep himself growing and fresh and full; and yet during the week his time was necessarily taken up largely with the personal duties of his pastorate—visiting the sick, the troubled and the needy, composing difficulties, soothing the wounded and the sorrowing, burying the dead, and calling here and there upon persons who had no special claims upon him, that he might keep in touch with the public, and be able to influence them for good. Among other cares was the building of a new church-house, and the management and superintendence of the building committee! From the somewhat meager records that have come down to us, I judge that this building committee was very much like all the other building committees that have been since the

foundation of the world—reference being made especially to *church* building committees! Every man had his own business to transact, and there were so many and such pressing calls upon his time and attention, that the duties of the office had to be discharged mainly by one of the number, and that one was Mr. Errett—as he, being a preacher, was supposed to have nothing else to do!

Returning about this time from a meeting of the Board at Hiram, he found Mrs. Errett sick, and the household affairs somewhat at sixes and sevens. It was Saturday evening, and thick, threatening clouds covered the sky. Sunday came—dark, dismal and rainy. Of course there would be too many people at church for him to omit preaching, and there would not be enough to justify him in preaching his good sermon! Besides, it was specially designed for the crowd that would not be there! It was too late to get up another new sermon. If he resorted to hash and commonplace, it was almost certain that a few prominent strangers would be present, who would take advantage of the rainy day to hear the distinguished preacher. The situation was embarrassing, but not unprecedented. The whole preaching tribe have been often called to pass through a similar experience. *He* got through it somehow; finished up the dull day's work; went home and to bed, and as he rolled from side to side in sleepless mortification over what he regarded his failure, there suddenly flashed into his mind one of the brightest and most appropriate discourses, exactly adapted to the occasion, which he *might* have delivered if he had only thought of it in time! If any *preacher* reads this who is not able to appreciate it, he may feel at

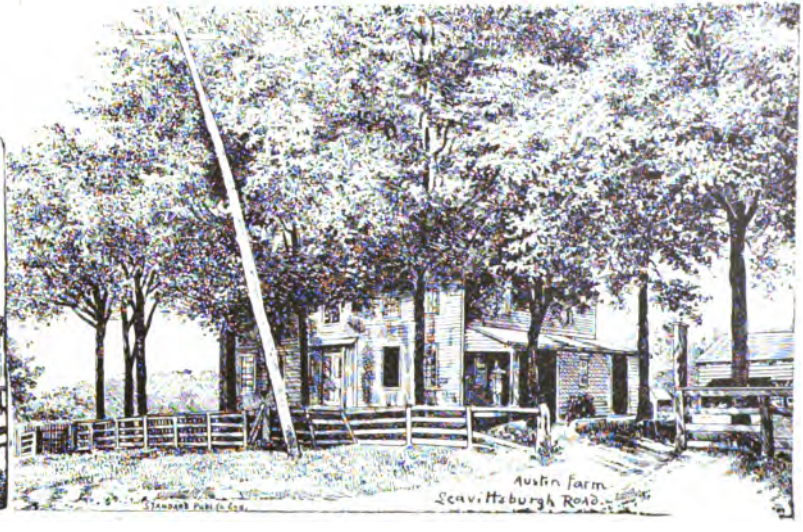
liberty to call in question the story, as wanting in probability. But the next day *our* preacher's spirits revived —probably as the result of his brilliant night thoughts, and his native humor shows itself in his diary as follows:

> Went to Harmon Austin's; saw only Mother Austin; had a little talk with her, and then hunted up my cow and started homeward. The cow, *they say*, is *coming in* soon, but I am inclined to think that since the anniversary of the *come-outers* * at . . . she feels *cow-ed down* considerably, and I am almost afraid she will oppose the idea of having a calf because it is constitutional!

One of his Sunday tribulations, when he first went to Warren, I have not yet mentioned. As we look back upon it, through the mists and changes of half a century, it seems simply and excessively amusing, but we can readily believe that to "the preacher in charge" it was agonizing; and if there is anything that could make a good man "feel curious" in the pulpit, this could hardly have failed to produce that result. It all originated with the *singing*, which at that day was not *organized*, but quite the reverse. It appears that a good brother, whom we may call Jasper, inasmuch as his name was not Jasper, had for years been leader of the "music"—except when Bro. Bracewell (in like manner so called) could manage to "chip" in ahead and snatch the much-coveted honor away from him. The moment a hymn was announced, the rush for the "go" between these two racers became exciting. The

* Referring to the faction previously alluded to in this work, who were advocating non-fellowship with slaveholders, and withdrawing from churches in order to avoid such fellowship. They were popularly designated as "Come-outers."

CHURCH AT WARREN.



HOUSE OF HARMON AUSTIN, NEAR WARREN.

ungodly looked on with delight; the preacher and the sober brethren and sisters, with anxiety and distress. Sometimes in his eagerness to get ahead, Bro. Jasper would pitch the tune so high that he could not sing it himself. Occasionally he would light into a short meter tune for long meter words, and would hold on with good heart, albeit the twists and turns which were necessary to take him through were not edifying. Bro. Bracewell had similar experiences when he was so fortunate as to get the lead. But it was when they both happened to start *together*, and on different tunes, and each manfully holding out—faithful to the end—that the agony of the hearers was complete. Each had his backers, who did not hesitate to declare that the other man was acting scandalously. It should be said that sometimes, like colts at a fair, they would both fail to get off, and would have to come back to the line and start over again. It happened once upon a time, when the tunes seemed to be unusually intractable, that a good sister, who was an excellent singer, took up the strain and led off in a clear, sweet confident voice—and thereby gave both parties mortal offense! The "leaders" closed their books with a bang, and refused to sing a note. It was manifestly wrong in her: "Your women" are to "keep silence in the churches." It created a stir. It was discussed from house to house. The "leaders" and their families were hurt; the rest of the members were glad. It brought the matter to a head, and the outcome of it all was the musical talent of the church was collected and organized, and in a very little while the singing became excellent and edifying, and both the church and the public were delighted. So much for having common

sense rise up and assert itself. It is within the bounds of possibility that but for this, Brethren Jasper and Bracewell would still be racing for the lead in this "delightful part of the worship!"

CHAPTER XI.

1852–1853—WARREN CONTINUED.

A. Campbell on Mr. Errett.—The Kirk letter.—Dr. Barclay and slavery.—Charles Brown.—Meeting at Wooster.—Hiram meeting.—Address on Franklin.—Made corresponding secretary.—Mr. Errett's first book.

The missionary spirit was beginning to move powerfully the hearts of the Ohio Disciples. The very successful anniversary meetings in 1851 had contributed to this result. The meeting at New Lisbon was especially fruitful. Mr. Campbell, who was present, says of Mr. Errett:

On Monday, at the tent, Bro. Errett, in a clear, chaste and fluent style, set forth in a striking attitude, certain leading views of the Christian institution, with special reference to obedience, and was followed with some remarks on constitutional principles, in nature, providence and redemption, by myself, and sundry warm and pathetic appeals by Bros. Robison, Belden and others.

In the evening, in town, a large auditory was addressed by Bro. Errett on the trial of Jesus, and in developing the characters of those engaged in his trial and condemnation. The moral of this discourse was applied with much force to the auditory, and not without good effect. The meeting was continued for several evenings, principally by Mr. Errett, in the Christian Church in New Lisbon. The result of the whole anniversary was fifty-two baptisms.

After reporting his visit to other yearly meetings, Mr. C. concludes by saying that "the brethren have resolved to institute a home mission commensurate with the whole State of Ohio; and for this purpose to hold a state convention at Wooster, in May next. We can not, as citizens of the kindom of Christ, but pray and labor for the success of such an undertaking."

Meanwhile, Mr. Errett, in addition to his daily pastoral labors, through which the church at Warren was constantly growing in influence and numbers, made frequent evangelistic excursions—sometimes to distant points. In March, 1852, he moved into the new home which had been provided for him by the munificence of his friend, Hon. Leicester King; and soon after settlement there he visited Somerset, Pa. The journey at that time could not be made without many delays and much fatigue. He left home Monday night, and though he made all possible speed, he was not able, owing to detentions at Pittsburg and elsewhere, to reach Somerset before Saturday night. He went immediately to the church, where he "found Bro. Loos (Charles Louis) preaching with great power and earnestness." The two preachers continued the meeting for a week or ten days, but owing to almost constant rain and boundless, not to say bottomless, mud, they had only limited success. At Berlin, ten miles distant, it was about the same. This was a new point—and when two ladies came forward for baptism, he speaks of it as an act of great courage, coming out as they did before a gaping and scoffing multitude. In the afternoon he baptized the young ladies "in the presence of an immense concourse — hundreds of whom had never seen an immersion before."

The May convention in Wooster, to which allusion has already been made, was not perfectly harmonious. The trouble was foreshadowed in a letter to Mr. Errett, dated February 15, 1852, and written by John Kirk. As it will serve to throw light upon the difficulties encountered by the conventions of that period, I will quote from it such parts as bear upon this point:

DEAR BRO. ERRETT:—I have received the sad and mournful intelligence from Bro. Tyler, one of the elders of the Scottsville congregation, that Bro. Barclay, our missionary to Jerusalem, was a slave-holder; that he inherited, some twelve or fifteen years since, a family of slaves; that he had four on hand at the time of his presenting himself as a missionary to the Holy Land; that he offered them their freedom if they would leave the state, which they refused to do, provided Bro. Tyler would buy them; and it seems that Bro. Barclay gave Bro. Tyler considerable inducement to have him purchase them. Three of them were members of the Baptist Church. None of them, he says, could either read or write. One of the four was so old that Bro. Tyler refused to purchase. She selected her master, and Bro. Barclay provided for her future wants, through Bro. Tyler. The youngest of the lot, it seems, was a girl of about fifteen years of age.

So far the letter deals simply with the facts in the case. These are stated without coloring; and at this distance of time and in view of the circumstances surrounding him—residing in a slave state, whose laws respecting the education of slaves he could not repeal—it is difficult to see what better Dr. Barclay could have done than he did do. He had inherited the slaves; they refused to be emancipated upon the only conditions which the law allowed; they preferred to

be sold to Bro. Tyler, and the Doctor offered inducements to Bro. Tyler that they might be gratified. He made provision for the aged one whom Bro. Tyler refused to take—and I do not know what more considerate or philanthropic course Bro. Kirk himself could have pursued. But let us hear him:

From the foregoing it appears that Bro. Barclay has reared up one heathen to the age of fifteen years according to their own showing, for she has not been taught to read the name of the God that created her, nor the name of the Saviour who died to redeem her, and still worse he (Bro. Barclay) actually sold Jesus Christ in the person of two of his own dear children. I am not informed what price he received for them. I will guarantee that he got as much as fifteen dollars each. Query: How much more would Bro. Barclay have charged for Christ himself?

As Bro. Kirk was evidently excited, we need not pause upon the *non sequitur* which represents the girl as a heathen simply because she could not read, while in the same sentence he speaks of two of God's "own dear children" who were equally illiterate. But we proceed at once to the point to which all the preceding tended:

Now, Bro. Errett, in the name of religion and humanity, can we consistently sustain, either Bro. Barclay as a missionary at [in] ancient Palestine [!], or *how can we coöperate with a missionary society that sends such a character, guilty before high heaven and all good men, of such ungodly conduct.* My soul, come not thou into their secret assemblies.

The portion of Mr. Errett's letter in reply, which bears immediately upon the present subject, will here be given. It will doubtless be read with interest:

WARREN, February 21, 1852.

DEAR BRO. KIRK:

Yours of the 15th inst. is to hand. I have not sooner responded because I wished to consider well the whole matter before I uttered a word, one way or the other. It has caused me much trouble of mind, and has given another to the thousand reasons existing before for wishing this whole accursed system of American slavery banished from our guilty land. But after duly considering the whole matter, I can not see it as you do. I know nothing about it, only what your letter states. From your statement it seems, first, that Bro. Barclay *inherited* these slaves—he did not buy them; second, he offered them their freedom if they would leave the State. This certainly does not look like the proposition of an "ungodly" man; nor does it prove that "in his zeal to carry the gospel to the heathen at Jerusalem, he sold heathen at home." The condition of their leaving the state was, I presume, a *necessary* condition, owing to the difficulties which clog any effort to emancipate in Virginia. Bro. Barclay being about to leave, could not become personally responsible for their good behavior, and without this, if I am rightly informed, they could not be emancipated on the soil; third, they preferred to stay with Bro. Tyler. This, then, is not *involuntary* servitude. You say that Bro. B. gave Bro. Tyler considerable inducement to purchase them. I presume the *inducement* was that he offered to sell them at a merely nominal price, as he did not relish the traffic in human flesh, and found it necessary to guard in some way against the consequences of their refusal to leave the state. One, you say, was "so old that Bro. Tyler would not purchase." She selected her master, and Bro. Barclay provided for her future wants through Bro. Tyler. Is this, too, "ungodly"? What more could he do? If I had a Christian lad bound an apprentice to me, would that be binding Jesus Christ in the person of his child? If I hire a Christian girl at one dollar a week, is that hiring Jesus Christ at one dollar a week? If I *wrong* or *abuse* them, then Jesus considers it an insult offered to him. If I confer

blessings on them in his name, he considers it done to him. Now, so far as your letter goes in the statement thus far quoted, I can not see that Bro. Barclay was actuated by any other motive than a desire to do the best for the slaves that the circumstances would allow him to do. He certainly did not wish to make money of them. Bro. Barclay's whole course has shown a self-sacrificing disposition, a disregard of filthy lucre, an earnest love of souls. . . .

In the hopes of breaking every yoke,

Your brother,

ISAAC ERRETT.

I have given more space to this subject than it might, *prima facie*, seem to merit, because, first, I deemed it due to Dr. Barclay's memory that both sides of the case should be fully stated. As the author of "The City of the Great King," his reputation is world-wide, and it was meet that it should be freed from any spot that fanatical blindness might seek to put upon it; second, the spirit exhibited here as beginning to rise will soon be seen to have become yet more troublesome.

In April, Charles Brown, of North Bloomfield, wrote in a tone similar to that of Kirk, opposing all support to the A. C. M. Society, because it was sustaining Dr. Barclay. Mr. Errett, therefore, anticipated the trouble that was to be expected at Wooster, and his forecastings were fully realized. The reader, however, will not care to wade through the details of a discussion in which passion and prejudice sought to overcome a great and holy principle, and to arrest the progress of a sacred work. In view of the point presented in the foregoing letters, Mr. Errett's few short notes of the meeting will be easily understood, and will furnish all that needs to be said:

PARK AND COURT HOUSE AT WARREN.

May 12.—Met in convention at ten. Was put on a committee to prepare a constitution and business for the meeting. After dinner had a meeting of committee—Bro. Brown began to make trouble. In the afternoon convention saw Bro. A. Campbell. C. B. made much trouble, speaking every two minutes and much delaying business. After the afternoon session met at Bro. Lake's to prepare a constitution. Had great debates with C. B. Got ready for reporting by 8 o'clock. Then came the tug of war. C. B. presented a counter report. The evening was spent in tedious discussion with him. I made but one little speech, which had a pacifying tendency. Did not adjourn till after ten. Very weary with the toils of the day.

May 13—Morning session very unpleasant. C. B.'s course most unwarrantable. I made a short speech which came just in the time to do good.

The constitution was of course adopted. The State Missionary Convention was organized under it, and it was in sympathy and coöperation with the A. C. M. Society. The discussion had cleared the atmosphere. Brethren came to understand the subject better, and by the time the district convention met in Shalersville, in August, notwithstanding the opposition still of one man, "there was great unanimity and great zeal and determination."

There were many able and consecrated men in the Western Reserve who fostered the missionary cause there in the days of its weakness, and prevented the churches from being switched off upon the side tracks of subordinate and irrelevant issues; and among these Mr. Errett always occupied a prominent and leading position. He was singularly gifted in the ability to discriminate between the essence and the accidents of a subject—and hence the latter could never divert him from the former.

It is not necessary to call attention to the occasional reports of small arms made by the retreating foe The battle had been fought and won. This was manifested by the spirit and work of the annual meeting held in the fall, in Summit County. The diary now begins to have a different ring. The writer is happy. Some of the lines twinkle brightly. The following, for example, to those who knew the parties named, will need no commentary. It relates to the Summit meeting: "Bro. Burnet preached this morning on Conversion. Bro. Jones in the afternoon on *everything*. Bro. Robison followed in *any number* of exhortations! Quite a noisy, exciting time."

The meeting which he held at Hiram in December of this year, was marked by one or two incidents which are not only interesting in themselves, but suggestive, especially to evangelists. He says:

> With all possible plainness and faithfulness I sought to preach the gospel, in public, to immense crowds, and in private to individuals. Up to Saturday there were twelve converts. Sunday night I preached on Acts ii.: "They continued steadfastly," etc. It was an address to young converts. I intended to close the meeting. Gave an invitation and *eleven* came forward—most of them young men. We continued the invitations till nineteen were persuaded to give themselves to the Lord. It was one of the most joyous seasons I ever knew.

The meeting was continued till Tuesday, "closing with forty-eight converts in all, besides three backsliders reclaimed."

The year 1853 opened auspiciously. He delivered, January 17, an address before the printers of Warren, on the life and character of Benjamin Franklin. It

was published in the papers of the town, and greatly enhanced his reputation as a man of versatility, learning and eloquence. In whole and in every part the address was truly admirable. The following extracts, which are all that the limits of these sketches will permit, will give a taste of the production. The whole of it would richly repay perusal.*

We do not find many instances in the world's history where so little of the *accidental* belongs to a great man's life. Franklin's life is rather a perpetual series of triumphs over great odds; and so far from proving that man is "the creature of circumstances," would go far to establish the proposition that circumstances are the creatures of man. It is in struggling with adversity that true greatness shines most illustriously. Cicero, whimpering like a child in his banishment, and talking of suicide because his prosperity and fame suffer an eclipse, is an object of contempt. But Leonidas and his Spartan band; Xenophon in his famous retreat of the ten thousand; Kossuth in his exile, with a spirit of unquenchable and unconquerable ardor; Aristotle, Demosthenes, Columbus, Jean Paul, Milton, Prescott, fighting their way over almost impossibilities to complete success—it is to these and such as these that humanity looks for the assertion and vindication of its true nobility.

After dwelling at some length on Franklin's history, his inventive genius and other characteristics, he continues as follows:

His life develops a marvelous *versatility of talent.* His greatness can not be said to depend on any one faculty, or talent, or manifestation of genius—no one act or class of actions. He is familiar with physics and metaphysics. He is a patriot, a philosopher, a statesman, a philanthropist—

*This fine address is published in *full* in a volume lately issued by the Standard Publishing Co., entitled "Linsey Woolsey and Other Addresses."

almost a theologian, He builds fortifications and meeting-houses; writes squibs for newspapers, and philosophical essays for royal societies of arts and sciences; pens letters of friendship to shed light on the humble pathway of the sufferer, and arguments, satires and philippics that make kings and parliaments tremble. He writes on music and on war; on smoky chimneys and on the stamp act; on taxes and electricity; elephants and smallpox; water spouts, whirlwinds and tariff; balloons and paper currency; religion and the causes of colds; swimming and the reformation of the English language; the way to choose spectacles and the way to choose a wife; planting hedges, linseed oil, and the harmony and melody of the old Scotch tune; earthquakes and a plan of union for the colonies; perspiration and absorption, and the slave trade; militia and the culture of silk; canals and spots in the sun; stoves, shooting stars and the condition of apprentices; plans of education, rhubarb and Chinese cheese! He speculates on the best plan of gutters for the streets, and the best means of getting lightning from the clouds; rebukes Britain's oppression of her colonies, and suggests an improvement in the lamps that light the streets of her cities; persuades France into the cause of liberty; and warns the Parisians against a waste of oil; he tries cases as a 'squire, presides over the Legislature of Pennsylvania, and stands as a witness before Parliament; he sets up type and upsets tyranny, and knocks the calculations of the Tories into pi; edits papers, attends to the mail, and helps to make constitutions. He is printer, editor, magistrate, clerk, delegate, embassador, colonel, A. M., LL. D., postmaster, philosopher, poet, lawgiver! What is he not?

He accounts for Franklin's lack of vital faith by referring it to the want of harmony between his intensely *practical* habit of mind, and the intensely *doctrinal* cast of religion in the colonies. He was not prepared to admire the abstractions, metaphysical disquisitions and theological *dogmata*, at that time so

much insisted on. "He did not, indeed, do justice to the practical influence of these doctrinal elaborations. He rejected the creed and the ritual, and attended only to ethics. One can not but smile at his plan for helping devotion, when the chaplain complained to him that the soldiers would not attend religious services; he made the chaplain steward of the rum, authorizing him to deal out half a gill to each man, morning and evening, *after prayers!* . . .

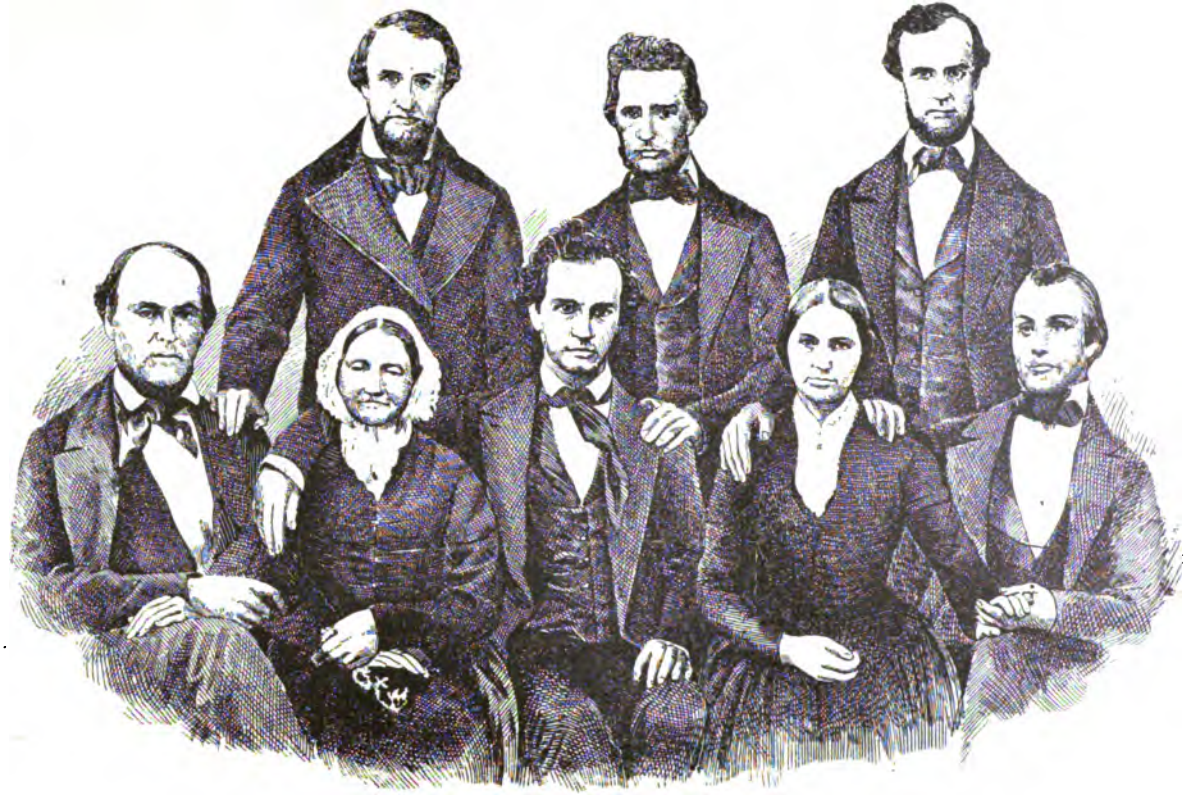
"We could have wished for a deeper religious inspiration, a loftier religious faith, to have given a crown of beauty and glory to a character so noble—that the religious attributes of his nature might not have been hidden amongst the prominent and grand developments of mind and heart and life, which make him so deservedly illustrious and immortal."

The ordinary routine of pastoral life was not notably interrupted again till the meeting of the State Convention at Mt. Vernon in May. This imposed upon him the office of corresponding secretary, which added greatly to his toils, but as his declinature would have been seriously detrimental to the enterprise, he felt constrained to accept the position.

From this time onward, in addition to the care of a large and rapidly growing church, he was burdened with weighty responsibilities connected with the work of his office, which necessitated a voluminous correspondence with churches, pastors and evangelists; and sometimes disagreeable and trying conflicts with brethren not yet reconciled to the missionary work.

Meanwhile he had been prevailed upon to prepare one of the volumes of a Sunday-school library, which the American Christian Publication Society were mak-

ing ready to issue. This work, while calling for no great amount of study, would demand careful consideration and skillful adaptation. I have not been so fortunate as to find a copy of this work, which was Mr. Errett's first book, but we may feel sure that his consecrated genius, inspired by prayer and thought, made it worthy of its object and of its author.



RUSSELL. J. J. HENRY R.

WM. E. MOTHER SUTOR. ISAAC. MARGARET. JOHN W.

ERRETT FAMILY REUNION IN 1863.

CHAPTER XII.

1854–1855—WARREN, CONTINUED.

Meeting in Bethany.—His preaching described.—His audience.—A dinner with metaphysical accompaniments.—Commencement.—Visits Michigan.—Debates with Tiffany on Spiritualism.—A flavor of the debate.

In 1854 he held meetings at Marlboro, Bloomfield, Middletown, Bethany, Stowe, Fairfield and Cleveland, besides carrying on the troublesome and laborious work of his office as secretary and as pastor. It was a busy year, though marked by no very extraordinary events. The meeting at Bethany was timed to begin but a short while before the college commencement. As it was the year of my graduation from that institution, I was of course present, and there met and heard Mr. Errett for the first time. Perhaps I could not give my readers a better conception of his style and ability as a preacher at this period than by a simple account of his first sermon on the occasion, and the impression which it made upon me. It is true that this was a first impression, and that it was made upon a young man whose experience and observation were limited; but it was made, it should also be stated, upon one who had no prepossessions to bias his judgment. I had gone up from a remote part of the country, where the Disciples were but little known; I had paid but

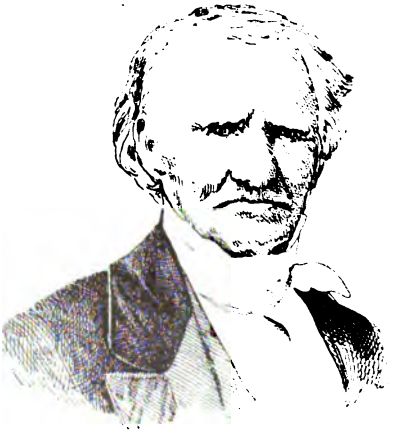
slight attention to their periodical literature; and Mr. Errett's work and reputation, and even his name, were unfamiliar to me. I noticed, however, that other students, who were better informed, spoke of his coming with lively interest, and were looking forward to it with anticipations of great pleasure. I hardly shared in these expectations. I did not see how any man could come to *Bethany*, where we had listened for so long to the great and powerful *Alexander Campbell*, and be able to preach anything that would be new or interesting. We had heard it all, and had heard it presented with a grandeur and majesty, with a fullness of authority and a wealth of learning that were Mr. Campbell's own. He was the kingliest of preachers—commanding at once by the force of his wonderful personality, and the power of his resistless argument. I could not see, therefore, why Mr. Errett had been invited to come; but he had been, and when the time arrived I went down into town, to the little brick church on the Buffalo, to hear him.

The congregation was large and manifestly expectant. The preliminary exercises were conducted by some one, and at length the preacher rose. I noticed that he was very tall, and that he was perfectly deliberate and composed. His face exhibited the indescribable but unmistakable marks of spirituality; the animal part of his nature had manifestly been subordinated. He seemed to feel that the burden of a great responsibility was resting upon him, and as he looked out for a moment over the congregation, there was something appealing and tender and winsome in his expression. Before he opened his mouth you felt drawn to him.

ELIZABETH PETTIT.

AUSTIN PETTIT.

JOHN RATLIFF.



ADAMSON BENTLEY.

He began to read a lesson from the Scriptures, and his tone was simple, natural, honest, but oh, so reverent! You felt that in the bottom of his soul *he* believed it to be *God's Word.* And ever and anon he surprised you by making a little pause in his reading—very much, I suppose, like a devout Jew would make when he came to the Ineffable Name—before uttering the substitute *Adonai*, Lord. It was wondrously expressive, that unlooked-for pause. It was Mr. Errett's own. It was natural to his reverent spirit. I have heard many who tried to imitate it, but with poor success.

After the lesson came the text: "Examine yourselves, whether ye be in the faith."

Then he began to *talk.* That is exactly the word for it. He did not seem to be preaching—he was merely talking to us. He did not "lift up his voice," but spoke in a natural and conversational tone, without the least strain or effort, and yet it filled the house. Everybody heard him — heard him distinctly. His articulation was good, very good, but still not so *fastidiously precise* as to call attention to *that* rather than to his matter. We hardly knew how it was done, but in a little while he had got hold of our hearts, had opened the door and entered in, and was *examining* them. Presently we were all helping him—we began to examine them ourselves. This is something that is apt to be neglected in college life, even by young preachers. What with studies and recitations, and perilous examinations—with logic and mathematics, and the inevitable "Greece and Rome," and divers gods and heroes—the heart has rather a poor chance, and the cultivation of the religious nature is to a large

extent postponed to a more "convenient season." How timely it was, here at the close of the session, to bring this duty home to us! And how solemnly and yet how lovingly he emphasized individual responsibility—"heaven—its bliss, its purity, its joy; eternal life—its honors, its rewards, its glories; eternity—its wondrous mysteries and delights—all these are depending upon our *individual* performances." And then he pointed out our liability to be deceived, and illustrated texts upon the subject by the example of Hazael and others; and after dwelling for a little on David's experience, and Nathan's startling announcement, "Thou art the man," he brought before us the Psalmist engaged in *self*-examination; showed how carefully and anxiously he looked into his own heart and life—and being still afraid lest some dark and secret corner had been overlooked, he appealed to God to complete the work: "Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts; and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting."

Then he showed the benefits of self-examination, which he illustrated by Franklin's Diary, in which the virtues are set down in order, and every day when he comes short of any of these, he makes a black mark against it; Mr. Errett, with the hymn-book open in his hand, looked down into it, slowly and with some hesitation turning over the leaves, as though he were *examining the diary;* once or twice he turned back a leaf, and looked again, as if to be sure that he had made no mistake; and he pointed out how the black marks gradually became fewer and fewer, until at length they disappeared entirely, and the page was all

white and fair. All this seems very simple as I write it, and yet as he delivered it in his peculiar manner and musical tones, while the congregation was absorbed and hushed, it was intensely interesting.

And in that congregation was an array of talent to listen to him! Alexander Campbell, whom we all loved for his goodness, and honored for his transcendent ability; W. K. Pendleton, at home in all the schools of metaphysics, a man of many gifts and much learning, an accomplished scholar, gentleman and Christian; Prof. Ross, who knew all the Latin and Greek, and whom we lovingly spoke of as "Little Andy;" and Dr. Richardson, with his hacking little cough, and his varied and vast attainments, whom we speak of as "the saintly." And there was also Prof. Hook—our mathematical dread—who deserves to live and who will live in our grateful remembrance for the ingenious *hocuspocus* by which he contrived to pass some of the young preachers safely through his department (*quorum magna pars fui!*) And last of all was Dr. Mosblech, the German, to whom Hebrew seemed almost vernacular, and all other languages easy—except English. His lingual attainments were immense and amazing. His learning was *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*—he knew everything and a good deal besides. And *we* were all there—we "boys"—and if we could not preach much then, we at least knew what good preaching was; and one of this number from that time forth never doubted that Isaac Errett was a good preacher!

He preached several times more during the meeting, which continued a few days, but I can not linger here; suffice it to say that that opening discourse was but the first fruits of a rich and abundant harvest.

He remained until the commencement, and a few of his memoranda will be interesting. He was struck with a remark of Mr. Campbell's in the morning class, that "man's *preter*-natural condition required a *super*-natural religion."

He stayed at Mr. Campbell's, and was assigned to the room that had been "dear old Father Campbell's" (Thos. Campbell).

I felt most happy in the privilege of occupying the room where he had spent so many years of devout meditation and prayer. Humbly did I pray that a portion of his spirit might rest upon me.

When I came out Bro. Campbell was talking of *memory*—in reference to a passage I quoted the night before; remembering *against* one. In worship he read Isa. xxxvii. and Psa. li. After prayer we had some talk on *blood guiltiness* and righteousness. This led him to speak on the atonement very eloquently. . . . He spoke of Time as a great hallucination—as but the measure of motion. All we see is a lie, a fable, with truth lying underneath it. He told an anecdote of a deaf and dumb girl at Paris, kept away from all means of information. Of the attempt to explain the connection of things by links—and the great first cause by an *invisible link*—and her reply: "This explains all the mystery of my life."

Went to A. Campbell, Jr.'s, for dinner with Bro. and Sister C., Pendleton, Burnet, Robison, Loos, etc. Had quite a metaphysical discussion as to innate ideas—I defending the Locke theory as against Pendleton, Burnet and Loos. Bro. Campbell helped me. Locke, Cousin, Hamilton, Kant, etc., were overhauled. Bro. C. gave us a funny idea of *intuition*.

Wonder what it was.

Went to Board of Trustees. Had rich scene with M—— there. Bro. C. made a most severe hit about *center of the universe*..

We are left to infer that M—— was assuming to *be* the aforesaid center.

After attending the various entertainments and exercises connected with Commencement—some of which he found to be good, and some poor—and after dining from day to day and enjoying the fellowship of kindred minds, he at length took leave of all these lofty spirits and returned to his daily routine at home, and to his official visitations through the state. It is not necessary here to follow him to these various points—Mt. Vernon, Cincinnati, Cleveland and others; but it is well to mention that certain brethren had about this time turned his thoughts to Michigan. It seems that they were to form themselves into a company, to buy land in the piney woods of the state, start a saw-mill, have Mr. Errett go in with them, live there as one of the general managers of the business, and preach in the neighboring town and elsewhere *pro re nata*.

He seems to have taken to this proposition. It had a fascination for him. There comes a time, perhaps, in most hard-working preachers' lives when they grow weary of the eternal round, and begin to long for retirement and a little freedom. They do not contemplate giving up the service of the Master; they are willing to work and want to work for him; but they are tired of their slavery to men; and of their unreasonable exactions and fault-findings. At any rate, he goes this year on a prospecting tour to Michigan, *via* Cleveland, Detroit, Lansing, thence to Lyons, and thence to the proposed site. He is pleased —better pleased than he expected to be; buys land and returns home with a purpose to go back there and

settle—but not yet. And so the busy and laborious year is wound up. He has been going round and round, but at the same time he has gone forward. While his little world has been revolving on its axis, it has advanced on its orbit.

The year 1855 is specially marked by an important debate which he held in Warren with Joel Tiffany, Esq., on Spiritualism. It was then the very heyday of *raps* and *revelations*, of *spiritual philosophies* and *heavenly epics*. Andrew Jackson Davis was before the people; Judge Edmunds had been heard from; and communications from the other world were as frequent and facile as telegraphic messages are now. "Spiritual spheres" and "discrete degrees" were as well understood and as familiarly spoken of as the satellites of Jupiter or the rings of Saturn. And there were mediums and mediums, the long-haired and the short-haired—rapping mediums, spelling mediums, writing mediums and talking mediums—mediums in prose and mediums in poetry—seers, philosophers, theologians—really it seemed like the whole world was about to be "intromitted" into the "spheres," or words to that effect!

Warren did not escape the contagion of the new "faith." In December, 1854, two of its apostles, Misses Finney and Lockwood, visited the place and addressed many large audiences, speaking only—so they professed—as they were moved by the spirits. Their lectures were reviewed from the pulpit by Mr. Errett, as well as other ministers in the town; and this excited the resident Spiritualists, who claimed that it was not fair to review them in their absence. Pretty soon another and abler advocate was announced to

lecture on Spiritualism—Mr. Tiffany. He was a trained speaker; he had practiced long at the bar; his style was simple, direct, forcible, and he was cool and self-contained. He claimed to base his doctrine upon the New Testament, a passage from which he read at every opening, and he insisted that the teaching of modern Spiritualism was identical with that of Christ and the apostles. His course of lectures, thus reverent and plausible, had great effect in the community, many of whom were not qualified to detect the fallacy in his arguments. And so great was the interest excited, that it became necessary to expose the delusion. Mr. Errett, therefore, moved in the matter, and in a note to Mr. Tiffany suggested a public discussion. This was finally agreed upon, the time was set, propositions submitted by Mr. Tiffany were accepted without alteration; and at the appointed day in May, the debate opened upon the leading proposition, to-wit: "The phenomena and teachings of modern Spiritualism are identical in character with those of Jesus of Nazareth."

We can readily perceive that Mr. Tiffany was necessarily handicapped from the very first by the manifest absurdity of his proposition. He, however, seemed to affirm it in good faith, and went to work with a great show of philosophy and profundity to prove it. He lingered long in metaphysics; he viewed the subject from afar; he built up a fortification of formal propositions, numerically stated, and each one elaborately discussed before proceeding to the next. And so he went on in his half-hour speeches from day to day—never once defining Spiritualism, and saying little or nothing about the teaching of Christ—but all the while

claiming that, when once he got his batteries fixed, something tremendous and demolishing would take place.

Meanwhile, Mr. Errett, having paid such attention as was necessary to the metaphysics presented—in which, by the by, he showed himself to be quite an adept—resolved not to wait for the completion of the "demolishing battery," but to go on and discuss the *question.* This he did with wonderful skill and effect. He showed what Spiritualism was by reading from its works—its leading authors; he convulsed the audience by reading "spiritual communications," filled as they were with bald nonsense and ridiculous puerilities, and contrasting these with the teaching of Jesus and the apostles. His opponent was simply *forced* to come out and try to discuss the proposition. And now, of course, there could be but one result. To be sure, Mr. Tiffany held on. He was perfectly familiar with the subject—*as he had been accustomed to present it.* He had much to say—but he found that saying it before a popular audience, and saying it here, were different things. Mr. Errett's keen analysis and clear discrimination, along with his perfect familiarity with the teaching of Christ and the apostles, were invincible in defense and overwhelming in attack. His triumph was complete. The public mind so recognized it. The weakness and delusiveness of Spiritualism were made manifest. The agitation connected with it subsided, and it never again obstructed the work of the churches.

The debate was phonographically reported, was published, and is still pleasant and spicy reading.

Mr. Tiffany had insisted that "whatever the human mind contemplates objectively, it finites and limits.

To contemplate the Divine Being as an *object* of religious worship, is to make Him finite, and such objective worship must itself be false. Hence, verbal prayer . . . as an address to an objective being, is idolatrous and false."

Replying, Mr. Errett said:

He talks about subjective and objective truth, as if there could be subjective truth where there is no objective truth. If a thing has never been before us objectively, how can it ever come into the mind subjectively? And if the subjective truth be our perception of the objective reality, how can it be anything more than the objective itself was? If there can be subjective truth without a corresponding objective, the gentleman might imagine a pair of subjective stairs from the window, when he goes to dinner, and try if they would answer his purpose as well as the objective ones in the hall!

And as for verbal prayer, who is it that teaches, "After this manner pray ye; when ye pray *say*, Our Father," etc.?

When Mr. Errett quoted A. J. Davis and others to show what Spiritualism was, Mr. Tiffany insisted that he was changing the question from Spiritual*ism* to Spiritual*ists*.

Reply:

Why should I receive Mr. Tiffany as teaching Spiritualism, and reject Mr. Davis? He may repudiate Davis, and Davis may repudiate him, and they both may repudiate Judge Edmunds and Mr. Ambler, and Mr. Courtney in return may repudiate the whole four, and they may thus eat each other up after the fashion of the Kilkenny cats, and what shall we do about it? I can not see that the gentleman's position amounts to more than this, that he repudiates everything which does not agree with his own fancy.

When his time came Mr. Tiffany sought to turn this, as follows:

I must now dispose of the Kilkenny cats in a few words. The gentleman argued that we Spiritualists eat each other up, so far as views and doctrines are concerned; but my business is not to show that Spiritualism agrees in its teachings with Davisism and Tiffanyism, but, if you please, with Jesusism. . . . If we Spiritualists did not agree, we should only be in the position which theologians have been in all along. They profess to draw their doctrines from the same books, and yet they have constantly been playing the Kilkenny cat.

To this Mr. Errett replied:

My friend tells us that if Spiritualists do not agree, theologians are no better off, and so comforts himself that we are in as bad a fix as they. But he can not shield himself so. If he wishes to prove that the phenomena and teachings of modern Spiritualism are identical with those of *modern sectarianism*, he should change his proposition. The teachings of Jesus are a unit—harmonious—and to admit that those of Spiritualism are discordant and sectarian, *is to yield the question of identity.*

I have given but a specimen or two culled here and there—merely to show the flavor of the discussion, and to give some idea of Mr. Errett's readiness in oral debate, and the aptness of his replies. These specimens, however, are not equal to his more earnest and sustained arguments on the occasion, which are too long to be quoted here. When it became necessary to repel assaults which were made upon the churches, and to defend some of the fundamental doctrines of the gospel, such as the atonement, he arose to sublimity, and became fervidly and grandly eloquent.

I must say a few words respecting the second proposition discussed, to-wit: That the denomination known as Disciples is anti-Christ in faith and practice. In his foolish effort to establish this, Mr. Tiffany took occasion to assault not only the Disciples, but all churches—attacking really the fundamentals of the Christian religion. The general drift of the discussion, and Mr. Errett's bearing in it, which is all that need be shown here, will be seen from the following extract from one of his speeches:

I wish to say, while it is fresh in your minds, that the last remarks of the gentleman, as intended to have a bearing upon the teachings and practice of Christians, are entirely false. He ought to know better than to say that we teach any person that he can have the benefit of the Christian redemption without a repentance and turning from sin as thorough as any the gentleman teaches. Every person knows that it is utterly false, and that the Christian Church had all that he knows of repentance, restitution, and reformation of life, long, long before he or his philosophy had an existence. Yet the Church has taught more. It has taught that *all this* is not enough to give us justification before God. Is it then indeed so, that all the Churches of Christ are such dwarfish specimens of morality, that he stands as a giant among them? No! Christian morality has been both purer and humbler, and the heroes and martyrs of the Church could spend a life of self-denying labor for the good of man, and at last count their righteousness as nothing, and attribute all their hope of glory to the ineffable grace of God, through Jesus Christ our Lord! Knowing this, we can not help feeling that it ill becomes one in the gentleman's position to come here to chide the Church. All that the world knows of purity and moral greatness it finds springing up around the cross of Christ, and the Church has no fear of a comparison with any known religion, with any tribe or nation which has scorned the gospel, or with any sect that

countenances such denunciations of the doctrines of Christ as those you have heard this afternoon. . . . When my friend comes and tells you that it is the orthodox doctrine that God is bloodthirsty and revengeful, and that he demands his "pound of flesh" to glut his vengeance, he utters a false slander upon the Church, and I challenge him to make good his position by showing that such is the teaching of orthodox churches, and if he does not do it, he must stand convicted of bearing false witness against his neighbor. I assert, and I invite criticism, that there is no Calvinist so rigid but that he believes it was the *love* of God which induced him to form the glorious plan of man's redemption, and that it was *because God so loved the world* that he gave his only begotten Son, that we might not perish, but have everlasting life. THE LOVE OF GOD is the very basis of the whole scheme of salvation, and the gentleman's statement is a most outrageous mispresentation of the doctrines of the Church, from the days of Christ downward. I know what I say, and say it knowingly. There are speculations in the Church which I may not approve; there are speculations on this very subject which I do not approve; but there is nothing which will bear the phase the gentleman would, for his own purpose, put upon the matter.

The published debate was widely circulated and eagerly read, and its influence in exposing the flimsiness and infidelity of doctrines which were then sweeping over the land was most potent and happy.

CHAPTER XIII.

1855–1856.—WARREN, CONCLUDED.

Visits New York.—His address there.—Several dignitaries characterized.—Hears Beecher, and tells what he thinks of him.—Visits Springfield.—Michigan still in mind.—Protests against his going.—Fruitfulness of his work in Warren.—Preaches his farewell sermon.—Leaves for Michigan.—Death of little Leicester.—Extract from "Journal."—Interesting and valuable letter from Gen. Cox, giving estimate of Mr. Errett as a man and as a preacher.

In the fall of 1855 Mr. Errett was selected by the American Bible Union to make an address before their convention in New York City. The leading object of this organization, which was made up mainly of Baptists and Disciples, was a thorough revision of the Sacred Scriptures. They enlisted in the enterprise some of the best scholarship in the country, and in process of time the New Testament was completed and published, and much valuable preliminary work done on the Old. All this has of course been superseded by the late and admirable Canterbury Revision, but the American Bible Union, by its intelligent advocacy of the subject, did much to prepare the public mind, especially in this country, for an appreciative reception of that valuable work.

Mr. Errett's visit to New York, on the occasion referred to, was greatly enjoyed by him. He made

haste, soon after his arrival, to look up the scenes of his boyish recollections; went to Laight street, found the house he had lived in when he was three years old; visited St. John's steeple and the park, and the place of the Disciples' meeting in St. John's Lane; also the Presbyterian church on Laight street, where Dr. Cox preached, and where he first went to Sunday-school—all appearing much the same as they were thirty years before, so little had that part of the city changed. He went also to Grand street and saw the house in which they were living when his father died; and then to Sullivan street, where they lived afterwards. All these seemed as familiar as they did in his boyish years, and they awakened strange feelings of loneliness, as of one left behind.

At the convention, dinner was served by the ladies of the church, and there was much pleasant social intercourse. He met a number of eminent divines—Dr. Church, editor of the "Chronicle"; Drs. Maclay, Judd, Campbell, Conant, and others. In the afternoon he read his address to about two thousand persons. It was listened to with marked attention, and received with warmest favor. Indeed, he was embarrassed by the manifestations. "After adjournment," he says, "I received the congratulations of quite a large number of Baptist brethren; they could not say enough in praise of the speech. *I never felt so awkward.*"

The address was published, was copied in the sympathetic religious periodicals, and was everywhere approved and commended in highest terms. It contributed much to the extension of his well-earned and richly deserved reputation.

We can but read with pleasure the comments of so discerning a mind upon some of the prominent men

whom he had the pleasure of hearing. Of Dr. Conant he says:

He is a singular looking man, with narrow, long, high head, a wide mouth, and an enormously long nose. He speaks very deliberately, uses the choicest language, and all he says is marked by good sense. There is no energy in his delivery. He is said to be the best Hebrew scholar in the country.

Dr. Eaton gave us a two hours' speech. It was mighty. He is not a good speaker, but the speech itself was manly, frank, fearless, courteous, argumentative, satirical, denunciatory, conciliatory, and almost everything else that was needed. It was truly eloquent.

He went on Sunday evening to hear Henry Ward Beecher:

Found an immense throng assembled. Could scarcely get a seat. The singing was delightful, the whole congregation joining in it. Mr. Beecher has not a devotional appearance. He is about medium size, with a good head and an active brain. He read the hymns in rather a monotonous, unexpressive voice. His prayer had some feeling in it, and yet it seemed to me to be a *half-infidel* performance—a philosophical congratulation of Deity on his infinite beauty and perfection! There was one *feeling* utterance in it, however, —when he sought to bear up that immense audience before God. I sympathized with him, and prayed that he might have wisdom and unction to declare the word of God. He based his sermon on the first seventeen verses of the seventy-third Psalm. His theme was "the moral government of God, as viewed from the standpoint of *reason* and from the standpoint of *faith*." It was an able discourse, evinced much thought and careful elaboration, and had in it some very fine passages. It rose occasionally to real grandeur; but this was not long sustained. Mr. Beecher is not a good elocutionist, nor an orator. He accomplishes much by his

independence; much by his *earnestness;* much by his *wit,* and a great deal by employing his powers of observation during the week, so that he can speak *directly to the people* in their own style. He is occasionally rather undignified in expression, and frequently makes a laugh. He excels in vehement denunciation and satirical rebuke. The tender emotions do not find in him a very faithful delineator. He dwelt too much on the unbelieving side of things. Yet it was a very superior discourse, and I felt much profited in listening to him, and much pleased in studying the man.

Returning to Warren, he resumed for some months his work in the church, though it was frequently intermitted, owing to pressing calls to hold meetings at various points, some of them remote from home.

Among other places he visited Springfield, Illinois, where he preached daily for two or three weeks, with great acceptance and good results, and where he seems to have enjoyed himself very much. It is certain that the people and pastor (J. F. Rowe) greatly enjoyed *him,* and we shall see after a while how earnestly the church sought to induce him to take the place which Mr. Rowe expected to vacate. While here he paid a flying visit to Jacksonville, and called to see Mrs. Sarah King, the first person he ever baptized, and whom he had not seen for thirteen years. She had removed from Pittsburg, and was then residing in Jacksonville, Illinois. Mr. Errett always felt specially interested in her as the first fruit of his ministry, and he tells us that she was "a lady of high standing in society and great firmness of faith."

As already intimated in a previous chapter, he had for a good while been contemplating a removal to Michigan, and this purpose was becoming more and more definite and fixed. He had spent nearly five

years in Warren; he had strengthened and matured himself in all the qualities of a successful minister and pastor; his influence both at home and abroad had become very powerful; and if we did not feel sure that there was a God above who was directing his steps and guiding him through a long and weary and wonderful way, to his predestined eminence, we could but contemplate his removal with regret. Viewed from our low plane, and with our narrow comprehension, it seemed unwise to leave the rich harvest fields where he was reaping so abundantly, and go far away into the wildwoods. But God sent him—as he sent Philip to preach to a single man; sent him from populous Samaria "unto the way that goeth down from Jerusalem unto Gaza; the same is desert."

It required great faith and firmness to break loose from Warren. The opposition to his going was most intense and positive. When the removal first began to be spoken of, this opposition at once manifested itself. The following note from Harmon Austin is but an index to the general feeling:

FEBRUARY 7, 1855.

DEAR BRO. ERRETT,—I have been half sleeping and dreaming all night about your leaving Warren; and if you knew half the anguish of my soul at the thought, you would, I know, be willing to hear a plea in favor of remaining in Warren. You have no idea, my dear brother, how many hearts, both in and out of the church, would bleed over the thought of your going away. And can you not see in the large amount of good that you have been accomplishing in giving strength and courage and correct views to the brethren, and the necessity of perfecting this work so well begun, an argument in favor of remaining? I can not promise what you may do in staying another year, but I

have large faith in the result. Do not, I pray you, leave us for another year at least. And I think by that time you will conclude that you are doing all here that you could do anywhere. Bro. Errett, I can not let you go. Will you not—*will you not remain?* In haste, yours truly,

HARMON AUSTIN.

Brethren abroad took up the strain of earnest deprecation. Dr. S. E. Shepard, of New York City, wrote in August: "You must not leave Ohio. If you are not sufficiently compensated I will contribute liberally myself. It is all wrong for you to leave at this crisis. Hear me, Bro. Errett, *you must not leave.*"

These and similar appeals, which were quite numerous and hearty, may have influenced him to postpone his departure, but still his mind was fully made up to go. He deemed it right and best. And while he was willing to concede something to the feelings and wishes of friends who were so dear, and who had been so true and faithful, he could not sacrifice his own deliberate and matured convictions of duty.

His work in Warren had been most fruitful. He was easily at the head of his profession in the place, and was regarded by the intelligent public with sincere respect and admiration. His preaching had attracted to the audience many of the most cultured citizens of the town, some of them members of other churches. And although he was in no sense a proselyter, it could not fail to occur that his public ministrations would from time to time induce such to take membership in his church. This of course had its natural effect upon ministers and others connected with the congregations thus abandoned. They felt it. It made them sore. We can understand this. In some measure we can

ISAAC ERRETT AT THE AGE OF THIRTY-FIVE.

excuse it. Human nature is weak, and at that time sectarian rivalries and jealousies were very strong. It is to be regretted, however, that in their chagrin and mortification some of these parties condescended to small and unworthy means in their efforts to counteract his influence. In this, however, there was nothing exceptional. Every successful man has had to encounter the same spirit; and every true one, like him, has risen the higher from the attempt to thrust him down. These things are esteemed worthy of mention here only because they serve to indicate the intensity of the sectarianism that prevailed in that day.

It should be a matter of rejoicing to us that Christianity is rapidly passing out of the stage of selfish, narrow and jealous partyism, into a broader and more generous philanthropy, and a truer catholicity. Few men have contributed more than Mr. Errett to promote this movement and foster this spirit.

Finally, on May 4, 1856, he preached in the afternoon his farewell sermon. The house was full to overflowing. Men and women from all the churches, and from the outside world, crowded in along with the home congregation, to show their respect and affection, and to listen to his parting message. As we might have anticipated, it was not an address to the tender feelings. Now, when every heart was full, and ready to overflow with tears, when memory unbidden was calling up the days and years of past fellowships, it had been cheap and easy to produce demonstrations of emotion. He chose rather to avail himself of this prepared state of thought to plant great principles of vital and enduring truth. His topic was "A Pure Christianity the Hope of the World." And for an

hour and a half that vast audience sat and listened with deep, close, rapt attention. I have no notes of this discourse, but I can readily conceive that he would not fail to emphasize the importance of purity in *faith*, in *doctrine*, in *spirit*, and in *life*—and these great truths, falling like seed into good ground, would bring forth much fruit.

Bro. Joseph King had been engaged by the church to be his successor, and the evening service was conducted by him. Mr. Errett could not attend; his heart was too full. Warren was very dear to him. The best work of his life had been done there. It had witnessed his greatest achievements in the ministry, and had rejoiced in his abundant successes. There were friends there who had grappled him to their hearts with hooks of steel—who were proud of him, who trusted him with perfect faith, and who truly and heartily loved him with holiest affection. The motives which prompted the breaking of such ties and the interruption of such fellowship must indeed have been very powerful. His own heart was sorely tried; but, inexplicable as it may seem to us, he felt that the invisible and intangible hand of a mysterious Providence was leading him away, and trustfully he followed on to the far off home, "not knowing what should befall him there."

He began at once to make ready for his removal. He procured boxes for his books; occupied his mind by packing them; prepared his household goods for transportation; attended to the hundred little last things, that will come forward only at the last; called here and there upon dear friends to say good-bye; and on Friday, May 9, 1856, he left with his family for

a new and distant home, to lead a new and unfamiliar life, among a people who were strangers to him.

Alas, too, he and Mrs. Errett went forth, leaving behind them a new-made grave, and with hearts bruised by an immedicable sorrow. Their dear little Leicester King, who had been born to them in Warren, a few months after they had settled there, had died but a little while before they left. He was a sweet child—his young life developing in beauty and intelligence, and his affectionate disposition warming for him a place in his father's and mother's inmost heart. It was their first home grief, and it penetrated like the sword through the soul of Mary. They were bowed down and crushed to the ground. The blow, so sudden and so awful, seemed to this man of God and this believing woman, as it seems to all of us when it comes, an inexplicable mystery. Tenderly the little darling was laid to sleep beneath the roses; tearfully the stricken father leads the stricken mother to visit again and again his lonely resting place—and to pray. And God hears them; their faith fails not; "hope springs immortal" in their breasts; and they are supported.

In his record of the sickness and death of his little boy, Mr. Errett reveals to us the tenderness of his heart, the warmth of his fatherly affection, and the strength of his faith. I must transcribe this record from his private journal. It is beautifully unaffected and simple.

THURSDAY, April 24.—Reached home at five, and found dear little Leicester down with lockjaw. He knew me, and kissed me, and spoke to me. The doctor seemed encouraged to hope that he would recover. Several called in the evening. Retired at ten, but did not sleep much. At two and

a half got up and went in for the doctor. Lettie seemed worse. In the morning went for the doctor again.

FRIDAY.—After 9, Helen* came and stayed with us all day. Up to twelve Lettie seemed to do very well. But all our hopes were crushed suddenly. The disease evidently attacked the heart, and the darling boy died in his mother's arms at about a quarter of one. I could not believe him dead. We worked with him for half an hour until the doctor came. But not the least pulsation could be detected. We were compelled to admit the fearful truth. Lettie was dead! The first lamb of the flock—the first death in our household. It seems terrible, yet he looks so sweet and calm in his slumber that I could not think of waking him. I do not feel like shrinking from the stroke—I am willing to be taught in the school of affliction, and have no doubt that I need the lesson. How beautiful and just the sentiment of Job: "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away—and blessed be the name of the Lord." A great many sympathizing friends have called, and tendered their services, and shown us kindness. It is one of the advantages growing out of afflictions like this, that they call out all the kindlier feelings of the heart, and sanctify the courtesies and amenities of life. Went over to the graveyard with H. Austin and Mr. Powers. After tea went to town, to take in several letters I had written. Returned at ten. We concluded to have no one sit up. I did not sleep much. Not that my mind was troubled, but I was excited over all the events of the day.

SATURDAY.—This has been a sad day. Before breakfast went over with Bro. Williams to the graveyard, and selected a spot in which to bury the body of dear little Lettie. After breakfast went to town. Returned home soon. A great many friends called to sympathize with us. Helen was here all day. Mrs. E. has kept herself busy, to avoid becoming a prey to her sorrow. I have planned a great many things for the funeral to-morrow. In the evening Helen

*Miss Helen King, afterwards Mrs. James Atkins, of Georgia.

and Jennie went over with me to see the grave. Went to bed early, but could not sleep. It has been a very sad day—a day of tears and bitterness of spirit. Yet in it all I feel no desire to murmur. There is a *sweetness* in the assurance that God is in it, and directing it, and I had almost said I am happy in the affliction.

SUNDAY.—I had hoped for a quiet morning, but there have been a great many here, and I have been full of thought about the arrangements for the funeral. Everything was anticipated and provided for. Bro. Bosworth had charge of the services. At half-past one the people were assembled in large numbers. I presume so many have scarcely been seen together at the funeral of a child before in Warren. Bro. B. read one of Mrs. Steele's beautiful hymns on the death of a child, taken from the Unitarian Collection of Hymns. He spoke for perhaps ten minutes very appropriately. Bro. Wakefield offered up a very feeling prayer. Then the people came in to see the sleeping form of our darling boy, as he lay in his coffin. Helen had dressed him in white flannel very neatly indeed. He had a bunch of green leaves and buds in his hand, and another lay on his bosom. He looked *so* sweet in death! Oh it was hard—hard—hard to part with him—dear loving child! But we bade him adieu. My own lips imprinted the last kisses on his cold brow and eyes and cheeks and lips—lips which had so often met mine when warm with life and love—and then the coffin closed, and we bore him away to the grave. Bro. Wakefield made a few very appropriate and touching remarks at the grave; the children sung "There is a happy land," a hymn which Lettie often sung. I then made a few remarks expressive of our appreciation of the sympathy and kindness of our friends and neighbors. Bro. Bosworth prayed, and then we left the form of our sweet boy in the dust, and came away. I have seldom seen so much feeling at a funeral. But oh, it was a strange feeling to turn away from that grave, and leave one of my own children there! But what would it be without

hope? How cheerful a grave where the star of immortality sheds radiance?

Bro. and Sister Bosworth, Bro. Porter Austin, Bro. Wakefield, and Helen came home with us, and took tea. Lucretia Ross and Mary Rusler were also here. After tea they went to meeting, and we remained alone. We retired early, Mrs. E. being much worn down with labor and sorrow.

May the good Lord sanctify this bitter trial for our good, and lift up our affections and hopes to a brighter world. Oh for the dawning of that peaceful Sabbath on which the shades of evening will never be cast! In that day we shall see our dear child again in the home of the blest.

I believe the reader will agree with me that this account of the death and burial of little Lettie is most touching in its child-likeness. The whole scene is photographed. Every little circumstance, however small, is noticed and recorded; and we feel as we read that all of them were, at the time, tender and impressive to him. He does not seek to hide his gratification that so large a company attended the funeral—*more than were ever seen before on a similar occasion in Warren.* And when they came in to see the form of "our darling," it pleased his fatherly heart to note that Helen had dressed him in flannel *very neatly indeed.* This is perfectly unsophisticated—true to nature, and charmingly artless. For the strong man ever—be it Jacob, or David, or Isaac Errett—mastered by a great sorrow, is transformed into a child again.

Of the many who were intimately acquainted with Mr. Errett at the period which we have now reached, very few are still living. Fortunately, however, among the few is a gentleman of rare ability, and most honorable distinction both in the military service and in civil

life—Gen. J. D. Cox, ex-Governor of Ohio. He has kindly contributed from his treasured memories a beautiful portraiture of the man as he then was, together with an admirable analysis of his character and an appreciative estimate of his qualities and powers. Gen. Cox's letter, which I here insert, will be read with peculiar pleasure:

CINCINNATI, December 16, 1892.

MY DEAR MISS ERRETT:—I have delayed a little my reply to your letter, in the hope of more leisure; a hope too often destined to disappointment. My regard for your father dates from a time when we were both young men, just beginning our respective professional work. He was the pastor of the Disciples Church in Warren, and I was just established there as a young lawyer, or perhaps was in superintendence of the village schools before I was admitted to the bar. It must be just about forty years ago.

I was not a member of his congregation or denomination, but was drawn to his Sunday evening sermons by qualities in them and in him which were very attractive to me. Physically, he was tall, lithe and very graceful, a man of fine features and attractive person. His voice was musical and rich, easily heard by a large audience without being loud and without need of exertion or shouting. Its tone was sympathetic and reached the heart; indeed, his whole manner appealed at once to the confidence and sympathy of all whom he met. His genial cheerfulness was like sunshine wherever he went, and the whole community quickly recognized him as a power for good, an elevating, purifying, brightening influence in their midst. His religion was liberal and charitable, and he made people forget sectarian differences when with him, because he forgot them himself, or kept them subordinate to his broad Christian spirit.

To any who were in grief or distress he was a comforter among a thousand. His fellow-feeling was so genuine, his

instinctive knowledge what to do and say was so true, the vibrations of his voice so perfectly harmonized with the occasion, his strong presentation of sustaining faith and cheering thoughts was so effective, that I have always regarded him as a man of rare nature and powers in this direction. I recall his conducting some funeral services in the village where it seemed to me that he was a beautiful embodiment of consolation and of hope. Indeed, I never was quite reconciled to the view of duty which drew him away from the pastoral office for which he was so preëminently fitted. Doubtless his field of usefulness in the editor's chair was wider and his leadership more far-reaching, but his case seemed to me to be one in which the "*nolo episcopari*" might well have been adhered to.

In preaching, he showed large practical sense in meeting thoughtful people on their own ground, appealing to canons of morals and of natural religion which they admitted, and advancing from these by persuasive argument to the more specific doctrines which he wished to teach. He was fully in sympathy with scientific progress, and never made the blunder of putting the truths taught by the created universe in antagonism to those of revelation. He was at home in all the practical affairs of men, and understood their feelings and their temptations. All classes, therefore, felt that he comprehended them and did not preach over their heads. Yet his own intellectual discipline was so good, and his taste so refined, that educated people were equally attracted to him, and perhaps appreciated even more thoroughly than others the skill with which he made profound thoughts appear simple. He was never denunciatory, but always convincing; he did not deal much in terrors, but rather with views which had noble persuasiveness, and stimulated a desire for a higher life. His style was usually direct and conversational, but he could rise to stirring eloquence and poetic beauty. His gestures were natural and appropriate; free, yet not violent, so that matter, words and action all seemed harmonious.

GENERAL J. D. COX.

You have mentioned his debate with Tiffany on Spiritualism, which I reported. My connection with the matter was accidental. I was one of the early students of the phonographic short-hand invented by Isaac Pittman, with the purpose of using it in my profession as a lawyer. An arrangement had been made to have a professional reporter present at the debate, but it failed at the last moment, and stenographers could not then be so easily supplied as now. I was appealed to, and as it was in the vacation of our court, I consented to act as reporter. The result was a considerable volume, now forgotten; but which was an able presentation of the real controversy between modern necromancy and Christian Spiritualism. Mr. Tiffany had been a really able lawyer of Lorain County, and strove to make the most of the philosophical side of Spiritualism, avoiding the discussion of the "rappings" and the "manifestations" as much as possible. Mr. Errett showed that the philosophy, so far as it was true or even plausible, was borrowed from old systems or from Christianity itself, whilst the peculiar and distinctive things that marked it were cheating displays or hysteric oracles without coherence or value. There can be no doubt that the debate marked the turning point in the delusion, so far as the Western Reserve was concerned, and gave Mr. Errett high repute for breadth of mind and strong grasp of sound principles, as well as for great ability in courteous but trenchant debate.

The outbreak of the civil war was an overturning of my own plans of life, and at the end of a dozen years of public duty, your father and I found ourselves thrown together once more as citizens of Cincinnati. But we were both very busy men now in engrossing lines of work, and as we lived in different suburbs, we were almost as far apart for social purposes as if we had been in different counties, Yet we met from time to time with the old confidence and solid friendship, and I was in some measure witness to his great influence and the steady ripening of his strong and rich character as long as he lived. Others know more of this in

those latter years, but of his early work and the brilliant days of his younger manhood I may well speak, for when I helped to carry him to his last resting place there were few left who knew him as I knew him when his life and his powers were young. Faithfully yours,

J. D. COX.

MISS JENNIE R. ERRETT.

CHAPTER XIV.

1856.—MICHIGAN.

Directing Providence.—Rosy prospects.—Journey to Michigan: its delights and tribulations.—"Lansing," the capital of Michigan!—Joltings.—Lyons.—Reaching home, sweet home, in triumph!—The first night there.—A bit of description.—Incidents.—The ideal and the real.—It grows brighter.—Hard work.—Innumerable rocks.—Fever and ague.—Smoke and smudge.—Some of the "company."

Whether the removal to Michigan shall prove to be for good or ill, we shall certainly find much to interest us, both in the journey thither and in the rough and laborious life which Mr. Errett led there. We shall not get away from civilization, but only out of its highways and habits. The people will be peculiar, and their manners and customs strange and odd. We can appreciate to some extent the motives which induced our preacher to retire into the remote woodlands, where, like John the Baptist, he was to become a great "voice crying in the wilderness;" but after all, the true explanation, as I have previously intimated, must be found in the mysterious leadings of a superintending Providence. He was obliged to go. The thought was put into his mind, and kept there until it possessed and dominated him. Everybody was trying to hold him back, but he went. He was offered

powerful inducements to go somewhere else; but he went *there*. The church in Springfield, Ill., wanted him. Judge Logan, of that church, a gentleman of large wealth and great influence, offered to insure him a salary of two thousand dollars and a furnished home if he would go; and morever, to contribute one-tenth of all his income to the local and general interests of the church. It was really a fine opening, and for that day a splendid offer. But it was not accepted. Michigan was the only place in the world for him then. He had been assured that by going there, and becoming a silent partner in a great land and mill company, he would very soon become independent in a worldly point of view, and be able to give his children the educational advantages which he wished them to have. It was not a matter of speculation, but of sound and safe business, to be managed by business men, who were in possession of all the data, and who laid before him the figures in unmistakble black and white. As for his professional work, he was not going out of the "world"—he would still be in his "field"; he could preach to his heart's content; it was the very thing his partners wanted him to do; and what was more, he could preach to people who had greater need of his ministrations than had those in Springfield, or any others who were loudly calling for him. And then it would be an untrammeled life; he would be his own master; and could work when and where and how it might seem good to him. Altogether it was a rose-colored prospect, and it fascinated him.

And indeed there were veritable roses ahead, but for awhile, as we shall see, the thorns predominated,

"for the time of *roses* was not yet." He tried to prepare his family for the great change that awaited them; there would be some discomfort, he told them, and the need of self-denial for a little while, but after a year, or *two years at most*, their solitary place should be glad, and their desert should blossom as the rose! The boys had ecstatic visions of Indians and wildcats, of guns and fishing-tackle, and the ladies, especially Miss Jennie—well, naturally, she was less *visionary!* For a girl the prospect could hardly be enchanting, and it grew less and less so as they drew nearer and nearer to their El Dorado. But the big boat on the lake, which they took at Cleveland, was a fine sight, and their sail gave them a novel experience; and Detroit, which they reached next morning, was a promising introduction to the State of their adoption. And then Bro. Richard Hawley and his accomplished wife insisted upon entertaining the whole family for the two days of their stay, and how delightfully they *could* entertain! Really, if this was a fair specimen of Michigan, it was a pity they had not come sooner!

Early Monday morning they all packed into the stage-coach—father and mother, and Jennie and James, and Russell and Wickliffe, and Joseph Addison and Francis and Frances; and these nine, great and small, with His Excellency, Gov. Bingham, who was returning to the capital, made up a goodly company and a good load. It was a hundred miles to Lansing, and over thirty more to their destination, but what of it? They were all fresh, cheerful, buoyant and hopeful; and as the stage-coach went bowling along over the smooth plank road, passing beautiful villages and well-kept farms, while everybody was looking out to see

"the stage" go by, the boys thought it "perfectly jolly," and in truth the whole party were happy. The Governor was kindly considerate of the children, and full of entertaining talk for the older people; while Paterfamilias was in his very best mood, and laid himself out to make the time pass pleasantly. How very delightful it all was—for a time! But after some hours there were marked changes. The villages now seldom appeared, and even the farm-houses were few, far between, and very poor. The scenery became wild and dreary; but still the coach pressed on hour after hour, farther and farther into the gloomy desolation. And long before this they were all jaded and worn. At length the sun went down, and darkness crept over them, and as they viewed the weird and dismal prospect around them, they could but feel like they had gone out of the world! But still Lansing was before them, and they would reach it some time—Lansing, "the capital of Michigan." The older children had been accustomed in their geography lessons to associate it with Albany, and Harrisburg, and Columbus, and Springfield, and other great capitals, and they longed to feast their eyes upon it, and to enjoy once more the sight of a beautiful city. At length, late in the night, worn out by the tedious and weary day, and feeling sleepy and cross, they reached this haven of rest, and by the faint light of the rising old moon they saw that it was only a small village of common frame houses; the Capitol looked like an Ohio barn, and the streets were full of stumps! Bare and drear, even by moonlight, to the morning's clearer vision the scene at sunrise was disheartening, and the second day's journey began with fear and trembling.

We must try to get over the next thirty miles as quickly as possible, notwithstanding the increase of our load. Another passenger has taken the place of the Governor, besides a portly Irish woman with a baby and a basket, and the plank road is left behind. Henceforth it is wilderness, and swamp, and marsh, and bog, out of whose depths they are kept by a *corduroy road*—an endless succession of logs and poles laid across the track — and the *jolting* of that trip through the dismal swamps, and during the livelong day and until ten o'clock at night, was something to be remembered! To say that they were *worn out* when they reached Lyons, is to use a feeble phrase; and some of them, in their hopelessness, wanted to die then and there before anything worse *could* happen.

But a night's rest in a pleasant hotel, with a good supper and breakfast, helped them up again; and as everything about the town gave tokens of civilization and refinement, they began to feel encouraged and hopeful. Lyons indeed was a pretty little town, at the head of navigation on Grand River, and, for Michigan at that time, an old-settled place. It was surrounded and supported by a fine farming country, for which it was the center of exchange, and which made it a place of considerable commercial importance.

The family all took dinner the first day with Mr. A. L. Soule, who resided in the village, and who was one of the firm in Mr. Errett's new enterprise. The gentlemen discussed the various *pros* and *cons* of their business, the condition and wants of the scattered Disciples in the vicinity, the openings for doing good, together with the difficulties lying in the way, and which would have to be removed or surmounted in order to achieve

the highest success. Mr. Errett was impatient to get his family settled in their new home, two miles out of town, and so in the afternoon he procured a wagon that would convey the whole party, and set out. None of his furniture or stuff shipped from Warren had arrived, so he borrowed three chairs from Mr. Soule, purchased a few indispensable supplies, and thus provided, they all drove up to their destination in triumph! It was a poor, little, forlorn-looking log cabin, built on an elevation near the woodside, with a field and dilapidated worm fence close at hand, while stumps and stones innumerable covered the face of the earth. The family had arrived in a shower of rain, and they made haste to enter their future dwelling-house. The prospect was calculated to dampen enthusiasm. The roof leaked and the walls were dripping. Muddy rivulets were chasing one another from log to log, and across the mud-chinks between, and uniting to form little pools of yellow water on the floor, which, added to previous performances of the same sort, had produced a bad smell—earthy, and most disagreeable. And this now was home! For this they had left all the comforts and luxuries of dear old Warren! They had their trunks, their three chairs, their basket of provisions, and, what was first of all needed for scouring purposes, a pitcher of soft soap; and when these had been placed on the floor—care having been taken to select the dry spots—the women folks sat down and somebody cried; but the boys, the rain having now ceased, rushed out, not, as we might suppose, to shoot an Indian or a wild-cat, but to drive some depredating cattle out of the field, while Mr. Errett, in order perhaps to hide his own "emotions," or may be to

hide from those of wife and daughter, followed the boys and joined in the chase. Such was the beginning of their life in Michigan.

The little cabin contained two rooms and a pantry, besides a small cellar underneath; while overhead was a loft, reached by a rude stairway. The living room had a large fireplace, where very soon a fire was blazing, and the ladies hastening to exchange the luxury of tears for the luxury of work, in a little while made things somewhat shipshape. A large dry-goods box was brought in from some of the back settlements of the place, and speedily transformed into an *extempore* dining table, upon which they placed their supper, which they ate with gladness and singleness of heart. At bed-time the smaller children were made comfortable down stairs with the parents (by what means we shall see presently), the larger boys were consigned to the loft, where, by some more contrivance, a cozy corner had been cut off for Jennie, and in that wretched place the poor child cried nearly all night long. It is true the father had shown them, on the way out from Lyons, his big mill, that was going to make them very rich. He had pointed out the place where the company were going to build their new town, right on the railroad that was soon to be there; he had even carried them out at sunset to look at the beautiful site selected for their future home; and he had not failed to point out by the way a fertile marsh, exactly adapted to the purpose, where their fortune could *easily* be made in raising *cranberries!* But it all could not avail. The real was present and intolerable; the ideal was far away and shadowy; the sun might rise sometime, but it was certainly dark and

dismal now, and it is no wonder that Jennie cried. She had reached out for blossoms, and had found only thorns.

Serious and trying as these early troubles and tribulations were, one can hardly help looking upon them as a sort of joke. The *surprise* which, according to Sydney Smith, is the essential element in wit and humor, is so overwhelming that every other consideration passes out of sight, and we are simply amused. Then the whole thing is so preacher-like. Col. Sellers, with his "millions in it," might well have been represented as a preacher. As for Mr. Errett's mistake—*i. e.*, the immense disparity between the anticipated and the realized in his scheme—it must be said that he was but traveling the same road which the whole tribe had traveled before him; and if the truth must be told, preachers in general are too good for this world! People impose upon them, lead them astray, and then laugh at them for being so simple and trustful. I must say this, however, for the credit of the cloth, that if Mr. Errett's calculations were erroneous, those of his co-partners were equally so, and sure *they* were honorable men, and they had the reputation of being cool, clear-headed, wide-awake and shrewd. But let us not anticipate. There has been no failure *so far*, except in family comforts, and this will be overcome by time.

Near at hand the company had cots and coarse bedding which had been used by their laborers the previous winter, and these supplies, supplemented by straw from the barn, sufficed, as the weather was not cold, to make their condition tolerable, if not comfortable. Little by little, things began to look brighter to them. The woodland scenery around was novel and

attractive, there was an endless variety and rich abundance of beautiful wild flowers, and there were birds and birds everywhere that were happy and tireless in song. The Maple River near by had stores of fish, and the boys soon learned to bring in plenty of game, which abounded all about them. The woods were full of turkeys and pheasants and quail and deer and bears, although it is not here recorded that about this time any *bears* were killed! Wildcats, too, were reported—*in esse* if not *in posse;* and Lo, the poor Indian, with squaw and papooses, with pony and basket and berries, came frequently to barter his "goodly fruits of the earth" for such things as he had need of. Truly it was a fine place for the boys; the mother and Jennie gradually became reconciled to it; and as for the preacher, he was delighted.

Nor did he forget his sacred calling. He had come there under assurances that it would be a fine field for usefulness; and the very first Sunday after his arrival he preached in a hall in Lyons, and entered zealously upon his work. The next Sunday he filled two appointments, one at "the red school-house" of the district, and the other in town. The Sunday following was made sad by the funeral of Miss Sarah Soule, daughter of the beloved A. L. Soule, who had been the shepherd of the flock before Mr. Errett's coming, and who himself was now in failing health. The daughter was a model woman, whose excellencies and virtues I find recorded in many documents, and who is still remembered lovingly by all her surviving friends. Hers was the first grave in the cemetery of the new town.

Mr. Errett's life during this first year in Michigan was extremely laborious. With but little help, he was

obliged to engage in all the ordinary work of the farm —plowing, fence building, driving oxen, hauling in wood, and so forth, including a never-ending "job" of piling up stones. These seemed to be as the sands upon the seashore. There was no getting rid of them. The removal of one stratum only served to reveal "a lower deep." It came to be believed, though upon insufficient evidence, that they extended clean through to China! After a short while, two new partners were taken into the company, but still the business required much of his attention and care. He continued, of course, his ministerial labors, preaching from two to three sermons every Sunday, while the appeals for help and counsel and comfort, and to hold meetings, poured in upon him from Ohio and elsewhere, all demanding, if nothing more, time and thought and the writing of many letters. The mill business, too, for a good while was a serious trouble. The machinery purchased in Ohio was long delayed. Heavy expenses had been incurred, largely upon borrowed capital; hands had been hired, logs cut and hauled, everything made ready, and yet no possibility of returns. When at length they did start up, none of the company understood the business, and they were led into many errors and much unnecessary expense. Before long, all of them except Mr. Errett became discouraged, and even to him the outlook was gloomy. After a while nearly all the family were taken down with "fever and ague," and there was no help to be had, not even a cook. We may imagine that the bill of fare for this hospital was short, and the "viands" not particularly well served. But he held up bravely and cheerfully through it all, and he excogitated for the benefit of his shivering

household a new principle of medical science, which Galen and his successors had strangely overlooked! It was to the effect that agues were among the finest things in the world—that they would shake all diseases out of the system and leave it thereafter in perfect health! Before very long he himself was favored with this blessing, but the presumption is that, like other physicians. he was not much inclined to take his own medicine!

In process of time they all rallied, the summer passed; the work had gone on — in church matters prosperously, in other respects fairly well; the Disciples in town and vicinity had been collected and organized; the preaching in the school-houses had begun to bring forth fruit; and now the soft and dreamy Indian summer came on, but this year the *dolce far niente* to which it invites every one was disturbed. Fires in the neighboring woods had produced a dense smoke, which settled down upon the face of the earth, enveloping all things in gloom. It was as dense almost as a London fog, and much worse, for it was a constant irritation to eyes and throat and lungs. There was not a breath of wind to move it away, and for a long time—how long it must have seemed!—it hung like a pall over and about everything. One could not see his way beyond a very few feet, and it was not safe to venture far. It was a tedious and worrying imprisonment, with never a breath of pure, fresh air.

When at last this perilous visitation was taken away it was winter, the season most favorable to successful evangelistic work. The farmers were not busy, and everything was propitious. The new members of the company had built comfortable homes near the

mill. They were men of marked individuality, and, together with the original partners, made up an interesting social circle. Latin Soule was a good man in his way, but his way was peculiar. He felt himself entitled to rule everything, *jure divino*. It was only in consequence of a mistake in nature that he had not been born Czar of Russia. As it was, he had only a limited empire, but in this his authority was absolute. He ran the business: the other partners merely executed his behests. In short, he was by nature and inclination a "boss," and so positive and self-assertive that every one instinctively yielded to him.

R. L. Robinson, who rejoiced in the *sobriquet* of "Judge," and A. B. Robinson, familiarly known as "Byron," were brothers. Years before this time they had married daughters of A. L. Soule, and had quietly walked in the ways of the family—*i. e.*, in the shadow of the great ruling spirit. Their wives had both died, and they had married again, but they were still true (they had to be) to the traditions of the family—silence and obedience. "Judge" was a thoroughly honest and upright man, of few words, but wonderfully level-headed. He commanded the respect and love of all who knew him, and he became a power for good in that whole community.

Byron was different in characteristics, being rather enthusiastic and impulsive. He was bright and cheery, but thoroughly devoted to the church and to his brother.

The families of these men were very pleasant to the Erretts. Their homes were centers of warmth and cheer; and many happy hours were spent together by the little colony. Tender sorrows were shared with

BENJAMIN SOULE.

R. L. ROBINSON.

A. B. ROBINSON.

A. L. SOULE.

MR. ERRETT'S ASSOCIATES IN THE COMPANY AT MUIR.

each other, as were hopes and fears, victories and failures.

I have introduced the members of the company, because they were so closely associated with Mr. Errett, and their lives and his were for several years intimately mingled. And now, as I write, they are all gone—all but "Uncle Ben," * and he is old and feeble, but still strong in faith and hope. He has not forgotten the song that "Judge" used to sing in the church, and to which he listened with tears in his eyes and hope in his heart; and it seems now to be coming back to him as an echo from the other shore:

Then the friends will meet again,
Who have loved;
Our embraces will be sweet
At our dear Redeemer's feet,
When we meet to part no more,
Who have loved.

The company were all Christians, and the religious feature of the enterprise had been prominent in their minds from the first; indeed it was in view of this that they specially desired to have Mr. Errett associated with them. At length the time had come to enlist every energy in this work. The preaching through the summer had been but a preparation for the winter's concentrated and continuous effort. And now it was to be bravely undertaken, and we shall see with what results.

* Benjamin, brother of A. L. Soule, the fifth member of the company, and next to his brother the most important, now living at Spring Lake, Mich.

CHAPTER XV.

1857———.—MICHIGAN, CONTINUED.

An "open-hearted" people.—Speaking out in meeting.—Revelations from the pews.—A cold immersion.—Mr. Errett's evangelistic work summarized.—Terrible destitution in the country.—"A brief view of missions."—Death of A. L. Soule.—Michigan mosquitoes.—Writing under difficulties.—Characteristics of the Disciples.—"Walks about Jerusalem."—Corresponding secretary A. C. M. S.

The people of Lyons and vicinity, at the time of Mr. Errett's residence among them, were marked by peculiarities of taste and manners that demanded special consideration by one who sought to make Christians of them. They had removed there from various parts of the East—from Ohio and Pennsylvania, from New England and "York State"—and they had thrown off, to a large extent, the restraints of their earlier lives, and were excessively free. Most of them felt at perfect liberty to do just what they pleased, Sunday and Monday, to work, or play, or fish, or hunt, or boat, or whatever else they might desire to do. Many of them were in prosperous circumstances, and in Lyons especially the congregations on Sundays were well dressed and well behaved. A goodly number were educated and intelligent, and nearly all were wide-awake and shrewd. Religiously, they were anything and everything. There were some Methodists

and Baptists, some Presbyterians and Congregationalists, there were Unitarians, Universalists and infidels; but upon the whole there was very little earnestness. Religion in general was merely something to be talked about. Every man had his "views," no matter how he came by them, and he was never backward in proclaiming them. Indeed, people rather prided themselves on living above-board. It was esteemed meritorious to have no concealments on any subject, and even to wash their dirty linen in public. Hence their business, their projects, their domestic infelicities, their marital shortcomings and family broils were spoken of anywhere and everywhere, with the utmost freedom and unreserve. Any person or household seeming inclined to a different course, was looked upon with suspicion and distrust. Everybody was expected, and in a measure required, to live in a glass house.

Being thus "open-hearted," as they called it, they were much inclined, as we say of a child, to "speak out in meeting." In church, as well as out of it, a man would have "something on his mind"—some care, or worry, or fret; things had not gone right with him; somebody had pestered him; he had been troubled by his thoughts respecting certain dark places in theology. For the life of him he could not see how this was to be reconciled with that; in short, he was burdened and wanted relief. Mr. Errett carefully noted these characteristics, and he decided that they must be taken into account in his meetings; that some vent must be provided for the relief of the surcharged minds and feelings of his congregation, especially in his protracted or "revival" services. He therefore, in beginning a series of nightly meetings in the Red

School-house, instituted a preliminary service having special reference to this end. During the time allotted to it, everybody in the house, whether a member of the church or not, whether saint or sinner, believer or skeptic, was invited and encouraged to say whatever he desired. Many embraced the opportunity, and the plan worked well. In the first place it immensely increased their respect for Mr. Errett, and propitiated the people to his cause. Here was a man who was disposed to consider their case and to sympathize with them—a man who was willing to entertain objections and to hear the other side. In practical working, the result, as he had doubtless anticipated, was sometimes grotesque; an indiscriminate commingling of the ludicrous and the serious. They brought in their home troubles and ill humors, not even omitting their marital spats; they reported what this or that one had said, and what they thought and how they felt about it; they gave their ideas about religion, and the Bible, and the church, and the preacher, and his last sermon, and the sermon before the last; and there were confessions of faults and failures, and deep-felt wants; and there were tender and touching appeals by gifted members of the church—the whole medley being interspersed with songs and short prayers, and then followed the sermon. It need not be said that after the "pews" had so perfectly revealed themselves, the "pulpit" knew exactly where to strike, and what was needed. The meetings grew in interest. They became the talk of the community. The truth was pressed home with power and unction, with stirring revelations to the conscience and tender appeals to the heart; the message was carried from house to house, and urged upon indi-

viduals as a personal call to a better life, and soon the harvest began. Young men and young women, husbands and wives, old hard cases who had prided themselves upon their ability to resist every preacher that had come along, yielded to the blessed influence, and consecrated themselves to Christ. After a while the company's new school-house, in their new town of Muir, was finished, and the services were transferred to that place. The winter had been intensely cold. The first Sunday in the new house the thermometer registered *thirty-one degrees below zero;* but such was the interest that had been aroused, the house even on such a day was packed full. At the close of the services the congregation repaired to the river near by, where a number of persons, male and female, who had come prepared, were baptized in a place where the ice had been cut for the purpose. None of them shrank from the ordeal, and not a murmur was heard. As they came up out of the water they were wrapped in warm robes, and sleighs conveyed them in a few moments to houses near by, and nobody suffered from it. But it made a great stir in the community and created a most favorable impression. The people said "it meant business"; and it did show that church and preacher were true to their convictions and *were in earnest*, and from that day they were a power indeed.

To the imagination of persons who know nothing about it, the immersion of subjects on such a day as that seems much more trying than it is in reality. People forget that water, *as* water, can never be colder than thirty-two degrees above zero; and as a matter of fact the water that day was about sixty degrees warmer than the surrounding atmosphere. The bath, conse-

quently, was not disagreeable to the feelings; and no doubt those who stood upon the bank to witness it suffered quite as much from the cold as those who were immersed.

Without following Mr. Errett's evangelistic labors in detail, it will suffice here to summarize in advance the results of his removal to Michigan, and of the arduous and earnest work which he did there. His going to this remote and comparatively wild country seemed very unwise, as we looked at it from the standing-point of Warren, and considered the great influence which he had acquired in the whole region; but God had called him, and his presence went with him. As the result of the Divine blessing upon his faithful labors, about five hundred persons in the county, and about one thousand in that part of the state, were brought to the feet of the great Teacher, and organized into a number of strong and influential churches.

The mill business might be, as it was, poor and discouraging; the comforts of home—though they had been improved, of course, since his first coming—might be meager and unsatisfactory; he might have to plod his way through cold and snow, and over rough roads; he might have to endure many hard experiences in the poor little cabin homes, which constituted the outposts of civilization; he might have to partake of the terrible destitution, amounting well-nigh to starvation, which prevailed in Gratiot and Montcalm Counties; but so long as God was blessing his work and making it fruitful, intimating thus that this was the place for him to work, he turned a deaf ear to the numerous calls and earnest appeals which came to him from the older states.

It was, however, only in the winter time that evangelizing work could be successfully carried on; and after that his Sundays were devoted to maturing the spiritual life of the churches, enlarging their scriptural knowledge and fitting them for self-support. His leisure was devoted to his own studies and to such writing as the times demanded.

Among other calls made upon his facile pen, Bro. Ben Franklin, in his zeal for missions and his ardent devotion to the Missionary Society, of which he was the Corresponding Secretary, urged him at the instance of the Society, to prepare a tract on the missionary field and the importance of missions. "I am satisfied," he wrote, "that such a tract would be useful, and have had it in my mind from the first mention of it to try to induce you to prepare such a tract. Could you be induced to do this noble work? I am of opinion that we should not aim our General Missionary Society simply for foreign fields. We should have State Missionary Societies to punctuate important points in the States. What think you?"

This kind and fraternal letter, while showing the brotherly relations between the two men, shows also the very sensible views of Missionary Societies which Bro. Franklin at that time entertained.

Mr. Errett performed the work to which he was thus called, and produced a tract which is still of great interest and value. It was really a booklet rather than a tract, being a little volume of sixty-four pages. It was entitled "A Brief View of Missions, Ancient and Modern," and was full of rare, and to most persons inaccessible, information. It discussed, first of all, the divine origin of missions, then the

mission of Christ, of the Holy Spirit, of the apostles, of the Church in the first century and in every succeeding century. It next gave a list of all the organized missionary agencies of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, both in this country and abroad; then the labors and results consequent upon these agencies; the fields occupied, the converts made, with many useful tables and statistics. It gave an entertaining and stimulating view of the work of Carey, and Judson, and Oncken, and Pease; and concluded with an eloquent and powerful appeal to the Disciples to emulate these worthy examples. The work was very useful, contributing largely to the development of the missionary spirit.

The trials and troubles of this summer of 1857 were numerous and sore. Father A. L. Soule, one of his dearest friends, and a man of exemplary Christian character and great influence, died, and was buried from the new school-house; fever and ague prostrated Mr. Errett's family, he himself not escaping; church troubles in Springfield, Ill., with which he had no personal connection, were pressed upon his attention, with urgent appeals for his influence; with all this it was a hard year financially, and the mill was not paying. We may imagine how difficult it must have been, with poor health, a sick family and gloomy prospects, to lift his head and his heart above the clouds, and to speak and to write with brightness of expression and cheerfulness of tone. And yet it was at this very time that his "Walks about Jerusalem" was produced. The chapters were published *seriatim* in the "Christian Age," and they attracted, as they deserved to do, very much attention, especially from

the brotherhood. It is no disparagement to him nor to this work to say that it did not in all respects equal some of his later writings, which were composed under more favorable circumstances. And yet no one in reading it would dream of the difficulties that beset the writer. In addition to those already mentioned, much, if not all, of this writing was done under the inexpressible annoyance and irritation of myriads of mosquitoes. The author, fortunately, has never made the acquaintance of the Michigan variety of these little pests, but he understands they are unusually large, vigorous and enterprising. For about two months in the year they swarmed in countless numbers both by day and by night. For protection the natives recommended a "smudge," alias a *smoke*, and a *kind* of smoke which it was belived no self-respecting mosquito would tolerate. The protection, however, was nearly if not quite as serious as the enemy. Mr. Errett's writing was done with a coal-scuttle on either side of him, containing live coals and a little wood to preserve the fire, the whole being covered with weeds, so as to produce an abundance of smoke, and when this enveloped head and face, it will be seen that he wrote under difficulties. In sober fact it was an intolerable nuisance, and one from which there was no escape. Still he felt that he could not intermit his work. The series which he was preparing was needed. It had become specially important to set forth the truth in a tone and spirit different from those to which the brotherhood in most places were becoming accustomed. To enable the reader to appreciate the situation, it should be stated here that the Disciples were a free people. They called no man master. They were

bound by no dictum that could not be clearly supported by the Word of God. Even the utterances of the greatest names among them, their chosen and honored leaders, were freely brought to the standard and test of the Scriptures. These alone were authoritative, and these were final. But it is easy to see that, with such *postulata*, men who were imperfectly equipped, or who were ambitious for place and power, might plausibly, and sometimes unintentionally, *pervert* the Scriptures from their legitimate purpose, using them as a sort of *compelling* force, as though man were to be *driven* rather than *drawn* to Christ. This, in fact, was done, and it could not fail to lead to harshness and bigotry in the advocacy of truth itself, degrading it into a mere partisan badge, and exciting intense and bitter opposition. Those who caught this dogmatic (not to say Pharisaic) spirit began to assume that they were *par excellence* the friends of *the truth* and the representatives of *the cause;* and if any man failed to fall into line and follow this lead, he was looked upon with suspicion, and perhaps held up before the public as being tired of "the good old way." Now this evil and ruinous perversion of the Disciples' true position was *as yet* just beginning to manifest itself. It was in the bud—it might possibly be nipped. While the great masses of the brotherhood *felt* that something was wrong, they were not able to detect it. They were faithful in heart to God and his Word, and yet somehow that Word had seemed of late to lose its loveliness to them. As it came from many pulpits, the gospel itself appeared to be clothed in the habiliments of a stern and harsh and inflexible Mosaism.

Now "Walks about Jerusalem," without directly exposing or even alluding to this state of things, was designed to lead the minds of good and faithful Disciples away from it; to set forth the *same truth*, but in its own divine spirit and life and sweetness. The work was well done, and was largely effective. Its educational value was great, as was its strengthening influence upon those who had been longing for a gospel that was indeed *glad* tidings, that was *attractive*, that had more of *love* than of *law*.

But human nature is weak; and the entire history of Christianity demonstrates the fact that men are strongly predisposed to religious partyism. As was to be expected, therefore, this tendency has continually reappeared among the Disciples; and even to this very day we still find here and there men who seem really to fancy that they are the heaven-honored champions of God's truth, and about the only ones left in the world, but who to the eye of discernment are as truly sectarian in *feeling*, and in *attitude*, as if they were chained to a human creed and subjected to an ecclesiastical hierarchy. The number of these, however, is fortunately not now sufficient to characterize *the body*. The great mass of the brotherhood have emancipated themselves from the influence alluded to, and are striving faithfully to represent the spirit as well as the letter of the truth. As a consequence, the grandeur, the catholicity, and the supreme excellency of the Disciples' position are coming to be better understood and appreciated by the intelligent public. But to lead up to this result, in view of all the complications and difficulties lying in the way, required a steady and skillful hand. And in all this work, as we

shall hereafter see, Mr. Errett's influence was most powerful.

It may easily be supposed that the brethren generally were not satisfied for him to remain in Michigan. They felt that he should occupy a more prominent place, where his influence could be more widespread. Among the numerous letters bearing upon this, I make an extract from one as a sample of many. In January, 1857, Prof. Pendleton, of Bethany College, wrote:

> But now, my beloved brother, what have I told you all this gossip for? It is to add that our Missionary Society wants a corresponding secretary, and I and thousands beside want you to be the man. I will not argue with you, because you can do *that* better than I can. I only say that your best friends and colaborers are dissatisfied with your present position to the field of usefulness, and are complaining that you do not at once come out of it. Can you not allow us to name you at our next anniversary, and have this matter put upon its right and a permanent foundation? Think of it, and let me hear from you soon. The salary is not enough for your family, but that can be easily arranged and a bountiful provision made for the end.

This appeal and similar ones from other able brethren led him first to entertain the proposition, and finally to accept the place. At the anniversary meeting, October 21, he was appointed Corresponding Secretary of the American Christian Missionary Society, still retaining his residence, however, in Michigan.

He entered almost immediately upon his official work, beginning in Richmond, and visiting numerous points in Virginia, at all of which he held interesting and profitable meetings, everywhere developing the missionary spirit and replenishing the missionary treasury.

CHAPTER XVI.

1858–1859.—MICHIGAN, CONTINUED.

An arduous work.—Meetings.—Large ingatherings.—Work as secretary.—Leaving home a sore trial.—Prof. Loos.—A tale of a cat, with hypothetical catastrophes.—Christmas gladness.—Ionia, and a meeting there.—Off again in the broad field.—Meeting with Garfield.—General Convention.—His own account of Michigan.

The office of Corresponding Secretary had not been sought nor desired. Indeed, situated as he was, with a large family living remote from any of the great centers of travel, and with an important and growing work upon his hands, he was naturally quite averse to it. "This is a great burden to me"—so he wrote. "I have no pleasure in it; but they have represented it to me as a matter of life or death to the Society, and in weakness I have yielded. May the Lord direct my steps and enable me to do something worthy of his blessed cause. I know I am not worthy to ask this, but he is able to bestow it."

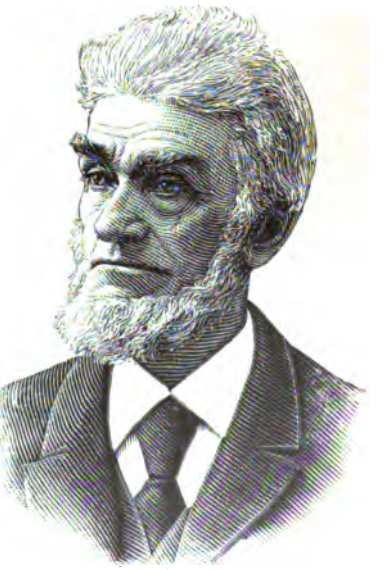
He would probably have persisted in declining the office but for an understanding that permitted him to continue, during certain seasons of the year, the evangelistic work which had been so auspiciously begun in his home field. The winter time especially was mainly devoted to this service; and early in 1858, not long after his return from Virginia, he entered upon this

with great zeal and courage. The work was arduous and trying, but it had its own peculiar interest, and it proved to be exceedingly fruitful. He was deterred by no difficulties, he shrank from no sacrifices, he avoided no labors; he went in to *succeed*, and he fully expected success. He believed that God was with him, and that the weapons of his warfare would be mighty *through* God to the pulling down of strongholds. He carefully *planned* for the meeting. The various elements of influence in the congregation had their places assigned and their special work mapped out. There were to be no laggards, nor drones, nor critics. All were to be of good courage, and to work. Every man, every woman, must be a helper. And how earnestly he prayed for the Divine blessing upon their labors! And with what simple, childlike faith he trusted that that blessing would come. Such single-hearted and all-absorbing devotion to a definite object, and it present and pressing, was irresistible. The brethren caught his enthusiasm; they were fired by his zeal; and they joyfully coöperated with him. The well-to-do among them took their large sleighs and went out into the highways and byways, gathering up the people and bringing them to the meetings. And the preaching that they heard was the "old, old story"—nothing but the plain, simple gospel—faithfully, earnestly, fervently presented, without claptrap or any rhetorical trickery; that was all, but that was enough. It kindled up a divine fire whose light and heat were diffused through the whole community. Men's hearts were warmed, their minds were enlightened; they ceased to brood over the perplexing problems of dark and mysterious *theology*, and began to contemplate *Christianity*, pure

MRS. A. F. CARR.

A. F. CARR.

DARIUS STONE.



JNO. B. WELCH.

IONIA AND MUIR FRIENDS.

and simple. They found that they could understand that. It was common sense. It was exactly what they needed—what they had really wanted, without knowing that there was any such thing. Such has been the experience of myriads of men who have been brought under the influence of the Disciples' preaching. The apostolic gospel, presented from the apostolic standpoint, differs radically from that which distils through the modern sectarianism; and every man who hears it, free from prejudice and passion, *feels* the difference.

It goes without saying that, as the result of Mr. Errett's masterly preaching in this series of meetings, religion came to the front in that neighborhood as the one supreme interest, and multitudes were gathered into the company of the faithful. By the time the harvest had been reaped at one place, other places were ready and waiting and calling for him; and so he went from point to point, preaching, bringing in and building up, until the severe weather of winter had passed away.

Meanwhile he had been corresponding with ministers, elders and churches everywhere, enlisting their coöperation in the missionary work and arranging for prospective tours in the interest of the society.

And now the time has come for him to enter upon this work. The vast field has been carefully mapped, his itinerary fixed, and his appointments for weeks ahead made and published.

We may be sure that his starting forth upon these extended journeys was a sore trial. He was devoted to his family, and he felt that they now especially needed his presence, his counsels and his help. His older sons had reached the age at which boys are

specially dependent upon a father's influence and guidance; and there were two sweet little twins, Frank and Fannie, not yet five years old, who had a very warm place in his heart. Jennie, the elder daughter, always a help and comfort, and who had become a confidential companion, was now off at school at Pleasant Hill, in Pennsylvania; and the dear wife and mother, upon whom so much responsibility devolved, was often sick, and indeed the whole family were constantly liable to fevers and agues. No wonder he shrank from accepting his office. Let us do justice to the strength of faith and the fullness of consecration that made him consent to do so for the sake of Christ and humanity.

He left the first of April for Illinois, visiting the principal places in that state, preaching everywhere he went and taking pledges for the society. After something over a month's absence, he looked in upon his home folks for a few days and was off again for Ohio on the same mission. The month of July, which he spent at home, was burdened with an immense correspondence, besides a "Fourth of July Oration," delivered at Woodward Lake, and the usual Sunday discourses. The latter part of the month was happily brightened by a visit from C. L. Loos, president at that time of Eureka College, Illinois. They had long been intimate friends and colaborers, and they were congenial spirits. President Loos was full of anecdote and incident, a close observer of men and things, entirely free from sham and pretension, and he had a keen and delicate sense of humor. Withal, he was a strong man, a fine scholar, and an excellent preacher. In his pulpit ministrations he was bold, direct, pointed,

and he exhibited some natural eccentricities of manner, accompanied by occasional verbal *explosions*, that riveted the attention and kept up the interest of his audience, from the first word to the last. Of course he preached for Mr. Errett while there, and on the last Sunday of his visit they both preached,—Mr. Loos in the Red School-house, and Mr. Errett in Ionia. The latter hastened home at night, expecting to compare notes with his brother minister, who was to return to his college next morning; but, instead of the feast of reason which he had expected, he found the President gloomy and taciturn. Surely he had not made a failure that day! Of all men he was least in the habit of making failures. But just as little was he given to the half-melancholy and absent mood, from which now it seemed impossible to rally him. What could be the matter! At length, after much questioning, the trouble began to be revealed, and those who see only the ludicrous phases of it will do well to put themselves in his place.

The poor President's mind, so he gave his friend to understand, was "sorely worried about *that cat*"! Here was a mystery, deep and dark. What cat? What had he to *do* with a cat? And why should *he* be worried by *any* cat? He seemed disinclined to "let the cat out of the bag;" but after a good deal of skillful *catechising*, he finally made a clean breast of it.

It turned out that there was a little man and brother at church that day, a man well known to Mr. Errett and heartily appreciated by him, a solemn little man, who had approached the President after the close of the service, and had begged, somewhat pathetically, that he would take with him to Detroit the next day,

in a basket, a certain valuable and gifted little cat! and deliver the same at such and such a street and number! The preacher, in the goodness of his heart, and in his impatience to end the conversation at the church door, had foolishly consented; and now every time he thought of it made him more and more miserable. He might manage the thing, so he supposed, on the cars, by thrusting it under a seat somewhere and affecting to have no connection with it. But when he arrived! Think of his lugging a mewing cat through the streets of Detroit! *He* would not know what to do for a distressed cat!

Mine host took in the situation in a moment, and proceeded forthwith to administer comfort by suggesting all manner of possible occurrences and laughable *contretemps!* He could not give him *categorical* instruction as to the best means of soothing a crying puss—his reading on that subject having been limited—but he would venture to suggest *milk* as a promising experiment! Then he proceeded to give his idea—somewhat crude, he admitted—as to the best way of *administering* the milk; and his picture of the whole scene attending the administration, drawn in realistic detail, was simply irresistible. What he chiefly feared, however, was that the cat, after reaching the city, might escape from the basket, and have to be chased down the street, amid the huzzas of the gamins and the enthusiastic cheers of an appreciative public. And so he went on, pouring his Sydney Smith cordial into his guest, until even *his* melancholy gave way, and together they laughed till the woods around rang again. And it was good for them—good for their souls and their bodies. Certainly, from a hygienic

point of view, it was better than Mr. Errett's most efficacious ague-shakes had been!

But pussy lost her ride. For when the solemn little man came to understand next morning, from a sort of *quasi* confidential communication made to him by Mr. Errett at the station, that the man who preached yesterday was a great *professor!*—professor in a *college!* he readily perceived that he was not the sort of man *to be trusted with a valuable cat!*

It was about this time that Mr. Errett withdrew from the mill and lumber business, though he still retained his interest in certain lands owned by the company. He had made little or no money out of the venture. I hope he did not lose much. At any rate he was now foot-loose and free, and I am sure he felt the happier for it.

The remainder of this year was devoted almost exclusively to his official duties. He made a long tour through Kentucky, and, after a brief visit home, another through Virginia. But it is not deemed necessary for us to accompany him on these fatiguing journeys. While they were marked here and there by incidents and occurrences of special interest, it is enough for us to see that with great enterprise and industry, and great self-sacrifice as well, he was laboriously cultivating his large field, and reaping its harvests for the missionary cause. Meanwhile the good wife and mother at home is deserving of equal praise and honor for giving him to this holy service. Her life during his absence was lonely, dreary and desolate, to the last degree of human endurance. But now at the close of the year he is with her again, cheering, comforting, brightening, blessing her, and the whole

household beams with Christmas gladness, made all the gladder by his presence. And how delightfully he entertained them all with accounts of his journeys, the places he had seen, the people he had met, their manners and customs, and the strange and singular characters he had encountered! And how delighted *they* were to tell him of all that had happened on the place, and in the town and the neighborhood, while he was away! No wonder these home-comings were looked forward to as the great holidays of the year. They were like sunbursts upon their usually clouded and darkened lives.

In the early days of 1859, he began what proved to be a great meeting in Ionia, his county-seat. It was, for Michigan, an old-settled place, and even at that time a town of no little importance. There were churches and schools, and good society, and the people were prosperous—some of them wealthy; but there was not a single disciple of Mr. Errett's "faith and order" in the town.

His fame had gone abroad through all that region, and at Ionia, where some of the more notable converts were well known, there was a great desire to see and hear this wonderful preacher who was making desert places blossom as the rose. So an appointment was made. The day came, and there was a grand hearing. He was urged to return at an early day. Among those delighted hearers was Rev. Mr. Landis, the Presbyterian preacher, who so admired the man and so approved his sermon that he invited him to fill his pulpit on several occasions, greatly to the delight of his flock and the religiously "unhoused" of the community. This led at last to a series of meetings

UNCLE BEN HARTER.

AUNT POLLY DYE.

R. N. DYE.

IONIA, MICHIGAN.

in this church, and all things looked promising for a union with this congregation. The pastor was a man of fine culture, a generous, liberal minded man, and his people were ready for the happy change. The interest deepened and widened till the sweet, ever new, but old, old story began to be told and eagerly accepted. Then the alarm was sounded, and pastor and officers of the church hurriedly closed the gates to save their flock from the truth and the preacher of glad tidings. But dull ears had been won to hear, hearts had been touched, spirits quickened, friends gained. Two of these, Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Carr, were steadfast and enthusiastic in their devotion. The latter was a member of Mr. Landis' church, and the former as good a man perhaps as ever lived *out* of the church. He was a clean, pure, upright and unselfish man, diligently attending all the services, and heartily interested in the success of the movement. Everything he had—home, time, money, influence—was consecrated to it—except himself. His excellent wife was built upon the same model—a gentle, generous, sweet-spirited, thoroughgoing, whole-souled woman. Mr. Carr, aided by R. N. Dye; his wife, Aunt Polly; Uncle Ben Harter, and a few others, secured and insured him a place to preach in, and the campaign opened, and opened, of course, with a plain, honest, earnest and unanswerable presentation of the first principles of the gospel. As in the days of Paul, so now, the world was turned upside down by them. The people had never heard the like. They began to talk and to argue with one another on the streets, and to search the Scriptures whether these things were so. The churches became alarmed; opposition was aroused; persecution in its

mild American form was resorted to; but none of these things moved him, and none of them obstructed his work. They rather promoted it. On and on, night after night he preached the simple word of truth, in the spirit of its Divine Author, and it triumphed. In a little while he organized a strong church of zealous and faithful men and women—many of them persons of influence and weight in the town; and that organization, largely increased afterwards, is still there, a monument to his faithful and efficient labors.

This was followed by a two weeks' meeting in St. Louis, Mo., and that by a whole month of delightful and successful labor in the city of Baltimore. To the good people here he seemed especially to endear himself. They took him into their very hearts; and the love which they learned to feel for him then never wavered, but grew warmer and stronger with the years; and their children to this day hold his name, his example and his work in grateful and affectionate remembrance.

He could give himself only a few days at home before leaving again for St. Louis to attend the semi-annual convention (April 30); and thence, in order to fill a long list of appointments, it was necessary to go directly to Virginia, on a tour of two full months.

When he reached home, July 2, the sickly season had set in. The natives called it a "malarial year," and I think Mr. Errett's must have been peculiarly a malarial place. Some of the family were sick nearly all the time. He could not and would not leave them until their skies brightened. Of course he himself had chills. And Russell was badly bitten by a dog—so badly that his case gave great anxiety. Upon the

whole, though he spent nearly two months of the summer at home, it was anything but a cheerful summer. and all the while, when not actually down, he was visiting among his shepherdless flocks, and preaching for them on Sundays.

August 29 he left with Jennie, who was returning to school, and at Cleveland, where he was to part from her, they were met by his life-long and bosom friend, J. A. Garfield, who was then a professor in Hiram College. Garfield was a younger man than Mr. Errett, and his mind was just beginning to turn from exclusively academic and religious pursuits to the field of politics. He was there to advise with his trusted and honored friend. No record was made of this conversation, but Jennie, who was present, remembers that there were words of earnest entreaty and brotherly solicitude. It seems that Mr. Errett was afraid that in the great maelström of politics the Christian faith and perfect integrity of his beloved brother would be swallowed up. Doubtless he gave him faithful counsel—perchance warned him of the perils that lay before him. He would succeed, with his great talent, and with the current of popular favor setting towards him, he would be sure to succeed—but was that the best success? Was political honor the highest honor? The truth, which he so well understood, and the Lord, whom he so devotedly loved, had superior claims upon him, which no earthly temptation must lead him to compromise. We do not know precisely what was said, nor how it was put, but we gather from Jennie's faint remembrance that it was somewhat in this strain. Nor need we doubt that these affectionate counsels and warnings, given by one for whom Garfield had always

the profoundest respect, fell as seed into good ground. The younger man would carry out his purpose, but he would go into politics with mind and heart braced to withstand the assaults of the wicked one, and resolved ever to honor his religious profession and to keep fast hold upon his integrity. And we know that during all his trying life, and in his tragic death, he was a faithful and consistent Christian.

And now, leaving Jennie to go alone to her school in Pennsylvania, he proceeds to Kentucky, where he labors in the interest of missions till the annual meeting of the Society in October. This was one of the best meetings it had ever had. He says of the Wednesday session: "An immense gathering. Afternoon occupied with short and hortatory speeches. A grand time." And on Thursday: "Had a solemn meeting for prayer at 8. Business at 10. Many capital speeches. Evening, Procter and Lard gave us two good speeches." And Friday was "another day of fine interest. G. Campbell gave us a good *Hoosier* speech at night. The parting hour came—sad and affecting. Went home feeling sad and lonely, and yet very thankful for the great success of the meeting." Evidently his two years' work was bringing forth fruit. The missionary spirit was kindling up into a flame.

He closed up the year with another meeting in Ionia. The conditions were extremely unfavorable, for he says: "The meeting met with the combined opposition of the other churches, and of some influential outsiders. However, it proved amazingly successful against all these odds, and resulted finally in a large and influential accession of converts." We may say in the language of Paul, "A great door and

effectual was opened unto him, and there were many adversaries."

In the "Standard" of February 11, 1882, Mr. Errett published an entertaining account of a trip which he had recently made to Michigan. In alluding to the early period of his ministry in Lyons and Muir, he recalls certain facts which will be read here with interest:

We succeeded in exciting much curiosity and much opposition, but for a long time there were no indications of anything beyond this. The simple gospel was to the people a puzzle in its simplicity. It was, in some respects, so different from anything they had been taught as to excite suspicion rather than faith, and the most extravagant and absurd stories were put in circulation as to the faith and practice of the "Campbellites," necessarily making the people cautious; and as we were strangers to them, they knew not how far to trust our declarations or accept our teaching. In the midst of these discouragements we received a letter from Judge Logan, of Springfield, Illinois, urging us to undertake a special mission for a few weeks, saying that he would give us the proceeds of a very important suit he was then prosecuting, if we accepted the work. As we were getting nothing where we were, and there was no promise of favorable results; as, moreover, we had a deep interest in the task Judge Logan proposed to us, we laid this letter before the brethren at Muir, stating to them our desire to accept the proposition. After much deliberation, it was determined that we should go, unless the meetings of the next Lord's day should furnish reasons to the contrary, the company that went from Ohio deciding that if the people of that region would not receive the gospel, they would "pull up stakes" and locate in some other region. Everything was left to depend on the issues of the coming Lord's day, and the whole matter was earnestly committed to God in prayer. When that day arrived there was a surprising turn in affairs.

Several of the principal farmers with their families came many miles to the meeting, showing a special interest in our worship, and especially in the observance of the Lord's Supper. There was much tender feeling. Two young ladies expressed their desire to become Christians. The farmers in the region of the Stone school-house expressed a strong desire for a renewal of the meetings at that point, as they had now more leisure and would attend regularly. The tide had turned. It was resolved that we should not go to Springfield, but renew the meetings at the Stone school-house. Some years afterwards, when on a visit to Springfield, Judge Logan, whose guest we were, led us about the grounds, to view his handsome outbuildings, saying, "These were built with the money earned in that lawsuit; if you had accepted my proposition, it would all have been yours." Having a very slender purse, we will not deny the uprising of a momentary wish that we had taken him at his word; but on mature thought we were better satisfied with tbe rich spiritual gains secured by remaining at our post. From that Lord's day forward it was a continual succession of gospel triumphs, until hundreds were numbered among the trophies of redeemed grace, mostly from the substantial farmers of that region. Ionia heard of the great religious stir, and sent a request that they might hear this new preaching. At the Yates school-house, also, in Ronald, at the Jennings school-house, the doors were opened and the people flocked to hear. The interest became general. Eli Regal, of blessed memory—one of the truest and noblest of men—with his devoted family, moved in, and became a true yokefellow in the work, wielding a large influence and greatly relieving us of the burden of toil and care that we had borne alone. Multitudes turned to the Lord.

I have been furnished by kind friends with numerous interesting incidents connected with the work in Muir and vicinity, which space will not permit me to use.

In order to give a connected, though epitomized account of his public and especially his official labors during this year, I have designedly pretermitted several matters of interest and importance, some of which will require special consideration and uninterrupted discussion. These will be brought forward in the next chapter. I can not better close the present one than by giving Mr. Errett's own reflections:

This has been a busy year—full of toil, and full of success, too, and marked by some severe trials, and by innumerable mercies. Its blessings have far outweighed its trials, and there is abundant reason to thank God and take courage. May the hand of the Lord still be on me for good. I have a happy consciousness that God is blessing me; and although it seems to me to be great presumption to think that I am living in nearness to him, he makes me know again and again, in many touching ways, that *he is living near to me*. Blessed be his holy name forever and ever.

CHAPTER XVII.

1859.—MICHIGAN, CONTINUED.

Improved quarters.—Naming a town.—A puzzle for future antiquaries.—An epidemic of donation parties.—One of these parties.—Pardee Butler and the Missionary Society.—A letter from Mr. Errett.—Another society.—Garfield in trouble.—A letter from him.—John Boggs.

It has not been deemed necessary to say that Mr. Errett, after his removal to Michigan, made haste to improve his log-cabin and render it habitable. The roof was repaired, two or three rooms were built on as an addition, the main house was overhauled, and the result was a "sweet home," which was perhaps as comfortable within as it was unsightly without. No great expense had been incurred. Money as yet was scarce, and the idea was that, when the financial tide should set in, an elegant, new and commodious house was to be erected on that beautiful and picturesque site, of which mention has been made. The site, in this year of grace 1859, is still there, and still unoccupied! But the last payment has been made upon the farm, and with the incubus of debt removed, the pleasant dream comes back, and he begins to look forward confidently to the realization of his hopes.

Meanwhile, the company's town has grown apace, having acquired a local habitation and a *name*. The

latter was a matter of some difficulty, owing chiefly to the embarrassment of riches. Among the numerous designations proposed was one urged by a woman from the Emerald Isle. She eloquently advocated the name, "Lily of the Valley." But for a good while the place was known as "Montrose." Future archæologists may determine from these facts, if they can, whether the location was really in a *valley* or on a *mount*. Happily we are spared that trouble, as the place was finally named Muir, in honor of a prominent railroad officer. Muir was now a flourishing little town. There were several stores, a school-house, "the mill," a blacksmith shop, and even a hotel, kept by a worthy man, and, of course, well kept. It was about this time, as many will remember, that the epidemic of donation parties had become violent. It was particularly severe throughout the West, and no lone and unprotected preacher could feel safe. He never knew, when he arose in the morning, but that he might be attacked by a lurking donation party at night. There was no guarding against it, and when it did make its appearance there was nothing to be done but surrender at discretion and try to feel happy, from "a sense of duty." As a matter of course, Mr. Errett did not escape the visitation, but owing to the kindness of mine host at the inn, some of its worst symptoms were warded off. The hotel was given up to the party, and the people came from all the region round about—from Ionia and Lyons, from Yates' School-house and the Red School-house, from Muir and its vicinity—loaded down with boxes and baskets and bundles and bags, with hams and jams and cans, with flour and sugar and salt and syrup. It was tremendous! It was

overwhelming! Like the man in the parable, the preacher had no room where to bestow his fruits and his goods. But he managed it somehow. And we may as well say here, since the custom has pretty much fallen into "innocuous desuetude," that a better way to treat a pastor is to give him a little more salary and a little less donation party. Those "surprises" were always well meant, and they exhibited much good feeling and generosity; but they had their drawbacks!

I have, however, specially appropriated this chapter to the consideration of a matter that is more obviously disagreeable. I allude to a sort of estrangement that grew up between Mr. Errett and a few of his best friends, resulting in attacks upon him which were quite uncalled for, but which we can now perceive grew out of honest mistake and intense anti-slavery feeling. Fortunately, thirty years and more have intervened, and we can now review the whole subject in perfect coolness and composure.

Pardee Butler was an extreme anti-slavery man. He believed that American slavery was sinful, and every slaveholder a sinner, who was unworthy of Christian fellowship. He felt it to be his duty to agitate the subject and to preach against the institution wherever he went, using the strong, uncompromising and irritating language which characterized many of the political utterances of that day. He had, in consequence, gotten into some trouble in Kansas where there were many Southerners from the slave-holding states, who were as hot and determined on their side as he was on his; and now, in order to continue his labors there, he wrote to Mr. Errett, the corresponding

secretary, for aid from the Missionary Society. This was in April, 1858. Mr. Errett replied that his letter had been submitted to the Board, that he expected a favorable report upon it, and thought that money could be raised to help him in Kansas, "*provided*," said he, "we are satisfied on two or three points."

The gist of these was the fear that "if our Board were to employ you," Bro. Boggs "would immediately publish it to the world as an anti-slavery triumph—seek to rally the brethren of the North to your support on anti-slavery grounds, and endeavor to make a breach between the brethren North and South. This we are determined to avoid. It must, therefore, be distinctly understood, that if we embark in a missionary enterprise in Kansas, this question of slavery and anti-slavery must be ignored; and our missionaries must not be ensnared into such utterances as the 'Northwestern Christian Magazine' can publish to the world, to add fuel to the flame already burning in our churches on this question. As an anti-slavery man, I sympathize much with you. I share your feelings, but in the missionary work I know nothing of slavery or anti-slavery."

The correspondence is long, and very little of it would now be read with interest. The substance of it is contained in quotation and reply as found in Mr. Errett's second letter, from which I make a brief extract:

> In your excitement you have raised a false issue, asking, "What right have you or the Missionary Society to ordain that I, a preacher of the gospel and a freeman in Christ Jesus, shall not teach a master his duties to his servant, according to the Bible?" I reply that nothing has been said

against teaching a master his duties according to the Bible, nor (what is just as important) against teaching servants their duties to their masters, according to the Bible—according to the instructions given to evangelists (I. Timothy vi. 1–4).

My remarks, as the whole letter will show, had reference to the question of slavery *in Kansas*. The forms it takes on there are very different from the duties masters owe their servants according to the Bible. It is whether a slave-holder is necessarily a sinner, unfit for membership in the Christian Church—a blood-thirsty oppressor, whose money is the "price of blood," and would "pollute" the treasury of the Lord, etc., etc. And, on the other hand, whether American slavery is a divine institution, the perfection of society for the African race, and essential to their happiness; while all abolitionists are fit only for the madhouse or the penitentiary. These and such like are the *forms* the question of slavery assumes in Kansas. . . . And we can not consent that on one side or the other such pleas shall be made, under the sanction of the American Christian Missionary Society.

Viewing the subject as we can now do, without bias or passion, every one must admit that Mr. Errett's position was manifestly correct. The Missionary Society represented the whole brotherhood. Its funds had been contributed largely, if not mostly, by the slave-holding brethren; and now to take their money and use it to support an anti-slavery propaganda would certainly have been bad faith to them and ruinous to the Society. But in the overheated excitement of the times many persons lost sight of this fact, and the criticisms poured in thick, and fast, and hot.

"The letters," said the "Christian Luminary," "speak for themselves, and should be carefully read by every true disciple of Jesus Christ. They show

clearly that Bro. Butler has nothing to expect from the Missionary Society unless he will suffer himself to be *gagged* on the whole subject of slavery." Mr. Errett was published as "the pliant tool of a slave-holding aristocracy, ready to explain away his former position and cringingly deny that he ever considered slave-holding of sufficient importance to disturb church fellowship." Speaking of his sermon on Civil Government, it was said: "We can not but *pity* the man whom, had he not proved a traitor to those heaven-born principles, we should have delighted most of all to honor."*

But in truth he had not changed. As a *man* his principles were what they had ever been, but as *secretary* of the *Society* his relations demanded a discreet and prudent course. In a letter published in 1859, he defined his position. He said:

*It is proper to state here that a part of the present volume was originally published in the "Christian Standard," under the title of "Preliminary Sketches." After the appearance of the above facts, in said paper, I received a letter from Mrs. Rosetta B. Hastings, daughter of Pardee Butler, taking exceptions to some of them. She quotes from her father's "Personal Recollections" as follows: "I had inherited intense anti-slavery convictions, but I had learned from the writings of Mr. Campbell to judge slave-holders with charitable judgment." I venture to add that he had probably been taught this also by a Greater than Mr. Campbell. I have not assailed his religious feelings. She also quotes from a letter of his, written about this time, in which he says: "I will bear very long with error, where mutual discussion and free interchange of thought promise ultimately to bring all to be of the same mind." And this brings out the very point that was considered: he wished, as the *representative of the Missionary Society*, while acting as their missionary, and supported by them, to be free to carry on this discussion. Mrs. Hastings must see that that would have been committing the society to his side of the question; and the fact that he so warmly resented Mr. Errett's letter, regarding it as a "gag," is proof conclusive of *what he meant to do*. It is clear to my own mind that the *documentary facts*, which I have recorded abundantly, justify all that I have said of him.

I am an anti-slavery man. This is known to the brethren, East, West, North and South. All my intimate anti-slavery friends know that I never was the friend of church-secession doctrines; that I have always insisted that slave-holding was not a sufficient reason for disturbing church fellowship; and that we had no right to repudiate Dr. Barclay in the light of any facts known to me in his connection with slavery. . . , I do not regard slave-holders' money as 'the price of blood.' The Scriptures do not thus speak of it. There are multitudes in the South whom I honor and love as being the possessors of many noble and shining qualities of heart and soul; and the fact of their being involved in the misfortunes and evils of a system entailed on them, and in reference to which their education and surroundings give them different views from mine, can not justify me in denouncing them as Judases, or stigmatizing them as robbers or oppressors. . . . I have just returned from Eastern Virginia, where I obtained subscriptions to the amount of nearly three thousand dollars to the missionary cause. While my anti-slavery views and feelings were well known, I have it to say, for the honor of the Virginia brethren, that not the slightest difficulty was thrown in my way, nor the slightest allusion made to it, except I led the way. Could I witness an equal magnanimity in the North, I should have brighter hopes of the success with which the cause of missions ought to be crowned.

We should do great injustice to those who could not appreciate these sentiments, which were honorable alike to his intellect and his heart, if we failed to remember that the time was 1858–9. The public mind was wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement, and the slavery question overshadowed all others. The political, the social, the ecclesiastical atmosphere was charged with it. Men breathed it, lying down and rising up. Fire-eaters South and fire-eaters North were busy fanning the flames of sectional strife. And

on this question of slavery every man believed himself infallible. "Orthodoxy was my doxy." Our party was right, and they were all saints; the other party was wrong, and they were all desperately wicked. Mr. Errett's temperate and well considered views were urged against him as a reproach. He had fallen from anti-slavery grace. He had eaten with the uncircumcised. He had abandoned his former principles. He was a traitor to the sacred cause. He had sold himself for gold. He was a reed shaken with the wind—a mere weakling who could not stand up manfully for the right, and who should, therefore, no longer be followed and trusted. He was denounced from the pulpit, and the press waged bitter, relentless war against him. His Michigan field of labor was flooded with documents attacking his honesty, and calling him hard names. And this was the man who was corresponding secretary of the American Christian Missionary Society! As a matter of course, the Society could not be countenanced nor supported. Steps were taken to form another, a distinctively Anti-Slavery Missionary Society. Delegates met in Indianapolis and organized, but they were not numerous; and beyond supporting Pardee Putler in Kansas for a time, without any "gag" in his mouth, they accomplished very little. While the prevailing sentiment in the churches North was anti-slavery, it turned out that very few of the Disciples, comparatively, were extremists. Those few, however, were so full of zeal that they made themselves heard and felt.

Garfield was at this time having a trouble similar to Mr. Errett's, in the Eclectic Institute, and from the same source. The following letter from a man who

subsequently became so distinguished will be read with interest:

HIRAM, May 3, 1859.

DEAR BRO. ERRETT:

Yours of the 27th ult. was duly received. We have nearly reached the conclusion of another year, and the Eclectic is again in the same suppliant posture of last year. They are now, however, making an effort to raise money, and are meeting with fair success. The trustees are to meet in about ten days, and I do n't know that it will be possible for me to get away from them. Unless something more than I know of should transpire, I suppose I shall be obliged to remain. There has been an attempt to throw the abolition stench around us, and I have resisted successfully, though not without bringing down upon me the small thunder of a few rampant ones. While I stay here, the school shall never be given up to an overheated and brainless faction. I know you can sympathize with me. I have the misfortune to be in bad odor with the two extremes of view, but I think it will all come out right.

I should be pleased for many reasons to go to Muir, but I see no prospect at present that I can do so. . . . I hope to hear from you again, and know of your success.

Lucretia joins in love to you.

Ever your brother,

J. A. GARFIELD.

It will be noted as an instructive fact that these two men, who climbed to places of highest renown in their respective walks—Garfield in the State, and Errett in the Church—were *moderate men;* men of calm and judicial minds, who were not swept away by the tides of passion that were surging around them. The superheated partisan, like the overzealous advocate, is apt to see facts in false colors, and to represent them accordingly. The upright and impartial judge and jury

hear both sides, and weigh all the law and the testimony.

It is due to the truth of history to state that many of those who at this period were most ardently opposed to Mr. Errett afterwards became, as they had previously been, his steadfast and devoted friends. Indeed, their personal relations, while of course to some extent disturbed, were never broken. This is especially true of Elder John Boggs, the editor of the "Christian Luminary," who up to the day of Mr. Errett's death was warmly and faithfully attached to him. In a recent letter he says:

> It is difficult for me to single out particular incidents in his life, inasmuch as its whole tenor was on a much higher plane than the average, even of good men. The more intimate my acquaintance with him became, the higher was my estimate of his moral worth and the versatility of his talents. He hated meanness with a most intense hatred. . . . I regard his public life as one grand poem, which I hope to see fully set before the readers of the "Standard" in the forthcoming biographical sketches.

The reader will have a higher appreciation of Elder Boggs' true character, its perfect honesty, frankness and unreserve, when I state, as I do with great pleasure, that I am indebted to his generous kindness for copies of the "Christian Luminary," from which I have largely quoted in this chapter—copies which he might have withheld, and which were not elsewhere accessible to me. I shall be greatly disappointed if the candid presentation which I have given of the whole matter does not enhance rather than depreciate his reputation.

CHAPTER XVIII.

1860–1861—MICHIGAN, CONTINUED.

The tendency among the Disciples.—A retrospect.—Taste for controversy.—"Churches of Christ" *vs.* "The Church of Christ."—Petty leaders.—A new use of "conscience." Per contra.—Abraham Lincoln.—Co-editor of the "Harbinger."—Valuable extracts.

The Disciples, in the progress of their movement, tended to develop into two distinct types. In this they were not peculiar. Most religious bodies, especially such as have grown into great power and influence, have been characterized, sooner or later, by a similar tendency. The primitive church was thus marked and disturbed, and every succeeding age has produced an abundant crop of irreconcilable diversities. One is almost ready to conclude that the Church of Christ, like the planets in the heavens, in order to move in its appointed orbit, must be subjected always to the simultaneous influence of two opposing forces. Certain it is that the church has always contained active and earnest representatives of such forces; and in proportion as these forces have been allowed harmoniously to blend in its life and work, it has been kept at once *pure* and *efficient*. Conservatism, alone, leads to spiritual stagnation and ecclesiastical tyranny; progressiveness, alone, runs into dangerous extremes—gets away from essential principles, and compromises

JOHN BOGGS.

the truth. It is the combination of the two, and not an exaggerated emphasis upon either one, that constitutes real soundness in the faith. So far, although the strain towards separation has often been very great, the Disciples have succeeded in retaining this combination. The reason appears to be because *the same men* who have been most truly progressive have been at the same time most truly conservative. Sporadic cases of false and reckless progressiveism have from time to time appeared, and similar cases of base and spurious conservatism; but the real heart and life and intelligence of the brotherhood have been at once true to their principles and awake to the duties which those principles make binding upon them.

The Disciples had to grow into a full comprehension of these things, and some of them are not grown yet. When, in the natural order of development, the issue first came to the front, very few really understood it, and many wild and inconsiderate utterances were made, and many untenable positions assumed. The peculiar phases which the subject exhibited in the Disciples' case are worthy of close attention and careful study; and as Mr. Errett was in the very thickest of the fight, it is deemed necessary here to cast some light upon the subject, as it will enable us better to understand and appreciate his later life and labors.

Let it be remembered, then, that in the beginning of the Disciples' great movement the formation of an organization separate and distinct from the religious bodies then in existence was not contemplated. The purpose was, first of all, to overcome the spirit of rivalry and antagonism among the people of God; secondly, to promote the spirit of Christian love and

fellowship; and, finally, to seek a basis upon which all Christians might stand and worship together, in mutual esteem and affection. Unfortunately, there was no single body of Christians prepared to respond to these benevolent sentiments. Christian union was opposed; divisions in the body of Christ were defended. And when it was pointed out that no human creed could possibly serve as the basis of a general Christian union, and that the Bible alone must be such basis, the opposition aroused was intense and bitter. Meanwhile, the advocates of the Bible alone, having emancipated their minds from the dominion of human creeds and theological systems, and studying the Bible in its own clear and unrefracted light, had made, as they believed, discoveries which were of capital importance and of far-reaching consequence. In brief, that every single denomination had, in one way or another—in its faith, in its doctrines, in its ordinances, in its evangelizing practices—departed from the original ground occupied by the apostles and primitive Christians. Whereupon they began to urge, and with great earnestness and zeal, that the remedy for the improper relations and existing ills of religious society was not to be sought in the formation of another sect or another creed, but in the restoration of original Christianity in letter and spirit.

Sound and safe as this position was, and while it was in fact the real basis and justifying principle of Protestantism itself, it was yet warmly resisted; and the Disciples in their faithful maintainance of the sacred and common ground, were driven, were actually *forced*, against their will and desire, into a sort of *quasi* sectarian attitude. They became *segregated;* they were

compelled to *organize* for purposes of worship and work; they were designated by distinctive *names;* and instead of leavening the churches from *within,* as they had originally designed, they had to operate upon them from *without.* But now, in seeking in this way to accomplish their mission, they aroused antagonism and resistance. They were bitterly assailed; they were sometimes wickedly misrepresented; they were held up as heretics; as believing in a water salvation; as denying the divinity of Christ, and the work of the Spirit; and hence it became necessary, in the prosecution of their appropriate work, and in the maintenance of their own existence, that they should fight. It is scarcely necessary to say that they were found to be surprisingly well prepared for this emergency. Their ground had been deliberately chosen; it was well understood; it was known to be impregnable. Their faith, their rule of faith, their confession of faith, their conditions of salvation, their bond and test of fellowship, were not inferences from the New Testament, and which might or might not have been accurately drawn, but were presented in the exact language of that book—were indeed a careful and scrupulous reproduction of apostolic teaching and precedent. Of course the maintenance of such ground, where the New Testament was recognized as the supreme and final authority, was simple and easy. The antagonistic positions had also been carefully surveyed, and all their weak and exposed places—for there were many such—were fully disclosed and well understood. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that many a Jericho fell at the trumpet blasts of these warriors, and many a Goliath went down before their mighty slings.

But, unhappily, all this tended to whet a taste for controversy. Many learned to *love* it, to rejoice in its excitements and its triumphs, and to view the truth mainly in its controversial aspects. When the victor came to preach it was much the same as when he debated. He brought in his imaginary opponent, and gave him a sound thrashing, which it must be admitted he richly deserved! But, none the less, for "priest" and "people" alike, it was a lowering of the high Christian standard, a blunting of the finer spiritual taste and feeling, and, if not in its moderation, certainly in its excess, it tended to the perversion of the truth. Moreover, it developed and cultivated an unlovely spirit towards other Christians, and it gradually seduced those who indulged in it away from the true and original basis of the Disciples' plea. They became isolated in *feeling* as well as in fact; their opponents began to be regarded, not as erring Christian *brethren*, but as *enemies*, enemies to them and enemies to the truth. After a while they not only called their own several congregations "churches of Christ," which was doubtless true, but they contemplated all of them in mental aggregation as "*the* Church of Christ," or, sometimes, "*the* Christian Church," which it is much to be hoped was not the truth. Presently, as we shall hereafter see more fully developed, lines of communion and fellowship began to be drawn in accordance with this lofty assumption, and thenceforth any utterance on the part of these brethren looking to Christian union could be regarded only as conspicuously inconsistent.

Ere long petty and incompetent leaders began to appear—all of them self-appointed, some of them

blatant. Mr. Campbell, whose able advocacy and wise counsels had hitherto made him *facile princeps*, was growing old. Already his memory had become enfeebled, and there were other signs of mental and physical decadence, which made it evident that he must soon pass away. The grand old man, hero and victor on so many battlefields, could fight no more. He had been mighty in deeds, mighty in words. The *prophet's* mantle became him well, and worthily had he worn it. God had made him a reformer and a leader. And now this venerable Elijah, old and gray-headed, who had so faithfully called Israel from its wanderings and its idolatries, and who with a martyr-spirit had borne the defamations and the calumnies of the wicked, was about to be "taken up," and then—*upon whose shoulders would his mantle fall?*

It would be unkind, perhaps untrue, to say that any one was consciously working to secure *this* prize; but at any rate "reformers" were certainly multiplying. Hobbies were brought to the front; subordinate and insignificant points were magnified; the consciences of weak brethren were made a potent factor in the ascertainment of truth and the limitations of work. The anti-slavery extremists could not conscientiously commune with slaveholders; they antagonized the Missionary Society because it received the money of slaveholders, which they called the "price of blood"; before a great while the Society was discovered to be sinful *per se*—because it *was* a society, and not the church. Presently the worship of the church came to be regarded as subject to the same conscience-dominion; things which to ordinary intelligence seemed perfectly right and proper, and in some cases

necessary, were barred by this ever-present and insuperable statutory law of conscience. A church must not employ a regular preacher, must not use an organ as an aid in singing, must not take up a collection for the Missionary Society, must not accept contributions to its treasury from any who were not members — and all because somebody objected, and put his objections upon the ground of conscience. It mattered not that the rest of the church conscientiously *favored* these things, for manifestly they had no *right* to favor them; they were introducing *innovations*, they had grown tired of the Bible, they were departing from the good old way; where was the line of Scripture, the chapter and the verse that authorized these things? The New Testament says never a word about a missionary society, nor any society; it is equally silent respecting organs and salaried pastors, and Sunday-schools and note books, and even hymn books, such things are necessarily wrong, because unsupported by apostolic precept or primitive example.

What I have written may serve to indicate the characteristics of *one* of the "types," as before expressed, or perhaps I should better say the direction in which a part of the Disciples were moving. As a matter of course, some had gone much farther than others. None probably had extended their avowed principle to every single practice and thing which I have specified, to say nothing of the many more of such things to which, if the principle is sound, it should be equally applied.

On the other hand, there was a large class of brethren, among whom Mr. Errett was prominent and conspicuous, who believed that the fundamental principle

in which the movement of the Disciples had originated was not meant to be, and could not properly be, *literally* applied to such subjects as those above indicated. That principle, as originally enunciated by Thomas Campbell, was expressed in these memorable words: "Where the Bible speaks, we speak; and where the Bible is silent, we are silent." They held that this applied to the great vital and characterizing elements of the Christian religion; to the faith once for all delivered to the saints; to the ordinances instituted by the Saviour; to the processes of conversion and sanctification; and, in brief, to all the doctrine of the church—to whatever it was to be required to receive, or to be bound to teach. In other words, that the principle expressed the *rejection* of authoritative human creeds and confessions of faith, and of all disciplines, rules and regulations, which had hitherto been imposed upon the people of God by ecclesiastical legislation; and the substitution for all of these of the Bible as the only and all-sufficient rule of faith and practice. They held at the same time that there was a large area connected with individual conduct and with church activities—with the propagation and extension of the gospel, and with the worship and edification of saints, which the Bible covered only in *principle, and not in letter;* and hence, that for Disciples to insist upon enforcing *their notions* of what was expedient and right in all *this* department was to place the churches back under a tyranny of humanism as illegitimate, as cramping and as oppressive as that from which they had set out to escape.

These divergent views have not to this day been brought back into coalescence. Perhaps they never

will be. But still, owing to the Disciples' peculiar organization, or, as one might almost say, their want of organization—their perfect independency and congregationalism—there has been no sundering of Christian bonds. Occasionally it has been found in the interest of peace and harmony, and promotive of the comfort of the worshipers, for the two classes in any one locality to have each its separate organization and place of worship. This is naturally accompanied by some local excitement and temporary strain; but it has seldom if ever resulted in the breaking of *fraternal* relations. The two sections hold so much in common, and this is so fundamental and important, that it would be a great misfortune if their differences on subordinate matters should divide their hearts and destroy their mutual sympathies.

We are approaching the period in our sketches when these differences were just beginning to come to the front; when of course they were imperfectly appreciated; when their whole underlying principle had to be discussed; when the public mind had to be educated to understand the issues; and when the final outcome was uncertain and doubtful. All this, however, is not immediately to be considered.

In May, 1860, Prof. Pendleton, for himself and Mr. Campbell, invited Mr. Errett to become co-editor of the "Harbinger" and agent for Bethany college at a remunerative salary, and looking forward to a professorship in the college in the near future. After some delay, and after carefully considering and arranging details, the proposition was accepted, and it may be stated here in advance that in December he made a tour through Indiana in company with Mr. and Mrs.

Campbell, soliciting endowment funds for the college. Of this tour it will not be necessary to speak particularly.

In accordance with his political convictions and sense of duty, Mr. Errett voted this year for Mr. Lincoln for President of the United States. This act could hardly have failed to estrange from him some of his Southern brethren, who had been his warmest friends and admirers, but who, at that time, in common with most persons in the South, and very many in the North, regarded the President-elect as merely a narrow partisan, and an intense and bitter sectionalist. Time, however, modified this judgment. Notwithstanding the very serious objections which were felt to lie against some of his "war measures," which were not only harsh, but, from the civil point of view, *ultra licitum* and oppressive, he steadily grew in the respect and confidence of the public. Even before the close of the war the Southern people had begun to think of him as a statesman, a patriot and a just man; and they deeply felt when it occurred, as indeed they subsequently realized, that his untimely death was their greatest calamity.

At the anniversary of the Society this year, Mr. Errett resigned the office of secretary, which he had held for three years, and afterwards devoted himself to the pastoral care of his home churches, intermitted by occasional tours as agent for the college. He had not yet fully recovered from a serious accident which he had met with in June, and which filled his friends everywhere with lively solicitude. This had occurred at Bedford, Ohio, while on a visit to his friend, Dr. Robison. Like the one at New Lisbon, it was a buggy

accident. He was thrown violently from the vehicle, and was so painfully injured that he fainted at every attempt to move him. It was even feared by his anxious friends and the examining surgeon that, if he survived, he would be a helpless cripple for life. These fears, fortunately, were not realized. He managed to get home, though the journey was long and trying; and there, under the skillful treatment of Dr. Z. E. Bliss, an eminent surgeon of Ionia, he gradually improved, and before a great while was out on crutches again and preaching, though unable to stand.

In 1861 he entered formally upon his labors as co-editor of the "Harbinger"; and the pages of that very able monthly are enriched this year by many thoughtful and instructive articles from his gifted pen. None of them, perhaps, exceeded in value or interest a series, running through several numbers, entitled "A Plea for Reformation." The reader can judge of the force and point of these articles from the following extract taken from one of them, and the brief *resumé* which will succeed it:

They say to us: "We admit the plausibility of your plea; we admit the almost overwhelming force with which you urge it; we will even confess our inability to dispose of many of your statements of fact, your Scripture proofs, and your arguments. But still we feel that there is an insuperable objection lying against you in the *modernness of your movement*. It implies that the good and wise and learned of past times have all been mistaken; that men who, on bended knee, have made the Bible a lifelong study have utterly failed to learn its doctrine; and that God has vouchsafed to a handful of people, amid the western hills of the western continent, if not a revelation, such superior views of the old revelation as makes it, for all practical purposes, new to the

religious world. This sweeping implication of ignorance and error against all the past can not be true. It is far more probable that you are mistaken now, than that all the eminent and godly men who have guided our minds for centuries past should have been so deeply immersed in error."

We think we have stated this objection in all its force. . . . We are willing to admit that, as stated, it has an appearance of strength, and is entitled to careful consideration. Nay, we will go so far as to say that, *if the statements involved in the objection are correct*—if the present plea for reformation does legitimately imply such ignorance and error in the whole Protestant world, and such new discoveries of truth on the part of the reformers as to involve all who have gone before them in a sweeping and hopeless condemnation—*then the plea must be false.* We freely grant that there can be nothing new in religion; that when anything is shown to be new, it must, *for that very reason*, be rejected. Since the rising of the Sun of Righteousness no star of night can presume to improve on its brightness. Our plea has ever been for the divine perfection of the Christian religion, as it came from its Author, and as it was expounded by the apostles and received by the primitive church.

But before we impugn the statements put forth in this objection, we must be allowed to express our surprise that enlightened Protestants need to be told, when they urge this presumption against us, that if it is at all legitimate, *it lies with equal force against every Protestant movement*, and involves in equal condemnation all preceding attempts at reformation. Are they unaware that they are only borrowing, to hurl at us, the very thunderbolts which the Papal Vulcan forged for their destruction? Have they forgotten the *popish* taunt, "*Where was your religion before Luther's time?*" Is the memory of the orthodox Protestant world, when they urge this objection with so triumphant an air, oblivious of the historical facts touching the modernness of the whole Protestant movement; the adolescence, if not infancy, of every Protestant church? Have they not been

constantly reminded by their common foe, that, if they are right, the learning and faith and piety of the Roman Catholic Church are, by their plea, impudently ignored? nay, *that the gates of hell have prevailed against the Church of Christ?*

Having further elaborated this argument, he proceeds in the second paper to show how enlightened Protestants answer the Roman Catholic objection, which, as he shows, equally answers their own; in the third he elaborates the principle, in the divine economy, by which the work of reformation is to be accomplished, showing that by the laws of mind, of social development, and the principles of the divine government, *it must be progressive.* In number four he points out the progress made in preceding reformations, and at the same time demonstrates their shortcomings—that they did not reach the ultimate goal of reformations.

Having thus removed the presumptions against the reformation urged by the Disciples; and having shown that all previous reformations were but so many steps leading *towards* an object *which had not yet been reached,* the way was prepared for showing *what yet remained to be accomplished,* and what, consequently, the Disciples were seeking to accomplish. This enabled him to set forth fully their position and plea with all his usual grace, clearness and strength. I bring forward, from time to time, such deliverances as the above, first of all to show Mr. Errett's happy and powerful way of putting things, and secondly, because, in addition to the value of the truth directly taught, a certain incidental importance attaches to them which should not be overlooked.

Many persons who have but recently become acquainted with the Disciples and their current literature, and who perceive that their doctrine and practice and spirit and object are not at all such as they had been led to suppose, are under the impression that these people have radically changed. Let the reader who may thus think peruse the following, taken from the closing article of the series, and remember that it was written in 1861, and published, with universal acceptance by them, in the Disciples' leading journal:

We propose to unite in "one body" those who acknowledge the "one Lord," and who agree, therefore, in one authoritative religious standard. The Roman Catholic, then, who accepts tradition as expressed by Popes and Councils; the Quaker, to whom the "inner light" is the highest revelation; the Unitarian and Universalist, to whom revelation is only true as it harmonizes with their philosophy; the Mormon, with his golden plates and continuous oracles; the Spiritualist, with his ten thousand babbling voices from hades; all, all are ruled out from this plan—because they deny our platform, "*The Bible, the whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible.*" But all Protestants, who recognize the supreme and exclusive authority of the Holy Scriptures, we seek to unite in Christian fellowship, to the eternal overthrow of all party names, creeds and distinctions. Let us not be misunderstood. That God has *a people* scattered among these various organizations and ecclesiasticisms, we are happy in believing; and we are desirous to see and rejoice in all that is good and Christian among them. That these different parties have much truth, benevolence and piety, to adorn their respective histories, we gladly own. We would not rob them of a single laurel nobly won. But at the same time we do most solemnly avow our conviction, that *as sects*, they are not in harmony with the New Testament idea of the Church of Christ—that not any one of them, nor all of them put together, fill up the picture of the

primitive church. As sects, they are human and not divine: they rest on human bases, and not on divine authority. We avow, too, our deep conviction, that whatever may have been the apologies for these divisions in the past, the time has now come when they are no longer to be winked at. It becomes the great duty at this time, preparatory to the overthrow of the power of Satan, to rally the scattered people of God upon the *original foundation.* And therefore, as all Protestants since Luther's time have called on God's captive saints in Babylon, "Come out of her that ye partake not of her sins and receive not of her plagues"; so now do we raise our voice against the Babylonish confusion that yet prevails, and say to all who love our Lord Jesus Christ, come out from all that distracts and separates the family of God, and be one in the faith of Jesus, one in the love of God, one in obedience to the laws of our Master; that the blessing commanded on them that dwell together in unity, fresh as the dews of Hermon, and precious as the holy oil that anointed the beard of Aaron, may forever rest on you.

This is Christian union on a Christian basis. It involves the sacrifice of nothing that is stamped with the name and image of Jesus; *it involves the sacrifice of everything else.* Party names and creeds and tests it throws overboard. Private opinions it requires every man to keep to himself. The faith in a Divine Savior, which all these parties accept; the repentance towards God, which they unanimously enjoin; the immersion of believers—the only description of baptism which they all acknowledge; the observance of the Lord's day, which they all delight in; the life of righteousness and holiness, which they all urge, and the administration of discipline according to the New Testament, which they all consent to; these are the essentials of Christian union—to attain which no sacrifice is necessary save the sacrifice of opinionism and sectarianism. "There is one body and one Spirit, even as ye are called in one hope of your calling; one Lord, one Faith, one Baptism, one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in all."

CHAPTER XIX.

1861—MICHIGAN, CONTINUED.

Popular excitement.—Visits Indiana and Virginia as agent for Bethany College.—Nothing could be done.—Fall of Fort Sumter.—Madness ruled the hour.—Returns home.—Ardently supports the Union cause.—Looking backward.—Estrangement of his Southern brethren.—This ended with the war.—Complicated questions of duty.—Letters illustrative of this condition.—A weekly paper suggested.—Hiram College Committee.—J. H. Jones.—The Quintinkle.—More sickness and trouble.

The older readers of this work will not need to be reminded of the intense popular excitement which prevailed all over the country in 1861. The relations between the North and the South, long severely strained, had become critical; the dark cloud of war was rising above the horizon, which at any moment might burst and deluge the land in blood. It is no wonder that in the face of such a prospect, ordinary interests, however important in themselves, lost their hold upon the public mind. Mr. Errett found it so, especially in his efforts, made in the early part of this year, to interest the people of Indiana in Bethany College. He was seeking to increase its endowment, and with that object he visited the principal places in the State, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Campbell. Finding that little or nothing could be accomplished, he returned home

about the middle of February, and almost immediately began a meeting in Ionia, which, notwithstanding the prevailing extraneous excitement, proved to be very successful. After holding another good meeting in Monmouth, Illinois, at the instance and upon the urgent invitation of old Warren friends who had settled there, he got ready for a prolonged visit to Virginia—again in the interest of Bethany, and accompanied by the same distinguished traveling companions. He had many dear personal friends there; Mr. Campbell's name was a household word everywhere in the Old Dominion; and Bethany College had a warm place in numerous hearts—but nothing could be done. And no wonder. Beauregard's cannons had been trained upon Fort Sumter; dispatches were passing between the commanders—to and from Washington—to and from Montgomery; all minds were directed to that one point, and men were sleepless from suspense and nervous tension. People could hardly be brought to think about endowing a college! But it was our party's business there, and so they plodded on and kept trying, until at length the news of Sumter's fall and Colonel Anderson's surrender was flashed over the wires, and well we remember how that electric spark exploded the mine that had long been charged with its dynamite. The pent-up fires of sectional animosity, hitherto partially suppressed, burst forth with uncontrollable energy. Madness ruled the hour. Judgment had fled to brutish beasts, and men had lost their reason.

I mention all this only because of its connection with Mr. Errett's movements and work. Of course there was nothing for him and his friends to do now

but to abandon their mission and make their way home. He passed through Washington — on to Wheeling, Cleveland, Detroit—and everywhere along the whole line, in large towns and small, he passed crowds after crowds of excited people, with drums and fifes and flags and banners, shouting, hurrahing, screaming—the whole nation was in a fever. In sober truth the excitement that followed the fall of Fort Sumter bankrupts expression. Mr. Errett, as a matter of course, well-balanced though he was, caught the prevailing spirit, and kindled up with enthusiasm. He ardently supported the Union cause. He had come reluctantly to regard the war as inevitable; and if the questions in issue must be submitted to the arbitrament of arms, he could but give his sympathies and influence to the side which he believed to be right. We may agree with him in this conviction or not—and perhaps many who differed from him then have seen cause to change their views since. The calm review of great stirring events; the enchantment of distance in time, and especially the after-disclosure of God's hand and purpose in them, have led many to modify their previous judgments, and to see things in lights which at first were not cast upon them. But be this as it may, it is enough here to say that Isaac Errett was never a neutral man. On all great questions coming before him, whether pertaining to church or state, he had positive convictions—and always the courage of his convictions. His mind was judicial in its capacity to estimate fairly the weight of argument on both sides, but when to his view the scale appeared manifestly to preponderate, that settled the question, and he rendered judgment accordingly. Naturally a

man so self-reliant and positive would do all that he could to have his judgment executed. He, therefore, threw himself ardently and vigorously into the advocacy and support of the Union. He made rousing speeches; he visited and animated the soldiers in camp; he interested himself in securing adequate provision for their families; in a word, he was *in earnest;* he believed that his side was right; he prayed for its success, and he worked for it. I suppose that no reader of these pages will more generously appreciate all this than some preacher on the *other* side, who had corresponding convictions as to the truth and righteousness of *his* cause, and who, in order to uphold it, pursued a similar course.

I have no disposition to ignore the fact that Mr. Errett, like all men in such times, was largely influenced, much more, perhaps, than he was aware of, by the spirit that was burning around him. It was not possible for any one under such circumstances to maintain a perfectly calm and cool mental equipoise. The very air was charged with excitement. Then there were the flags, the hurrahs, the patriotic songs, the fiery speeches, the marching of troops, the rat-tat of the drums, and the ear-piercing fifes—none of us can escape the contagion of such influences. And when the war is all over, and everything is settled—when the sword is sheathed, and the cannon ceases to roar—when flags are furled and drums are silent—let not the man living now in peace, and amid restful surroundings, judge us harshly, even if we did for a time transcend the boundaries of cool philosophy, while the very atmosphere around us was charged with passionate heat and hate.

My object in making these reflections is doubtless apparent to every one. Before this time Mr. Errett had not only been well known, but greatly admired and loved in the South. His brethren in that section found it difficult to understand or to forgive his ardent opposition to the cause in which they were heart and soul enlisted. They honestly felt that they were fighting to maintain their rights and liberties, and from this point of view they were obliged to look upon his course as inexcusably wrong. They did not, and at the time, from the nature of the case, they could not do justice to his convictions and motives. Inasmuch, therefore, as the necessities of the work committed to my hands compelled me to revive the memory of his war record, I felt it due to his fair fame among his Southern brethren that the facts in the case should be accompanied by an exhibition of the principles and motives which actuated him. Nor will it be forgotten that, whatever might have been objected to before and during the great contest, with him the war ended at Appomattox, and ever afterward he contributed his powerful influence, and not in vain, to the revival of fraternal feelings, and the restoration and maintenance of sweet and harmonious relations. It is hardly necessary to say that these Christian efforts were cordially reciprocated by his Southern brethren, who, whatever their sins and whatever their wrongs, are a generous, noble and magnanimous people.

The problem of duty springing from a state of war, and especially of civil war, was to many persons difficult of solution. It was complicated. Numerous elements, sentimental, patriotic, religious — tender memories of the past, and mingled hopes and fears of

the future—all were felt—and all were weighed and considered. Persons who were simply dominated by partisan and sectional feeling, and who willingly consented to be swept along by the raging current which swelled with ever-increasing volume around them, were not troubled as other men were. Their party and their section were right, and come what might, they would support them. But others were deeply solemn, and saw many reasons for mature reflection and hesitation.

J. W. McGarvey, for instance, then of Dover, Mo., but now Professor of the Bible College of Kentucky University, was deeply grieved at the thought of Christian brethren imbruing their hands in each other's blood. He feared, too, that if they took an active part in the strife, it might result in a permanent division of the brotherhood—fears which seemed justified by the divisions on sectional lines which had already taken place in other religious communions. He was therefore earnest and active in his efforts to induce the Disciples on both sides to be perfectly neutral in the great contest. He appears to have supposed that Mr. Errett would take the same view, and coöperate with him in the accomplishment of his object. "It is absolutely necessary," so he wrote in a long and ably-written letter, "in a time like this, that our leading men—preachers, professors and editors—should take no active partisan position. The more prudent brethren ought to speak out plainly for the benefit of the more rash."

Mr. Errett's letter in reply is not accessible to me, but we know that his convictions of duty were different, and we may be sure that he wrote kindly but

strongly in support of them. The drift of his communication may be seen from Mr. McGarvey's rejoinder, in which he says:

Your favor is received and carefully perused, and although we differ as widely as ever, I am glad to be assured that you have no disposition to push your views forward in such way as to injure the cause. I have no doubt that you could easily produce a serious division in the churches at the North.

Dr. J. P. Robison, of Bedford, wrote in a different tone and strain, but still to the same purport. He regarded it as inconsistent with their high spiritual calling for preachers, both North and South, to be taking so prominent a part, and advocating their respective sides with such passionate and fiery zeal. He held them largely responsible for the awful state of things that came into existence, and he concluded by saying:

It seems to me, if I had the control, I would let the *bulls* of the pulpit North and the *hyenas* of the pulpit South, come together at some convenient place, and each by "Divine right" put the thing through to their hearts' content.

Subsequently he wrote:

I am, in all my sympathies, against the traitor, and feel like taking off my old coat and saying, "Lie there until I have drubbed the villains." But how a Christian man, breathing love and goodwill—I mean a preacher—can say, give me a gun or a sword and let me cut Bro. Pendleton's throat and Bro. Campbell's, just because of geographical lines, and *vice versa*, I am at a loss to reconcile with the teaching and influence of the Holy Spirit.

Mr. Errett's brother, John W.—himself an able and successful minister—said:

I feel well assured that we do not differ in sentiment on the necessity of the war. And whatever you may think, I believe that if it is right for any one to go to war, it is right for a Christian. I can not teach the world that they may fight and do right, and Christians may not.

J. H. Jones wrote:

I say our political rights were won by the sword, and by the sword they must be defended. As I understand it now, I will die before Jeff. Davis & Co. shall destroy this country —this government.

H. S. Bosworth declared:

Some of our brethren (as McGarvey, of Missouri) are opposed to the war. I regard it as inevitable, and the quickest, best and only road to an adjustment of the difficulties.

James E. Gaston seems to have been in favor of the fight, but for Cæsar to do his own fighting:

I say with you, after the most careful consideration of the matter, I go for maintaining the constitution and the laws at whatever cost of blood and treasure. I believe Cæsar is able to sustain himself without Christians enlisting to fight for him. I hope the matter will not stop until secession is completely crushed out and the leaders hung. This is no time for temporizing. Forbearance would now be a vice rather than a virtue.

I will give but one more extract from the voluminous correspondence of this year, taken from a letter written by James B. Goff, of St. Louis. It will serve to indicate some of the troubles experienced on the other side:

You ask when I shall make the promised visit. Not soon, I fear, for if the "shadows" which now begin to flit darkly athwart our horizon be, as I believe, indicative of

"coming events," the time is not far distant when all who, like us, cling with fond affection to our homes and firesides, and the institutions which the associations of childhood have endeared to us, and who have dared to lift our voices in strong remonstrance against usurpations of power which we believe tend inevitably to the suppression of our freedom of thought and action, and the final destruction of our liberties, shall, like the Huguenots at the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, find their only alternatives in exile or the sword. Already have some of our best men suffered the former, while thousands of others have staked their lives upon the hazard of the latter. Soon will the edict go forth which dooms to exile or prison all who will not stifle conscience and steep their souls in the moral perjury of an oath to support (not the constitution and laws of their country, for no true patriot will refuse that), but the despotic policy, and illegal acts of an administration which violates the one, subverts the other and makes his will the substitute of both. When that time has come, your home, though full of welcome, will be no refuge for me. I am in constant expectation of being called upon to subscribe to the oath or leave the State, as my friends have been compelled to do. If the alternative is presented, I shall choose the latter, and if so shall journey Southward.

These quotations will serve to show to the readers of this generation, what was often not duly estimated at the time, that the *moral* as well as the political aspects of the subject presented serious difficulties. We see that eminently wise and good men differed as to what was right and wrong for them and others to do. In the great whirlwind of passion that was sweeping over the land, very few were so sheltered by Christian philosophy, and so ruled by Christian love, that they could say with Prof. Pendleton: "While I voted, I have kept out of the vortex of crimination and recrim-

ination which are embittering nearly all hearts, and strive to cultivate in my own heart the spirit of peace, that I may truly labor to infuse it into the hearts of others."

The subject of becoming editor of a weekly paper is again and repeatedly pressed upon Mr. Errett's attention during this year—by H. S. Bosworth, by R. Faurot, by D. P. Henderson, by J. F. Rowe and Dr. S. E. Shepard. They represented that neither the "Luminary" nor the "Review" was giving satisfaction to the great mass of the brotherhood; that the "Harbinger" was shut out from the Southern mails; that it was published on the wrong side of the line, and was to some extent out of favor in the North, and upon the whole that a strong weekly, issued under proper auspices, would be able to command an abundant support. I do not know upon what grounds these overtures were rejected, but for the present the enterprise was not undertaken.

In the summer he was visited by a committee appointed by the trustees of Hiram College, composed of J. A. Garfield, J. P. Robison and Harmon Austin. They came to solicit his acceptance of a theological chair in the college; and although they failed in accomplishing the object of their mission, they were abundantly successful in having a good time. Both they and their host laid dull care aside, and fished, and hunted, and joked, with hilarious and boyish jollity. The evenings brought a feast of reason and a flow of soul, and grim-visaged war frowned only afar off. They were old friends, and congenial spirits; and to all it was a free and joyous holiday. By Sunday, J. H. Jones had joined the party—a versatile man, and in his

way a genius. He was a wonderful compound of humor and pathos; a preacher who always loaded his gun with birdshot, and who was sure to hit somebody, if not everybody, as often as he fired. Withal, he was a famous singer, and with his songs of Zion, and with his preaching, which ever and anon excited irrepressible laughter and irrepressible tears, the Sunday was made memorable in the chronicles of Muir.

But the rich feast which Mr. Errett had been permitted to enjoy in having so many gifted and interesting gentlemen under his roof, came to a close. His visitors left, and, after a few weeks of ordinary pastoral work, he himself was called to Ohio on business. An incident of this trip is related by him in the "Christian Standard" of September 24, 1887:

When James A. Garfield and J. H. Jones were about to leave home, the former as Colonel of the Forty-second Ohio Regiment and the latter as its Chaplain, they met one evening with the writer, at the home of Dr. J. P. Robison, at Bedford, Ohio. It was a little gathering of choice friends, and the occasion was marked by solemnity and sadness, at the thought of the speedy departure of two of our number on a service full of peril, to fields of bloody conflict from which they might never return. To lend what cheer they could to the parting hour, those who were present formed a society, pledging themselves to go at call to each other's aid in distress, and to perform all the duties specified in this covenant of friendship. While this was meant distinctly and especially as an assurance to those who were going away of all needful aid and encouragement, it was so worded as to make the obligations and benefits equal to all. There were just five who entered into this covenant: Dr. J. P. Robison; Betsey, his wife; James A. Garfield; J. H. Jones, and Isaac Errett—all true and tried friends, already bound together by many sacred ties, and only giving their friendship this

peculiar form of expression in view of a separation attended with great uncertainties. As there were just five of us, Dr. Robison proposed to call our little society The Quintinkle, which, alike for its expressiveness and its oddity, was adopted by acclamation. Afterward several other friends joined us, but the original name continues to this day. After the return of our brethren from the war, there were many happy meetings of The Quintinkle.

Sickness in the family supervened—the mother, the daughter, the hired man, being seriously ill; he himself was taken down in Warren, and news of his dangerous condition reached the anxious sufferers at home, and they were filled with gloomy apprehensions. But let us draw the veil over the painful scene. None of them died; the wan and emaciated father was able at length to return, and take his place in the picture of sadness and distress which represented the family group. I shall be glad for my part when they all get safely out of this grand, free, beautiful, but malarious wilderness.

CHAPTER XX.

1862.—MICHIGAN, CONTINUED.

Dedication of a new church.—The great communion controversy.—Mr. Errett's position stated.—An interrogative cannonading.—Result of the discussion.—Humble work.—Almost a Colonel.—Major Errett's visit.—Mr. and Mrs. Hawley, of Detroit.—*Scotch* Methods.—Called to Detroit.—Accepts and enters upon his work there.—A valuable letter for young preachers.

Up to this time the church at Muir continued to worship in the school-house, although it was much too small to accommodate the regular congregations. They had at length completed a new, commodious and imposing church building, which was dedicated the first Sunday in the new year. The occasion was one of great joy and congratulation. Several ministers were present from abroad. "Uncle Ben" Soule, of whom we have previously spoken, was on hand; our old acquaintances, Darius, Judge and Byron, with their wives and young folks, were out in full force and with sunny faces; and the house was crowded with sympathizing friends and brethren from all the region round about. It was a glad, triumphant day, and it happily crowned Mr. Errett's work in the place.

This year, 1862, was marked by the great communion controversy among the Disciples. The "Harbinger," the "Review" and other papers, and later on

"Lard's Quarterly," were burdened with it. The question discussed was really important, and the elaborate and able treatment of it was of great value. It instructed the people, and taught them to look beyond the little pet phrases by which the multitude are often beguiled, and to become intelligent and discriminative in their apprehension of the true issue.

Mr. Errett's contributions, published in the "Harbinger," of which he was still one of the co-editors, were carefully prepared, and were, as usual, luminous and forcible, as were those of Prof. Pendleton on the same side. The contrary part was borne by Geo. W. Elley and Benjamin Franklin—upon the whole in better spirit and with greater ability than we should have expected, in view of the intrinsic weakness of their cause and the impregnable strength of the position which they assailed.

The point at issue was whether it was consistent and proper for the Disciples, in view of their position on the question of baptism, to permit the pious unimmersed of other churches to commune with them at the Lord's table. Errett, Pendleton, Richardson and others were decidedly in the affirmative. They held that there had always been *a people* of God in Babylon. Referring to these in his first article, Mr. Errett said:

> We incline to the opinion that most of them were unimmersed. They were, in many respects, an erring people—in regard to baptism they certainly were in great error; but they "feared God and wrought righteousness"; and—what seems as great a stumbling block to many good men now, as it was to Peter until the trammels of sectarianism were knocked off—"in every nation he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted with him." At one and

another trumpet call of Reformation, multitudes came forth from Babylon. They did not reach Jerusalem. But they wrought great deeds for God and for his Word. They talked much and suffered much for the name of Christ. We inherit the blessed fruits of their labors. We follow them through the scenes of their superhuman toil, to the dungeon where they suffered, and to the stakes where they won the glories of martyrdom, and whence they ascended in chariots of fire to the heavens; and as we embrace the chains they wore, and take up the ashes from the altar-fires of spiritual freedom, we ask not whether these lofty heroes of the church militant, to whom we owe *our* heritage of spiritual freedom, may commune with us—but rather, if we are at all worthy to commune with them! We feel honored in being permitted to call them *brethren. Our reformation movement is the legitimate offspring of theirs.* Neither in Pennsylvania, where the Campbells and Scott began, nor in Kentucky, where Stone and others led the van of reformation, did this movement spring from Baptist, but from Pedo-baptist influences. It is the legitimate result of Pedo-baptist learning, piety and devotion. Unless we can recognize a people of God among these heroical, struggling, sacrificing hosts of Protestants, from whom we have legitimately sprung, *then the promise of Christ in regard to his church has failed;* since, if we insist on the rigid test of the letter of gospel conditions, no such people as the Disciples can be found for many centuries. But of this *people of God* of whom we speak, we affirm that they loved the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity. They loved and magnified his word. They possessed his Spirit—manifesting it in very precious fruits of righteousness and holiness. The spirit of obedience dwelt not less in them than in us. They erred in regard to the letter of baptism, even as it may yet be found that we have erred in regard to the letter of other requirements. We felt the need of further reformation. We have seen the mischievous and wicked tendencies of the sect-spirit and life. We have eschewed it. We invite all who love the

Saviour to a scriptural basis of union. We do not, meanwhile, deny nor refuse their prayers, their songs, their exhortations, nor their sympathy with truth and goodness. Whilst we can not endorse their position nor their practice, as lacking immersion, and as practicing infant rantism, but lift up a loud and constant voice against it—we must still deal with them as *Christians in error*, and seek to right them. To ignore their faith and obedience and to deal with them as heathen men and publicans, will be indeed to "weaken the hands" of the pleaders for reformation, and expose ourselves, by a judgment of extreme narrowness and harshness, to the pity, if not the scorn, of good men everywhere.

After continuing yet further in this eloquent and convincing strain, he proceeds to confirm his position by an appeal to pertinent passages of Scripture, and to the almost uniform practice of the Disciples from the beginning. He also joins Prof. Pendleton in showing from Mr. Campbell's writings that he also had carefully considered and elaborately treated the subject, and had reached and earnestly emphasized the same conclusion.

The opposing parties relied mainly upon the usual Baptist argument in favor of close communion—that the apostles and primitive Christians communed with none but those who had been immersed; that this precedent was binding upon us; and that Mr. Errett's eloquent sentimentalism ignored the scriptural doctrine of baptism; was inconsistent with the Disciples' teaching upon that subject, and a virtual surrender of their stronghold. This argument for close communion is well calculated to catch the superficial. Outwardly it looks strong—inherently it is very weak. It suspends immense interests by a link which seems, *prima facie*, to be of infrangible iron, but which in reality is nothing more than painted wax. Every man who commits

his religious consistency to it, is destined to a logical fall. The conditions by which we are confronted, being wholly unknown to the apostles, their practice *can not be* applicable to these conditions in letter, and must be pleaded only in its spirit. The inconsistency of those who assume to enforce the letter *here*, was pointed out by Mr. Errett by means of a sort of interrogative cannonading that absolutely cleared the field. There was no answer to it—no one left to answer.

In order to appreciate this, it must be remembered that his opponents freely admitted to communion, and to church membership, any person of any sect, Baptist, Methodist, or other, if *only he had been immersed*, though such immersion had been according to *usages*, and by the hands of *administrators*, by no means recognized by these opponents; and it had not, so it appears, occurred to them to doubt that in this they were maintaining the letter of Scripture, and walking in the very footsteps of the apostles. The point and pertinency of the following will now be appreciated:

1. Do the Scriptures recognize any as Christians, or accept any to baptism, *on the narration of a religious experience?*

2. Do they admit any to baptism who come with the avowal that *their sins have already been pardoned?*

3. Do they recognize admission to church membership by *subscription to human articles of faith?*

4. Does the gospel recognize any baptism but that "for the remission of sins"?

5. Did any come to the Lord's table in primitive times who had not been baptized "*for the remission of sins*"?

6. Did the apostles or first Christians invite to the Lord's table "all immersed persons who have piety"? Did they have fellowship with immersed persons *not members of the*

Christian Church? Did they receive persons to membership *who had been immersed by unimmersed persons?*

7. And shall we deliberately do what we admit they did not do?

He presses these questions home with resistless force, and concludes the point by saying:

It has now become a question, growing out of the peculiar logic employed by these brethren, whether we shall have any religious fellowship whatever with any outside of our own churches? Whether we shall not outvie the Old Landmark Baptists themselves in exclusiveness, and make ourselves ridiculous before the whole religious world by the monstrous extravagance of our assumptions?

I have quoted extensively from this able argument, because of its great value, and because to many of my readers the original publication is not accessible. After struggling on for a time, the opposition began to give "signs of woe, that all was lost," and the matter was dropped. It is true the "Quarterly" kept up considerable *noise* for a while, but it was *brutum fulmen*. The argument had been exhausted. The minds of the brethren generally had been made up. They were satisfied that the course which they had been pursuing was right—namely, to spread the Lord's table for the Lord's people, and then leave every man to examine himself, and to eat or refrain upon his own responsibility.

It would be unfair to say that none of the "Old Landmark" exclusiveness is left among the Disciples. There are individuals and some churches who still sympathize with the Elley-Franklin position; and they have their organs and more or less influence in certain

parts of the country. For a good while, also, the sentiment predominated in Great Britain, but at present the American type of Discipleship seems to be in the ascendant.

It strikes us as among the incongruities of Mr. Errett's life, though in truth it manifested a most Christ-like spirit, for him to rise from the composition of these splendid articles which gave satisfaction and delight to the most cultivated minds, and after an early tea to get into his sleigh with his daughter, Edwin Wakefield and others, go miles and miles into the backwoods, to a little dingy, uncomfortable school-house, in order to preach the gospel to the poor and ignorant population, who were spiritually destitute and hungry. And they crowded to him like men perishing for bread. At that time most of their brothers, husbands, fathers were far away in the army, and they looked to him as comforter, counselor and friend. It was indeed a merciful mission, and it was "twice blessed."

Before long, as the need of men became great, and inasmuch as he had encouraged others to go to the war, he began to feel that it might be his duty to go. Many who were hesitating proposed to enlist under him if he would form a regiment. Finally he did make application to the Governor for a commission, but after waiting some time the application was refused, on the ground that that part of the State had already received more than its proportion of such commissions. I am glad he failed. Mr. Errett was not made to be "a man of blood," but to build the temple, and I feel sure that upon reflection he was not displeased with the turn taken by the case. His good Democratic

brother and warm personal friend, Richard Hawley, of Detroit, in a letter to him on the occasion, expresses my own sentiments:

Permit me to congratulate you that you can sing, 'the war in which the soldier fights is not the war for me.' I say this because I doubt not you will believe with me that Governor Blair withheld his consent in accordance with the Divine Providence and will. Surely upon reflection you will conclude, or have concluded, that it was not best to throw away for a season, and possibly forever, the rich experience that you have gained in enlisting and training soldiers under King Jesus.

Mrs. Hawley, too, quite pleasantly writes:

I am very glad I did not know of your peril till it was passed. I assure you I appreciate our Governor more than ever before. He has for once elicited my gratitude—but of this I must not write, only to say, I hope there will be no recurrence of narrow escapes.

In like manner, A. S. Hayden wrote:

I am glad you do not go into the army. That work is needed, but yours is a higher and holier work The country will feel your powers quite as much at home, and the church infinitely more.

Soon after this his oldest son James enlisted, and left for the seat of war. This, of course, was a sore trial to the father and family, but, true to their convictions of duty, they felt that they could not withhold the sacrifice.

About this time they enjoyed a delightful visit from his brother, Major Russell Errett, of Pittsburg. The reader will remember him in the early period of this history, struggling through difficulties and hardships, in company with Isaac, up to manhood and a

successful life. * The meeting now, after the long separation, was full of pleasure to both of them; and they enjoyed nothing with greater relish than to sit together for hours, and remind each other of the scenes and trials of the old hardship days. Sometimes they would ride through the country, everywhere meeting and greeting Isaac's Michigan friends; and when occasion served they would attend a political or other gathering,† until the beloved brother returned to his distant home.

On his return from the Missionary Convention at Cincinnati in October, Mr. Errett paid a visit to his friends, Mr. and Mrs. Hawley, in Detroit. They were wealthy and accomplished people, and they had an unbounded admiration for Mr. Errett. His good sense, refined taste, broad culture, and above all, his genial manners and unaffected piety, drew them to him by cords of warm affection. Their relations in all that pertained to the cause and the church were intimate and confidential. It developed during this visit that the Hawleys were greatly discouraged about their church work, and that quite a number in the congregation felt the same way. It will be remembered that, while Mr. Errett was residing at New Lisbon, an effort was made to induce him to settle in Detroit, but that,

* Major Errett became, after the war, a member of Congress from the Pittsburg District.

† It was on one of these occasions, while listening to an eloquent (?) war orator of the neighborhood, that the following laughable blunder was observed. The speaker was warmly appealing to men to enlist, promising to devote himself personally to the welfare of their families. "No woman or child shall suffer whose husband or father is defending his country. I will see that they are cared for—I pledge you my word! —and those of you who know me, know that *it has never been verified in a single instance.*"

for reasons which I stated *in loco*, he declined. These reasons were still present, still operative, and still, as the Hawleys and others believed, the main obstacle in the way of their progress. They felt that, for the sake of peace and harmony, they had borne with this trouble as long as they could; that with the ideas prevailing in the church, and the men who were directing its work, it was simply impossible for them ever to succeed. It is not necessary to be informed in detail of the church's constituency. It is enough to know that the dominant influence was Scotch. They had their *way*, and it was a *peculiar* way. The writer has had very little experience in coöperating with Scotch brethren, and it is possible, that the representations made to him by persons who *have* had large experience, are more or less exaggerated. And I think it certain that the Scotch element among the Disciples in Detroit, was not characteristically different from many native American "elements" which all of us have known.

Be this as it may, Mr. and Mrs. Hawley and others thought they were *very* peculiar. As I gather the situation, it was assuredly believed of this element that they wanted no preacher to come in with his "one man power" to "lord it over God's heritage." Moreover, they had "the truth"—had it all—or, at least, all that was essential to salvation—and they could give you chapter and verse—they knew that they were right—and the seven thunders of Revelation, if opposed to them, would not have moved an auditory nerve. As for anything more, they were worthy people—as straight as a right line, and as upright as a plummet—good citizens, good neighbors, good friends. That

was the trouble. There was nothing in the world against them, except that, with the best possible intentions, they were riding the church to death, and "edifying" it to the ground!

Now the Hawleys and others proposed, if Mr. Errett would stand up to them, to withdraw, in a friendly and fraternal spirit, from this organization, and form another in which they could go to *work* and *do* something for the salvation of men. An eligible house of worship, formerly occupied by the Congregationalists, was for sale, and Mr. Hawley and Colin Campbell would themselves agree to buy, renovate and furnish it at a cost of ten thousand dollars, if Mr. Errett would consent to come and be their pastor. He recognized that Detroit was an important point; that the call was a very earnest one; that he was really needed there, not only to preach the gospel to sinners, but to save the church from actual disintegration; and so, after mature and prayerful deliberation, he accepted.

On his return home he immediately took steps to have his place supplied at Muir and Ionia, and was so fortunate as to secure two good men for the work—Alanson Wilcox at the former, and J. B. Crane at the latter. And now, by the time he had recovered from another inevitable and serious spell of sickness, the house was ready for him in Detroit, and in December he entered upon his work there, leaving the family behind till later.

Thus at length he emerges for a time from the wilderness, where the climate had well-nigh proved fatal to him, and enters upon a field of labor which we must think is far better suited to a man of his elegant taste, varied learning, and recognized pulpit power.

It was to the Bro. Crane just mentioned that he had written the following letter of hints on preaching. It is very sensible, and should be carefully read by every young preacher:

LYONS, August 4, 1857.

DEAR BRO. CRANE:—Your favor of July 28th is to hand, as also a copy of the Mt. Sterling paper. Many thanks. They have given you a fine set off. I am truly glad that your efforts are resulting so favorably. I am still more pleased that you are having tokens of success in preaching the Gospel of Life. If it were in my power to assist you, I would gladly do it. I don't know that any hints of mine would be of much account. I would rather talk with you an hour than write a page or two of mere hints.

There is a good deal, first of all, in the *choice of topics*. A pastor, speaking in one place, must have wide range and great variety—though there is often too much eagerness for variety. But one who is only to preach a few times here, and then away—a *preacher* rather than a *teacher*—should select topics *practical* as far as possible, with as much adaptedness to times and circumstances as his knowledge of the people he is addressing will allow. The preacher of this age should eschew *speculative* theology, and strike as directly as possible at the *heart* and *conscience*. To instruct, convict, persuade—these are the preacher's objects. He needs to be familiar with his own inner nature, and know how to apply his preaching to the cravings of the soul. When a subject is chosen, be it *topical* or textual, or a mixture of both—he must follow his natural bent in the mode of investigating and preparing it. Minds differ—we must never overlook the idiosyncrasies of the individual mind. In my earlier years I found it best to *write* sermons; for I never could tell whether I had really *thought* on it or not till I tried to put something on paper. Afterwards, my general method was to select my subjects the beginning of the week, and keep them before the mind to be dwelt on as occasion would serve. *After* I had given them something of shape, if I

knew of any author from whom I could derive help, I would consult him. Meanwhile my eyes and ears were open for illustrations, and if, during the week, I saw or read anything that could aptly illustrate any points in my dicourses, I would appropriate it. At the same time, if I found anything that might serve for some other subject at some other time, I would file it away. Along with all this, I would make these subjects and my thoughts on them subjects of prayer—and talk with the Lord about them freely. In this way, by the latter part of the week, I could generally be pretty well furnished, and would write a page or two of notes—a skeleton. As I grow older, I am conscious of a growing dislike of mere *verbiage*, an increasing fondness for plain, forcible, earnest expression.

In what is called *topical* preaching, it is good first of all to sit down with the Bible and Cruden, and look up all that the Scriptures say on the subject. I do not think it best, either with regard to *matter* or *manner*, to *try* to copy another. It is best to be *natural* in arrangement, mannerism, etc. And if in this natural style there be found excesses or defects, trim and prune, and improve—but do n't surrender *yourself* for anybody else. Indeed, if *self* is forgotten entirely, and the Lord alone is sought to be exalted, it will all come easy enough. However, in elocution, gesture, and even in arrangement and style, there may be gross errors and defects unknown to the preacher, and for these he needs a critic—and in your case, I presume Sister C. could supply all needful help. It is good occasionally to read the sermons of others—but there are not many worth reading. Saurin's, Melville's, South's, Jeremy Taylor's—will do to read—but I never would read them when about to prepare a discourse. It will prevent the free outflow of your own thoughts on the same subject. At the same time I would never scruple to use any fine thought or illustration from such masters, and give them credit for it. But none of them are models for the American pulpit. We need a style of preaching, especially in the West, partaking

more of the directness and fearlessness of Henry Ward Beecher. I don't mean his politics, nor his eccentricity—but his power to press home to the heart *by the directest route.*

One thing more. Have plenty of Bible in your sermons. I don't mean stringing passages together and rhyming them off. But the *illustrations* which the Bible furnishes, its poetry, its devotional strains, its examples, its high and pure eloquence, its concentrated power of expression—these should be diligently studied and appropriated.

I advise all our preachers to guard carefully against all low, undignified allusions and expressions — all slang of every shade and cast. But, at the same time, to guard against such an awful primness and stiffness as takes all ease and grace out of the preaching, and hinders plain and free dealing with the hearts of the people.

These are mere hints. I suppose they have occurred to you often. If I could sit down and talk, I could say much more. I hope you may be greatly successful in winning souls to Christ.

Love to Sister C. Ever your brother,

ISAAC ERRETT.

P. S.—With regard to divisions and subdivisions, I don't generally like them. Occasionally, when they spring up naturally, they do well. It is best to have *one special aim* in a sermon, and make everything travel to that point. It is not best to have too much in one sermon. It breaks the force of the final argument and appeal. Keep your strongest points and best illustrations for the last—especially let your warmest appeals come last.

CHAPTER XXI.

1863.—DETROIT.

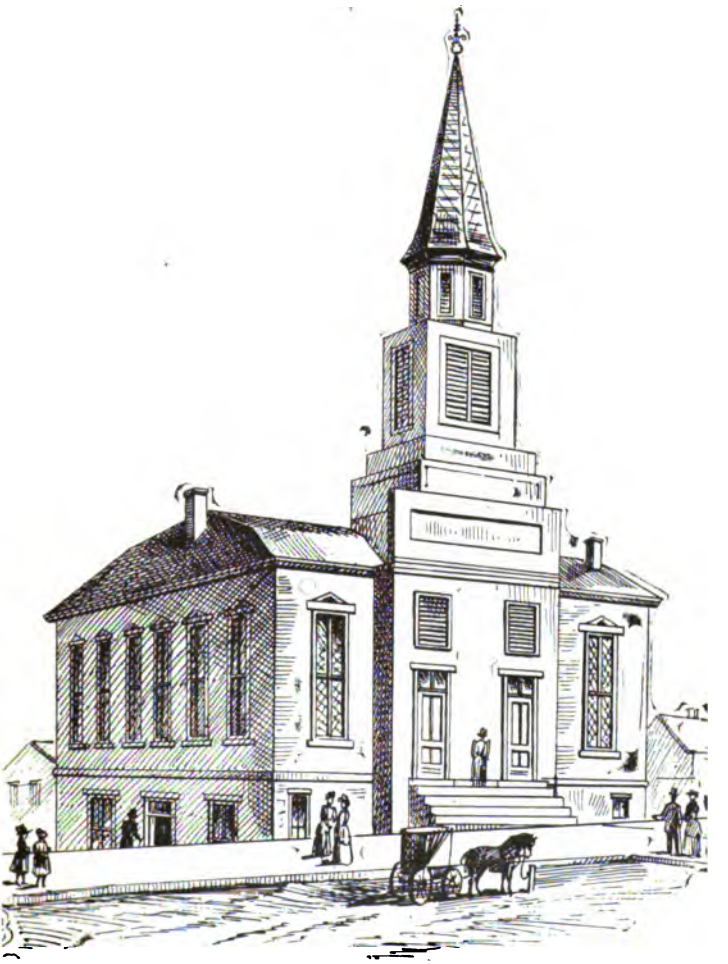
Starting out afresh.—A good send-off.—A "Synopsis."—"A creed, a creed!" said the "Quarterly."—A time of smoke and fog.—His work prosperous.—War prices.—A low prayer, and a loud amen.—The hymn book trouble.—Resolutions of loyalty.—Probable reasons for favoring it.—"Our Government."—Rebels in spite of themselves.—Theory against practice.

Early in January, 1863, the church was formally opened for worship. It had been thoroughly renovated, and neatly painted within and without. The first congregation that assembled in it found the floor carpeted, the pews cushioned, the pulpit tastefully furnished, and the whole appearance church-like and seemly. Up to this time the Disciples had been meeting in the City Hall, without a preacher, and with little to attract the attention or to excite the interest of the public. The elders who conducted the worship were men o good standing and high character, intelligent in the Scriptures, and not destitute of secular learning; but they did not claim to be preachers, and were not recognized as such by the people. It is but seldom that men who are immersed all the week in secular pursuits, are able to furnish freshness and variety in their ministrations on Sunday. In such cases the services almost inevitably run into monotonous routine

and wearisome repetition. At length, as already stated, about fifteen of this little company, who had long felt the need of a change, had quietly withdrawn, though still cherishing all brotherly feelings for those left behind. And now their house of worship was ready for them, and it was opened under favorable auspices. The public were notified of the occasion through the press; friends and neighbors were personally invited; prominent brethren from a distance were brought in. Prof. Pendleton came from Bethany and preached; the gifted and saintly Regal came from Ionia and took part—many of the citizens turned out—the house was filled—the services were impressive and interesting—and so the light, which had been so long hidden under a bushel, began to shine out upon the people.

Mr. Pendleton gave, in the "Harbinger," an admirable account of the meeting, and of the cause generally in Detroit, designed to soothe any mortified feeling that might exist in the members of the old organization, and to promote harmonious and fraternal relations between the two bodies. Other efforts were made in this direction by the pastor and members of the "new interest," but naturally with no great success. It is hardly to be wondered at that, under all the circumstances, men would be on the lookout for something to criticise, or to complain of, and by an unlucky chance they found it, and we may be sure they made the most of it.

In order to understand this matter, which came to have a wide-spread interest at that day, it should be stated that, for the first time in the history of the Disciples in Detroit, the public had become inquisitive



CHURCH AT DETROIT.

JEFFERSON AVE. AND BEAUBIEN ST., DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

respecting them. The new church had suddenly stepped forth into prominence. It had received complimentary notices from the city press. The minister had been spoken of as a man of learning and eloquence. The services had been favorably commented upon; and, in short, the people had become curious to know something about them—what they believed—what they taught—wherein they differed from others. It was found inconvenient and often impracticable to give an off-hand answer to these numerous inquiries, and some of the leading brethren proposed to Mr. Errett to prepare a brief statement, or synopsis, of the faith and doctrine of the church, to be printed as a sort of tract which might be handed to any one seeking such information. He consented—got up a paper which set forth clearly and distinctly what the church meeting on Jefferson avenue and Beaubien street believed, and it was published for general information. But unfortunately, as it turned out, he presented the different items of belief in *numerical* order—numbering them I., II., III., IV., etc., thus giving the paper the *form* in which human creeds and obligatory confessions of faith are usually published. Either for this reason or some other the opposition was intense. The smaller guns in Detroit opened the "engagement," popping and firing at him with much noise, and considerable smoke; presently the ever-watchful "American Christian Review" unmasked its batteries, and thundered loud and often; then "Lard's Quarterly" took part, and fairly roared again. It was a "creed," said its zealous editor:

> There is not a sound man in our ranks who has not felt scandalized by it. I wish we possessed even one decent

apology for its appearance. It is a deep offense against the brotherhood—an offense tossed into the teeth of a people who, for forty years, have been working against the divisive and evil tendency of creeds. . . . The brethren may call their work in classic phrase a 'synopsis,' or gently a 'declaration'; but we still cry a creed, a creed . . . a creed without the appropriate label—a genuine snake in the grass, wearing a honeyed name.

It may well be believed that the noise of all this heavy artillery was stunning, and the smoke was very thick. The people in general had only a confused notion respecting the trouble, but the impression was that Bro. Errett had departed from the faith and gone off after strange gods! But at length the ammunition of the assailants gave out, the smoke lifted, the atmosphere became clear, and men could see for themselves. And when they came to examine the *document* rather than the reviews of it, they found to their surprise that it was simply a *tract*, and no more a creed than one of Elder Franklin's powerful sermons on First Principles, or one of the "Quarterly's" masterly articles upon the same subject. Its *form*, perhaps, was not happily chosen, but in *substance* it was what had been preached and written and printed and circulated a thousand times. And what is surprising, in view of the roaring onslaught that was made upon it, it expressly proclaimed its character and object. After setting forth the different items of the church's teachings, it concluded as follows:

This declaration of our faith and aims is not to be taken as a creed. We assume no right to bind the conscience with any stereotyped formula. Vital religion is a thing of growth in the heart of the individual Christian. We design a mere statement, for general information, of the purposes which

induced us to band together, and the principles we propose to develop. We have no sectarian shackles with which to bind Christ's freemen—no spiritual prison-house for the confinement of the soul. We present no authoritative standard of interpretation of the Bible. The Spirit that indited the word can best bring home to the heart the significance of its truths. The practice of the divine precepts furnishes the best interpretation. We repudiate all human authority in spiritual concerns (Matt. xxiii. 8–12; John vii. 16, 17).

Surely a disclaimer so distinct and positive, inserted in the document itself, and not extorted by anything subsequently written against it, should have shielded the pastor and church in Detroit from violent assault. The paper might, in a brotherly way, have been called in question. It might have been considered as ill-advised, hastily conceived, and liable, from its peculiar form, to be misunderstood by the unlearned and unstable—but at the same time conceding the worthiness of the motives which prompted it, and the unquestionable soundness of the men who produced it; this would have been legitimate and fraternal, and the great, sizzling teapot tempest would have been avoided.

Mr. Errett was not at all alarmed by the little storm. He perfectly understood his ground, and knew that it was safe. While he was as rigidly opposed as any one to human creeds "*as bonds of union and communion*," he well knew that an intelligent brotherhood would heartily concede that it was lawful and right and necessary for him to *make known* what he believed, for the "information" of the public—and this was all that he had done. He merely turned aside for a little while to correct some misstatements of fact and some misrepresentations of his purpose and

object, and that sufficed—for really there was no legitimate *casus belli*.

Meanwhile he was diligently engaged in his appropriate work. The services of the church were made interesting, instructive, refreshing, comforting, edifying. The members were full of zeal and gladness. The outside public became interested; sinners began to be converted; the old humdrum period was gone, and life and health and growth and enterprise had supervened. At the same time the civil war was raging. The hospitals were crowded with the sick and wounded and dying—all making heavy drafts upon his heart and his strength; and the letters poured in from everywhere commending this case and that to his kindly attention, or soliciting his good offices and influence to secure various favors. It was a busy, stirring, exciting time. Just across the river was Canada, from which ever and anon an invasion was apprehended. But it is not necessary to reproduce in detail the conditions and circumstances incident to a state of war. Suffice it to say, they added immensely to his labors and responsibilities.

In June the family arrived from Muir. A comfortable house had been secured in a good location, and they all entered cheerily upon the new and brightening life which seemed to be opening before them. Mr. Errett's salary was promptly paid without fail in weekly installments. It was nominally large, and although the war prices which they had to pay for everything greatly diminished its purchasing power, they were gifted in the art and mystery of contrivance, and could readily adjust their expenditure to their income.

COLIN CAMPBELL

DR. E. A. LODGE.

DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

The public services conducted by Mr. Errett were a source of constant delight and strength to the congregation. The attendance was large; the preacher was stimulated to put forth his best efforts, and the church was prospering both in spirit and in numbers. Even the prayer meetings had become occasions of positive enjoyment. It should be stated that, among his other innovations, Mr. Errett had encouraged the sisters to take part in these social meetings—and some of them proved to be quite gifted. It was found upon trial that they could read and sing and pray—and even talk! There was one of the number, however, whom it was necessary to watch: she was peculiar. It appears that she was quite willing, when called upon, to "lead in prayer," but she did not think it seemly to pray so as to be *heard*—that is, by the congregation. On one occasion she finished her petitions, quietly resumed her seat, and left the worshipers to pursue their "silent devotions" for several minutes. At length some one ventured to *peep*, and, discovering the state of the case, his loud Methodistic "AMEN" brought them to their feet! It is said that they jumped as if an alarm of fire had been sounded, but I do not vouch for this story. It was during this year that the hymn-book question came to the front—a question of great difficulty and delicacy, in the settlement of which Mr. Errett bore a prominent and responsible part. The complications in the case grew out of the fact that Mr. Campbell owned the copyright and plates of the hymn-book which had long been in general use, but which was now deemed wholly insufficient to supply the needs of the brotherhood. Several parties were taking steps looking to the publication of other

hymn-books, designed to supersede Mr. Campbell's, and there was danger that different books would be adopted by different congregations, thus breaking up the uniformity in this adjunct of the worship which had hitherto prevailed, and which it was deemed desirable to maintain. The copyright was valuable; Mr. Campbell's pecuniary interests were in it; and it was due to him that these should not be circumvented. Still, the dissatisfaction with the book was very great and well founded. Finally, after much correspondence with leading brethren, Mr. Errett proposed to Mr. Campbell to transfer his copyright and the use of his plates to the Missionary Society, that it might prepare and publish a book, under its own auspices and for its own benefit, that should meet the wants of the brotherhood, and so shut off independent publications. This, at length, he generously consented to do, making a present of his whole interest and right to the great cause of missions. And thus the troublesome question was happily settled.

I have not been able to procure a copy of the Minutes of the Annual Meeting of the Missionary Society for 1863. It was at this meeting that resolutions of loyalty to the government and others of cognate character were passed. I regret that I can not give their exact language, nor tell precisely the part taken by Mr. Errett in the proceedings, but it is understood that he favored the action, or, at the least, that he did not throw his influence against it.* Of

* I have since learned from one who was present, that he was in the chair, and of course took no active part in the proceedings. We may safely assume, however, that so important an action would not have been taken if he had not been known to favor it.

course everybody understands now that the action was unauthorized by the organic law of the Society; that it had no connection, immediate or remote, with its true purposes and objects; and that, being *ultra vires*, it was wholly illegitimate and unwarranted. The sound principle applicable to the case had been clearly stated and consistently maintained by Mr. Errett in his correspondence with Pardee Butler on the anti-slavery question, quoted in a previous chapter; namely, that whatever the members might believe, and however they might feel as *individuals*, still, as a *society*, they must do nothing to promote either slavery or anti-slavery. In this position he was impregnable. It was certainly right. And as he so fully recognized the principle and so heartily approved of it, and as its application to the case in hand was obvious and unmistakable, I must think that he was influenced by reasons which were not upon the surface—which could not be publicly told or even alluded to—but which led him to believe that the proposed action would be the less of the two evils. I believe that these reasons may be discovered in the drift—nay, in what was becoming the strong current—of loyal sentiment which at that time was flowing *directly towards ecclesiastical division and disfellowship*. As a specimen of what was beginning to be thought and felt, I quote a few sentences from a letter to him, written some time before by a prominent minister and ardent loyalist residing in one of the border States:

The time is rapidly approaching, in my judgment, when there must be a general sifting. Loyalty and disloyalty can never have any fellowship. What concord has Christ with Belial? What part has he that believeth with an infidel?

Ought a congregation to keep within its fellowship those who desire the success of traitors in arms and the destruction of our government? If a man says he sympathizes with the South in its struggle, ought he to be retained as a brother in fellowship? If a man, calling himself a brother in Christ, says that our government is conducting a wicked war, and he will use all his best endeavors to elect men to office who will not vote for another dollar nor another man to sustain the government, ought such a man, entertaining and promulgating such sentiments, to be retained? These questions cover the ground that must sooner or later be occupied by us, not only here, but everywhere. . . . . *Loyalty to our state is loyalty to God. This covers the whole ground, as I understand it.*

We all now, of course, feel shocked at declarations which we can regard only as bigoted, tyrannical and unchristian. But at that time they were looked upon as the very essence of soundness. Brethren were burning with high, not to say malignant political fever. They were very bilious, and very uncomfortable. *It was necessary to allow them to relieve their feelings by giving formal expression to them.* Mr. Errett, owing to his prominence and great influence, and to the fact that he was known to be *personally* devoted to the loyal cause, was perhaps better informed as to the prevalence and intensity of this diseased state of feeling than any other man in the convention. He doubtless clearly perceived that the proposed action was inconsistent with the Society's constitution; that it would do no sort of good; that it would not bring an additional dollar nor an additional man to the support of the government; and, moreover, that it would almost certainly produce temporary evils — heart-burnings, estrangements and recriminations; but, at the same time,

knowing what he did of the animus and purpose of the heated and blinded extremists, he might have thought, and I presume he did think, that it would serve as a sort of safety-valve, and so prevent the ruinous calamity of a division, in the body of Christ. If such motives did control him, and if such expectations were cherished—and this I judge simply from my knowledge of the man, and of some of the hitherto unknown facts which were in his possession—the final result justified his anticipations. The new and *political bond of Christian fellowship*, which had been so foolishly urged upon him, was never proposed. The war ended. Its sores gradually healed. Brethren from the North and the South, drawn together by a common faith, a common love and a common object, met as children of the same Father; and they have not only forgotten the evils that were behind, but they have come to see that there were good men on both sides—men who honestly, conscientiously and intelligently differed respecting the proper and rightful solution of the exceedingly difficult and complicated problem growing out of our peculiar governmental relations. And really much of the talk about "traitors" and "rebels" and "our government," potent as it was for purposes of political and belligerent conjuration, had but little in it besides. As a matter of fact there were a good many "governments" in this country at that time, and there were millions of people who, by the mere accident of birth and residence, were necessarily "rebels" against some one of them—and, as from the nature of the case they could not possibly be anything but rebels, it did seem a little harsh and hyper-Calvinistic to send them post-haste to the devil merely on that account! Of

course, to the preachers who had nothing to do but stand off at one side and talk about it, and glorify "our government," the duty was very plain: it was for the rebels to cease to rebel against *our* government, and rebel against the *other!* This was no doubt very patriotic advice, and it *sounded* well as a *theory*—but in *practice* it was subject to "inconveniences." It was found to be about as disagreeable to be hanged for "rebellion" in Alabama as it would have been in Washington City.

CHAPTER XXII.

1863–1864.

A troubled ecclesiastical sea.—An apple of discord.—Politics.—Fast-day sermon.—A hornet's nest.—The title "Rev."—The "Review" on the alert.—An estimate of B. Franklin and his "Review."—The better elements aroused. — Small-pox in the family. — Attends Bible Union meeting in Philadelphia.—Distinguished visitors.

It required more than ordinary skill to navigate the troubled sea of Detroit. It was tossed by many storms, and there were dangerous rocks and whirlpools, but, in spite of them all, the little vessel which Mr. Errett was guiding seemed to be making good headway. In other words, the church was growing. It abounded in good works; it reached out its hands to the needy and the suffering; it rescued the perishing; its minister had become a recognized power in the city; his congregations were large, and his work was prospering. Still there were troubles. We have seen what an ado was made about the "Synopsis"; and we may be sure that for a good while there were some in the City Hall congregation who, to speak grammatically, were usually in the objective case. It goes without saying that they were excellent *people*—but we could hardly expect them to be *angels—i. e.*, "before the time"—and certainly it was not in *human* nature for them to take any very ecstatic pleasure in the success

of "the new interest." I can even believe that such discords as might chance to arise in "the happy family"—a family, be it remembered, which had withdrawn, in order to *avoid* discords—would not be likely to produce any *poignant* distress in the breasts of those who had been left behind. Nay, if they sometimes went so far as to cast a disturbing apple into the assembly, it was not without classical precedent, for discord had thrown one into the feast of the immortals.

Politics was a happy thought. Mr. Errett, Colin Campbell, and Dr. Lodge were good, sound Republicans; Richard Hawley and several others were good, sound Democrats. Mr. Errett had made a fast-day sermon which, from the Republican point of view, was eminently sound. He had handled rebellion and rebels without gloves, and, it must be admitted, without his accustomed moderation and guardedness. He had stated his condemnatory principle so broadly that it would have included Gen. Washington and his old favorite, Dr. Franklin, along with the Hancocks and Adamses, and Carrolls of Carrollton. But no matter. The sermon was not meant as a calm and statesmanlike treatise. It was only to subserve an immediate purpose—to meet the demands of a passing occasion—and it answered its design.

Now the "apple" was thrown: he was inconsistent and insincere. He had denounced rebels as sinners, and yet he and those who agreed with him were every Sunday communing with Democrats—*alias* "copperheads"—rebel sympathizers—as guilty as the rebels themselves!

There were hornets in those days; the apple hit a hornet's nest—and there was great stinging in that church!

I do not know by what magic wand the master of assemblies brought this "war of the elements" to a close, nor how the painful punctures were mollified; but in some way, like Æolus with his winds, he soothed their troubled minds and composed their agitated spirits—and "the union was preserved." There was probably no formal treaty of peace, but only a sort of *modus vivendi*, which left both parties to understand that henceforth they were to "walk circumspectly, not as fools but as wise, redeeming the time because the days were evil." In a little while the pastor had diverted their minds into new channels; great city missions and other benevolent enterprises were undertaken, and in the zeal and heartiness with which they coöperated in these good works, they forgot that they were divided in politics, and exulted only in their union as Christians.

The Sunday-school had grown to be very large. Christmas came, and it was resolved, in spite of the gloom of war times, to make the children happy with pleasant reminders of the Prince of Peace. With music and songs and other appropriate exercises, connected with a beautiful Christmas tree and many beautiful Christmas gifts, the occasion was a great success, and everybody was delighted. The pastor was pleasantly remembered, receiving as his gift a beautiful silver door-plate, bearing the legend, "REV. I. ERRETT."

This title "Rev." was generally regarded by the Disciples of that day, as it is by some of them still, as being within the spirit of our Lord's prohibition, "Be not ye called Rabbi" (Matt. xxiii. 8). Every one must, of course, honor the scruples of the brethren who

really take this view of the passage, but it is coming to be more and more widely understood that the Saviour's words do not prohibit the use of any designation which simply makes known *the fact* that the man to whom it is applied is a *preacher*. It is distinctions *among* preachers—the acceptance of high-sounding titles which elevate the parties *above* their brother ministers—that the divine word seems to forbid, The word *Reverend* before a man's name, is universally understood to indicate simply that he is a minister of the gospel. It bears no significance of personal superiority or official eminence. It merely tells the truth, neither more nor less, that the man thus spoken of or addressed is a preacher—saying nothing about his greatness or his littleness, his honors or his want of honors. It places all upon a perfect equality, and does not, therefore seem to me to disregard the spirit of the text cited.

The Disciples, however, had early in their history, and without due consideration, committed themselves against it; and unfortunately many of them came to regard their position respecting it as one of the badges and tests of soundness. To all of these Mr. Errett's door-plate was something scandalous. They felt toward it much as Hezekiah felt toward Nehushtan. It was "a thing of brass"—wicked, seducing, corrupting. The "Review" was speedily notified, and, true to its mission as the great conservator, poured out its vials of wrath and condemnation. And no doubt all these worthy people really thought that Mr. Errett, in departing thus from the traditions of the elders and scribes, had gone very far astray.

This little incident, unimportant in itself, was but one of the many such which were utilized by the

"Review," through a long series of years, as the grounds of personal and disparaging criticism of Mr. Errett. It might not have been so, but it really seemed like the editor was constantly on the lookout to find something that could be represented to Mr. Errett's disadvantge. As a natural consequence the relations between the two men ceased, after a while, to be either endearing or intimate. Evidences of this fact will probably appear from time to time as we proceed; and we may turn aside here, as appropriately perhaps as anywhere, to make our readers acquainted with the "Review" and its editor.

Elder Benjamin Franklin was by no means without gifts. Commonly, it is true, though not always, he wrote in a slapdashing sort of style, but his pen was trenchant, and he always called a spade a spade. He would have been the last man in the world to speak of it as an "agricultural implement." His paper was the leading, and for a long time the only widely circulated weekly among the Disciples, and he wielded great influence. He had been corresponding secretary of the Missionary Society; he had traveled much among the churches, and had become personally well known to thousands of the brethren; he had held many successful protracted meetings; and no doubt he had accomplished in his day a great deal of good. While not a man of broad culture, he was extremely intense, and his sympathies were limited. If he had been brought up under circumstances favorable to the production of such result, he would have made a typical partisan. Even as it was, the broad catholic ground which he had been led theoretically to embrace, was never comfortably occupied by him in its

entirety, but was cultivated mainly in sections. He was quite clear in his comprehension of the *logic* of the plan of salvation. He could state it with accuracy, argue it with force, and support it by Scripture and reason; and when this was the work that was specially required to be done, he was a workman that needed not to be ashamed. When, however, it became necessary to reach down into the depths of the soul's profounder difficulties — into that region of spiritual weakness and disease—nay, the region where *death* reigns, and where, consequently, mere logic is powerless—where the voice of almighty love and heaven-born charity is the only quickening influence—then it was that he seemed to come short. And I have no doubt that it was his inability really to appreciate in men and in churches the difficulties which lay *beyond* his plea—the obstacles which his arguments *could not reach*—that generated in him the ungracious spirit which at length largely possessed and characterized him. He became intolerant. He could not put himself in other men's places. There were ten thousand influences operating upon them which he could not fully understand — influences connected with early impressions, with parental education, with religious associations, with religious experience, with venerated and saintly examples—which naturally made them slow to accept what he preached as the conclusion of the whole case—but all these went for naught. He felt that what he preached or published was the *truth;* that he *demonstrated* it with almost mathematical certainty; and hence its rejection could be the result only of *criminal opposition* to the truth. Such a spirit might crush and silence opposi-

tion, but it could rarely win men to the voluntary and glad acceptance of the gospel.

His bearing toward brethren who differed from him was much the same. If they were disposed to be charitable to their fellow creatures, and especially to their fellow Christians of other churches, and generously, without constraint or stint, to recognize all that was pure and lovely and of good report among them; if they sympathized with their religious troubles, and were disposed to be patient, considerate, forbearing and helpful, rather than harsh, exclusive and condemnatory, it was regarded and proclaimed as a falling away, a compromise of the truth, a bid for popularity, a longing for the flesh-pots of Egypt. Such men as Isaac Errett, Robert Richardson, W. K. Pendleton, C. L. Loos, the Haydens and many more—the very loftiest characters in the brotherhood, and as lofty, morally and spiritually, as any in the world—if only they differed from him, were held up as "unsound" and unfaithful, while the editor of the "Review" was the great champion of the *truth* and hope of *the cause*.

Among the patrons there were many, of course, who accepted all this as gospel. As a natural consequence the tone of the paper was lowered. Its earlier volumes had been comparatively temperate, modest and of good spirit, and towards the brethren, at least, conciliatory and kind. But now, though it still published from time to time an excellent and readable article, its columns began to be mainly filled with very inferior matter—matter that was "original" in every sense of the word. And, unhappily, there was no lack of copy. It came pouring in, in immense quantities and from all quarters—from Hickory Flats and Piney

Groves and Sandy Hooks and Rocky Fords—letters, articles, reviews, communications, criticisms — all of them "original" in conception, and some of them in spelling and syntax as well; and their burden was a wail that so many were seeking to seduce the brethren from the truth, followed by an exulting gratulation that the "American Christian Review" was still the "Old Reliable," and giving honor to its able and uncompromising editor as the Magnus Apollo of the Reformation!

The editorials, of course, were responsive and powerful. Uncircumcised "compromisers" and profane "innovators" were shown no quarter. It was no time for dilly-dallying. The old ship of Zion was in danger. Storms were raging; waves were roaring; timbers were creaking; breakers were ahead; tricky and evil-disposed brethren were concealed in the hold; the prospect was gloomy — but *nil desperandum!* The "American Christian Review" was still on board; its sleepless editor was still at the helm; he understood the evil designs of the wicked; and if the *faithful* would only stand up to him, the old ship should be carried safely into port. Now was the time to subscribe!

Conspicuous and prominent as Mr. Errett was, he of course received his full share, and more than his share, of these ungracious outpourings. I can easily believe that he was sometimes annoyed by them. It is not pleasant to be advertised as unfaithful to one's high trust, as untrue to one's profession. We do not enjoy being looked at askance by those who have been wont to hold us in honor and affection. But in truth these diatribes did him no personal injury. His hold

upon the esteem and confidence of the brotherhood was stronger than his opponents had supposed. And he had powerful allies—able, learned, illustrious and godly men, who were in perfect accord and sympathy with him. The whole arousement, therefore, made by the "Review" and its supporters—whether their motives were good or bad, and doubtless they were much mixed—was really one of those seeming evils out of which God educes good. The "Review" went too far. It overshot its mark; it defeated its own object; it taught the brotherhood to appreciate, by contrast with it, the genuine spirit of the gospel. While giving itself out as the true exponent of their principles and their doctrine, they were brought by it to feel that it had become an intolerable misrepresentation of their spirit, their aims and their attitude. Hence the cry began to come up louder and louder, and from every quarter: "We must have a weekly paper that will properly represent our position—a paper which, while true to the letter, will also be true to the spirit of the gospel." And it is remarkable with what singular unanimity the brethren looked to Mr. Errett as the man best qualified to supply what was wanted.

Owing to the war and other causes, the attainment of the object was postponed; but it was here, in this deep-felt want, in this dire necessity, *in this crisis of the religious fortunes of the Disciples*—for it was no less —that the idea, afterwards realized in the great and influential "Christian Standard," began to take form and shape in men's minds.

The work in Detroit continued to prosper, although it received a few backsets during the year 1864. In the very beginning the pastor had lamed himself by

going on foot to make New Year's calls. The weather was extremely cold, and one of his feet became frost-bitten, which disabled him for a good while, and unfortunately just at the time when a protracted meeting was to have been held. Later on a member of his family was prostrated by an attack of the dreadful disease, small-pox. This had been contracted while making merciful visits among the poor and the outcasts of the city. Of course this necessitated the imprisonment of Mr. Errett and all the family in their own home until the patient had recovered and all danger of communicating the contagion had passed away. At length the time came when, after a thorough fumigation, it was pronounced safe for him to go out, which he did with jocular comments upon his experience with fire and brimstone!

In May he attended a meeting of the Bible Union in Philadelphia, where he delivered a very entertaining and instructive address on Bible Translation. He also held in June one of his delightfully quiet and refreshing meetings in Bethany, resulting in a good many additions, mostly students in the college. During the summer he was visited by many of his old friends, some of them then or afterwards people of distinction. I mention especially Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Burnet, Gen. and Mrs. Garfield, Dr. and Mrs. Robison, Prof. Loos, J. W. Lanphear, R. Richardson and H. C. Latham. All these, and many more not named here, were delighted with the work he had accomplished in the city, and to all of them the prospect for the future seemed unclouded and brilliant.

CHAPTER XXIII.

1864–1865.—DETROIT AND MUIR.

"Sketches from a Pastor's Portfolio."—Extracts.—A little undercurrent.—A woman with three measures of meal.—Resignation tendered.—Letter in the "Harbinger."—Back in Muir.—Troubles in the church.—A wagon followed by a carriage.—Labors on the New Hymn-Book.—Mr. Errett's Morning Hymn.—"Creed question."—Extract.

"Sketches from a Pastor's Portfolio," published during this year (1864) in the "Harbinger," were received with great favor. Mr. Errett had thrown around them the charm of personal interest; he had introduced an able and experienced pastor of one of the denominations, who was friendly to the Disciples, and made him, under the designation of Eusebius, the principal speaker in a series of interviews—supporting his positions by copious extracts from his portfolio. The introduction of the matter, quoted from the first sketch, will show the drift of the series:

"Your religious movement," said Eusebius, "will suffer on account of your imperfect and erroneous views of pastoral labor. In many communities, the course of the advocates of reformation has been marked more by a *de*structive than a *con*structive policy. They have laid about them, right and left, and have smitten many idols to the dust. They have enlightened and liberalized public sentiment.

Candor compels me to admit, too, that in preaching they approach more closely, in simplicity and definiteness, the primitive models, than any other preachers. But they are rapidly gathering large communities, for whose welfare they do not sufficiently provide. They will have immense flocks of sheep without shepherds, and they must soon be scattered on the mountains, and many be devoured by wolves. They have been filled with a dread of 'the clergy'; they have heard hard working and poorly paid ministers denounced as 'hirelings'; very many of them are possessed of a conceit that they can do their own preaching, without the expense of a pastor. The eldership of your churches, while possessed of much moral and spiritual worth, is generally inefficient. Most of their care is Sunday care—the flock is thrown out on the commons, and folded once a week to be briefly salted and fed. No flock of sheep can thrive that way, sir."

I suggested that the primitive churches had a plurality of elders, and knew of no such order as prevailed in his denomination.

"You talk," he replied, "as if, in matters of church order, the New Testament had positive statutes, arranged according to 'the pattern shown in the mount.' To me this is not apparent. Apart from some bold outlines, intended to guard against anarchy on the one hand, and ecclesiastical assumption on the other, giving the church a social character, and making its government paternal, it seems to me that little stress is laid on the details for which you contend in such strictness. The synagogue worship was not of divine authority—it grew out of the neighborhood necessities; yet Jesus honored it by his presence and his participation, and did not rank its wise arrangements among the 'commandments and traditions of men.' The government of the primitive Christian churches was modeled largely after that of the synagogue. This was doubtless under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, but in so natural and free a way that there seems a purposed avoidance of the strictness

and positiveness of ecclesiastical statutes—so that there might be many modifications, according to circumstances, without a violation of the precepts or intention of the Head of the church."

The reader will easily see from the direction of the current, as above indicated, that it is leading on to a full consideration of the whole subject of the pastorate —the importance of the office, the qualifications for it, the preparation necessary for the pulpit, the toils and trials of a pastor's life, and his exceeding great and precious rewards, both here and hereafter. Perhaps very few of Mr. Errett's literary labors were more opportune or useful than these well-considered papers. They were adjusted to living conditions; they were responsive to pressing wants; they imparted much-needed instruction; they answered objections; they overcame prejudices—and thenceforth the pastoral life and relations were better understood and appreciated by his numerous readers.

It was in contemplation by Mr. Errett to begin the publication in Detroit of the weekly paper which had been so generally and so earnestly called for. He was gradually getting matters in train for it—quietly arranging, by correspondence with interested and wealthy brethren, to put the enterprise on a solid pecuniary basis—and some of these brethren had expressed the determination to remove to Detroit. If no obstacle had been thrown in the way, and Mr. Errett's plans could have been carried out, it is not unreasonable to suppose that the place would have become an important center of influence for the Disciples.

But, unhappily, before his purpose was consummated, and while its existence was unknown by the

church, a little underworking to displace the pastor was disclosed to him—much to his surprise and mortification. Somebody wanted a change. It began to be whispered, first by a single one, who, perhaps, had some real or fancied grievance, or perchance only a political prejudice, that a new broom would probably sweep better. A younger and more vigorous man might accomplish more. A man of means might live in finer style than the church could enable Mr. Errett to maintain, and hence, by social reciprocities, be able to reach and influence a larger number of the higher classes. We know from the Supreme Authority, that "a woman" can take a very little "leaven and put it in three measures of meal till the whole is leavened." Mr. Errett, however, did not wait for the matter to go so far. He was fully informed, almost from the first, of what was being done, and he felt that his self-respect required him to act upon it. Hence, before the church as a whole was aware that anything was brewing, he promptly, about the month of August, tendered his resignation, to take effect at the close of the year. It should be stated that there was not the least sundering of affectionate personal relations. While the few who had brought about the result had made a serious mistake for themselves, and had inflicted great injury upon him and his family, they no doubt felt that they had acted from high and worthy motives. In such cases, persons seldom permit themselves to look at the secret influence which lies back of the avowed reason.

The family was promptly sent back to Muir—the very warm and earnest resolutions of the church, begging him to withdraw his resignation, not having

changed his purpose. At the end of the year he followed them, resuming his former relations to the churches. His Christian spirit, under the sore trial out of which he had come, and his tender regard for the brethren whom he had left, are seen in the following communication, published in the "Harbinger" early in 1865:

MUIR, MICHIGAN, January 4.

The labors of the last two years of my life have been diverted from my home field, for the sake of establishing the cause on a more prosperous footing in the chief city of our State. The church on Jefferson Avenue, which was organized two years ago, with seventeen members, now numbers about one hundred and twenty. Most of these had not previously known of our people or our principles. The church is steadily growing in public confidence, and gradually extending her usefulness. Bro. W. T. Moore has entered on the pastoral care of the congregation, and from all we know of his ability and faithfulness, and of the zeal and devotion of the membership, we are confident of continued and increasing prosperity of the cause in Detroit. It has been hard to break away from the pleasant associations and affectionate co-operation of as pleasant and devoted a band of Christians as I have ever known. But duty calls me back to my former home, and I am glad to leave a church, so tenderly loved, in faithful hands. I. E.

Although he seems contented and happy back in his old field and among his warm personal friends and brethren, we may be sure that he is not to remain there permanently. He came, however, none too soon. Troubles had been brewing during his absence, and serious mistakes had been made. Through infirmities of flesh and temper and tongue, aided in one or two instances by something that looked much like positive

wickedness, the churches both in Muir and Ionia had been led into great disharmony. He promptly took hold of the case, and with a firm hand, faithful rebukes, wise counsels and earnest entreaties, soon guided them back into peace and fraternal coöperation. His very presence was an inspiration, and in a little while they were interested in the higher and nobler things of life, and were diligently engaged in good works—he himself taking the lead with his former zeal and enthusiasm.

To facilitate his movements he procured a pair of good horses, and when these were harnessed to the old farm vehicle, the whole family could jump into the wagon and be rapidly, if not very comfortably, transported to church or elsewhere. If the idea of a carriage was ever suggested to them as a preferable mode of "rapid transit," they made no sign; but evidently somebody thought of it, for one morning very early a brother who, *up to that time*, had borne a spotless reputation, was *detected* coming out of their barn in a very *clandestine* and *sneaking* sort of way! He succeeded in making his escape; and when they reached the place whence he had been seen to issue, and opened the door and looked in, lo! and behold! there was a fine carriage and harness. The accompanying card read:

BELOVED BRO. ERRETT:—Please accept this carriage and harness as a small token of respect and esteem in which you are held by a few of your numerous friends in Ionia County.

This was a model "donation party."

But gladness and sorrow dwell close together in this world. News comes that James, who had been away

W. K. PENDLETON.

A. S. HAYDEN.

T. M. ALLEN.

W. T. MOORE.

MEMBERS OF HYMN BOOK COMMITTEE.

so long in the army, was very ill, and lying in a hospital in Washington. The father immediately goes to him, finds him alive, nurses him into convalescence, and, after a weary round of red-tape, succeeds in getting him off and bringing him home to the anxious mother.

The preparation of the new hymn-book was one of the extra labors of this year. He had been appointed chairman of the committee who were charged with the duty of revising and enlarging the old book. The other members—Messrs. W. K. Pendleton, W. T. Moore, T. M. Allen, and A. S. Hayden—were gentlemen who, like himself, were of fine taste and judgment; but still the work for each one was arduous. It required the collection from all sources of numerous hymns and lyrics; their careful and critical reading, having reference both to poetical excellency and theological soundness; and in every case the concurrence by the committee on the question of admitting or rejecting. It was a tedious and wearisome work, of course largely performed by sub-committee, but the whole of it finally subjected to the critical scrutiny of Mr. Errett and Prof. Pendleton. In the performance of this duty Mr. Errett spent several weeks in Bethany. And it should be stated that as the result of the solicitous care and pains of the committee, and of their exceptional competency for the task, the work produced was perhaps the best and most complete hymn-book in the world. It contained the very cream and excellence of sacred songs, both old and new, arranged under appropriate heads, and given in copious abundance and variety. It will interest the reader to learn that the beautiful morning hymn, No. 1,180

in the collection, was composed by Mr. Errett expressly for this work:

A MORNING HYMN.

I praise thy name, O God of Light,
For rest and safety through the night.
Beneath thy wing securely kept,
I closed my eyes and sweetly slept.

Redeemed from weariness, I rise
To greet the light with cheerful eyes;
And with the birds, on joyful wing,
My soul would rise and gaily sing.

I thank thee, Lord, for all thy care,
For all the blessings that I share—
Life, reason, health, and home, and friends,
And every gift thy goodness sends.

O let me never, never cease
To cherish trust and thankfulness.
From thee, thou Maker of my frame,
Each undeserved blessing came.

As numberless as stars of heaven
Are the rich bounties thou hast given,
And fresh as dews, and sweet as flowers
The love that smiles on all my hours.

O let me to thine altar bring
A pure and grateful offering;
And let my thanks as incense rise
In Christ, a pleasing sacrifice.

His literary contributions during the year were numerous and, as always, timely and valuable. He concluded his "Sketches from a Pastor's Portfolio," and wrote "Linsey Woolsey," "Infidel Cavil Refuted," "Scylla and Charybdis," "The Creed Ques-

A Morning Hymn

I praise thy name, O Lord my Light,
For rest and safety through the night.
Beneath thy wing securely kept,
I closed my eyes and sweetly slept

Redeemed from weariness, I rise
To greet the light with eyes & eyes;
And with the birds, in joyful song,
My soul owned nie, and gaily sang

I thank Thee Lord for all thy care,
For all the blessings that I share —
Life, reason, health, and home, and friends,
And every gift thy goodness sends.

O let me never, never cease
To cherish trust and thankfulness.
From Thee, thou Shelter of my frame,
Each undeserved blessing came

As numberless as stars of heaven
Are the rich bounties thou hast given,
And fresh as dews, and sweet as flowers,
The love that smiles on all my hours.

O let me bring at thine altar
A pure and grateful offering;
And let my thanks, as incense rise
In Christ, a pleasing sacrifice.

tion," "Protestant Hymnology," "Theological Schools," "Extremes," "Progress of Roman Catholicism," "Additional Testimonies for Immersion," and "Spiritual Declension," besides fugitive and less elaborate pieces.

In "Linsey Woolsey" he combatted an evil which had been generated by the tremendous interests of the war period. During the continuance of this fearful scourge many ministers on both sides had taken part in various ways, some in the field, but more by public advocacy, both in the pulpit and on the hustings. Now that the war had closed, and the great question was settled, some of these able and popular speakers entered the arena of partisan politics, distinguishing themselves as "stump orators and political exhorters; sometimes sustaining a creditable reputation on the political stage, as leading characters in the main performance, and sometimes bringing down the house with the comicalities of the after-piece"! Mr. Errett saw disastrous results to the ministry and to the churches in this exchange of the "clear white linen" that had clothed "the man of God," for the coarse linsey-woolsey garb of "the mongrel political priest, or priestly politician." "We ask, then," he proceeds, "ought a Christian minister to be a politician—a stump orator—an advocate of party politics—a candidate for political honors? And we answer emphatically, No." His argument in support of this proposition, while most kindly considerate, was at the same time so forcible and earnest that it was largely effective in arresting the evil tendency. It is consequently unnecessary, for any practical purpose, to reproduce this argument, or any part of it, at this late day.

"The Creed Question," however, is still a living issue, and if space permitted, I should gladly republish Mr. Errett's carefully considered article on this subject. Although nearly thirty years have passed since it first appeared, it would be read to-day with great interest and profit. A few brief extracts, while by no means doing justice to his admirable presentation of the theme, may suffice to indicate its character. Notice the very clear and highly important *distinction* which he draws in the opening paragraph:

We have always thought, and are more than ever convinced, that the ground occupied by the Disciples on the creed question is peculiar. The advocates of human creeds have sought to place us in the same category with Unitarians, Universalists and various other heterodox societies. They have argued, with some degree of plausibility, that the mischievous errors and semi-infidel vagaries which some of the creedless parties have advocated, are legitimate offshoots of the no-creed doctrine, and that there is no safeguard against the wildest latitudinarianism except in a distinct avowal of the fundamental teachings of the Scriptures in the form of a creed. We, however, object to a classification which assigns us a place with these creedless specimens of heterodoxy, and also to the conclusion in favor of human creeds, attempted to be drawn from the errors and extravagancies of the parties referred to. We occupy a ground as distinct and as distant from that of the no-creed advocates, as from that of the advocates of human creeds. We admit, with the latter, the absolute necessity of a creed, both for a positive affirmation of essential truth, and for a safeguard against false and pernicious doctrines. We affirm, with the former, the unauthorized and tyrannical dogmatism of human creeds and their schismatical tendencies. But we deny, what the latter asserts—the necessity of a *human* creed; and we affirm, what the former denies—the necessity for a *divine* creed. We call attention to this peculiar posi-

tion, as the only safe resort from the extremes and mischiefs alike of the orthodox and heterodox parties.

This thesis is carefully elaborated under various subdivisions—to only one of which, to-wit: that "human creeds are necessarily schismatical in tendency"—can I devote space for even a brief quotation. He says, under this head, among other things:

Men will not be compelled to swear by the theological formulæ of a past age. You can not make thinking men believe that a system growing out of the amorous intrigues of King Henry VIII., of England; or growing up out of the troubled seas of England's civil wars and maddening political strifes; or having its birth amidst the contentions of Burghers and Anti-burghers in Scotland, is to be blindly accepted in this age, as of divine authority. Give them the law and the testimony of Christ, and there is an end of controversy. But you can not, in an age when all the world is laughing over the Pope's last Encyclical letter, and mocking at the harmless thunders of the Vatican, expect that the dwarfish popes of Protestant Christendom are to exact homage and reverence from an enlightened and free people. When the might and terror of ecclesiastical Brobdingnagians are no longer startling, it is too much to expect to hold the world awe-stricken before the diminutive authorities of Protestant Lilliput. Yet that homage *must* be rendered, or the minds that have outgrown the creeds of former times must be driven out from their former associations, to organize new parties, or to be lost in the mists and fogs of skepticism.

There is one other point in the communication that should, in justice to the author, be stated in his own words. I give it as follows:

The right of a religious body to inform the public of its peculiarities, simply to meet the demand for information,

may be freely conceded, without impairing in the least this protest against human creeds *as terms of religious fellowship*. The former is simply the exercise of a right and privilege growing out of the relations which a religious community sustains to the public; but the latter is the exercise of fearful power, *unauthorized by any relation existing between the party which asserts it and the party on whom it is exercised*. "One is your Master, even Christ; and all ye are brethren."

This distinction, which is evidently correct, and now well understood by all intelligent Disciples, was fully recognized and expressly stated by him in the Detroit Synopsis, to which allusion was made in a former chapter.

CHAPTER XXIV.

1865–1866.—MUIR.

Made Principal of Biblical Department of Hiram College.—The Phillips brothers.—Several colleges willing to receive help.—Mr. Errett offered high places.—The founding of the "Christian Standard."—Some of the existing papers characterized.—Secretary W. J. Ford quoted.—Original prospectus.—Leaves with his daughter for Cleveland.

The Board of Trustees of the Western Reserve Eclectic Institute, at a called meeting in June, 1865, resolved to establish a department of Biblical literature. They appointed a committee consisting of J. P. Robison, J. A. Garfield and Harmon Austin, to whom the whole matter of providing and arranging for the same was given in charge. By the end of the year they had perfected their plan, which contemplated a summer course of lectures in the institute, to be free to all preachers and all students for the ministry. They had also secured the services of able and experienced lecturers, among whom the work was distributed. Isaac Errett was announced as Principal and Professor of Evangelical and Pastoral Training, Preparation and Delivery of Sermons, and Church Government. It may as well be stated here, proleptically, that he occupied this important position for two years,

1866–7, that the lectures were largely attended and were exceedingly profitable. The expenses of these valuable courses of lectures were borne mainly, if not exclusively, by the Phillips brothers, of New Castle, Pa. These gentlemen had recently become very wealthy. To use a current phrase of the times, they had "struck oil." Their gains speedily ran up into the millions, and their income was immense. Withal, they were consecrated men—faithful and devoted Disciples; and they earnestly desired to use their great wealth for the advancement of the cause of Christ. They thought much and earnestly on the subject, and they were devising liberal things. Naturally their minds were directed to educational enterprises, and to the fostering of religious, and especially periodical literature. They were not visionary men, but were characterized by calm and sober thoughtfulness. They had great respect for Mr. Errett's judgment, and very properly they counseled with him, as they did with Gen. Garfield, Prof. Pendleton and others of like ability. But the problem was difficult. There were institutions of learning already founded, some of which, especially Bethany College, had elegant and costly buildings, and each of these schools was urging its claims upon the fostering care of these wealthy and liberal brothers. John B. Bowman, Regent of Kentucky University, felt sure that that was the proper place for the money; Mr. Errett, personally and for weighty reasons, was inclined to favor Bethany; the Northwestern Christian University at Indianapolis devised a large scheme which required only a few hundred thousand dollars for its realization; the Western Reserve Eclectic Institute was quite ready

THOMAS W. PHILLIPS.

CHARLES M. PHILLIPS.

I. N. PHILLIPS.

JOHN T. PHILLIPS.

THE PHILLIPS BROTHERS.

to be lifted above want and placed upon a sure foundation; and as it was known that Mr. Errett had the ear and the confidence of the Phillips brothers, he was made the intermediary for bringing all these claims to their attention. I do not know that he even tried to influence them further than by giving necessary information and helping them to comprehend the whole situation. He knew and appreciated them better than some of those who had invoked his offices. They were sensible, far-seeing business men, who could not be caught by a fancy, or deceived by the wild enthusiasm of interested parties. They themselves naturally preferred to found a new institution at New Castle; to collect around them some of the ablest of the Disciples; and to establish there a paper of good tone and high character. But, in view of the many conflicting interests among the brotherhood, it was deemed proper at present to support only the summer course of Theological Lectures at Hiram, and postpone the consideration of other matters to a more convenient season.

I have not stated that, in order to enlist Mr. Errett, he was offered the highest place of honor in both the Northwestern Christian University and in Kentucky University, if he would secure the endowment of these respective institutions. But as we might naturally suppose, he was not influenced in the least by such considerations.

The story of the founding of the "Christian Standard" is known to very few, and it will be read with interest. It became such a power for good; its influence was so conservative and so elevating; in matter, in tone, in spirit, it was so admirable; and continuing to

this day to be recognized as one of the ablest and most influential of the religious journals of America—every one will be glad to know its origin and early history. Moreover, it was through this great channel that, for the rest of his life, Mr. Errett poured forth the fullness of his vast intellectual and spiritual resources — gladdening and blessing hundreds of thousands wherever the English language is spoken.

As we have more than once pointed out, such a paper was repeatedly called for. The best, the wisest, the purest Disciples, all over the land, deeply felt the need of it. It is true, the "Millennial Harbinger," now edited by Prof. Pendleton, was most ably conducted, and was always freighted with matter that commanded the thoughtful attention of the more intelligent and influential brethren. But it was a monthly, and most of its contents were of a character that would have graced a quarterly—deep, learned, weighty—and hence not well suited to the popular taste. There were several weeklies, also, among them the "Review" and "Gospel Advocate," but these were not satisfactory. They were regarded as being narrow in their views on Scriptural truth, essentially sectarian in spirit, and, in many respects, hurtful rather than helpful to the great cause which they assumed to represent. I would say nothing here derogatory of the editors of these papers. They represented and fostered that unfortunate type of discipleship to which allusion was made in a previous chapter—a type with which the leading minds among the brotherhood could have no sympathy. We may credit these writers with sincerity and honesty, but we can not read many of their productions without feeling that we are breathing an unwholesome

religious atmosphere. They seem to infuse an unlovely and earth-born spirit, which they clothe, nevertheless, in the garb of the divine letter, and enforce with cold, legalistic and crushing power. The great truth for whose defense the Disciples are set, demanded a wiser, sweeter, better advocacy — an advocacy that should exhibit the apostolic *spirit* as well as the apostolic *letter*.

I have called attention, from time to time, to many of the earnest appeals to Mr. Errett to supply this demand. I should mention here especially, the lively interest in the subject manifested by A. I. Hobbs, a gentleman who has long been deservedly prominent and influential among the Disciples, and who is at present honorably connected with Drake University at Des Moines. He went so far as to raise subscriptions in Cincinnati to the amount of $8,000, as a basis for the proposed paper; but, of course, this sum was insufficient, and even these subscriptions were conditioned, most of them, upon the location of the paper in Cincinnati. Mr. Errett, however, always highly appreciated the generous efforts of his esteemed friend and brother, and if circumstances had permitted he would have been glad to associate him with himself in the conduct of the paper. But now other and more powerful agencies were at work.

W. J. Ford, who from the beginning was connected with this new movement, has kindly furnished me with the inside and hitherto unwritten history of the whole matter.

After describing the beautiful residence of Thomas W. Phillips, near New Castle, and speaking of the great interest felt by "some of the leaders of the

Reformation, that a religious journal should be published which should truly and honestly state the Scriptural views held by our people, and in a kind way, with good literary taste, be so conducted that it should be welcome to the homes of all," he proceeds to give an account of the first gathering, which was held in the afore-mentioned house, December 22, 1865.

Those present were Isaac Errett, J. P. Robison, W. K. Pendleton, J. A. Garfield, C. H. Gould, J. F. Rowe, J. K. Pickett, J. B. Milner, O. Higgins, E. J. Agnew, J. T. Phillips, C. M. Phillips, T. W. Phillips, and W. J. Ford.

The meeting was organized by electing Dr. Robison chairman and Mr. Ford secretary, and then T. W. Phillips offered the following:

Resolved, First, that the present aspect of affairs, in connection with the religious interests of the "current Reformation," requires the aid of a new religious weekly newspaper.

Resolved, Second, that in order the more surely and successfully to effect the establishment and support of such a weekly, a joint stock company should be formed to raise the means necessary, and to direct the conduct of the same.

The resolutions were considered separately, and passed by full vote. Then the question of the location of the publication came up. Mr. Gould advocated Cincinnati; Dr. Robison, Cleveland; Mr. Rowe, New York. Several others took part in the discussion. At length the matter came to a vote, which resulted in the selection of Cleveland.

J. F. Rowe and W. J. Ford were made a committee to secure the coöperation of Dr. Streator, G. W. N. Yost and P. B. Roberts.

JAMES A. GARFIELD.

ISAAC ERRETT.

J. H. JONES.

A. J. MARVIN.

STOCKHOLDERS C. P. A.

Gen. J. A. Garfield, J. P. Robison and W. S. Streator were made a committee to obtain charter and necessary papers for organization of the company. Adjourned to meet in Cleveland December 26.

At this meeting the capital stock was fixed at one hundred thousand dollars—ten thousand shares at ten dollars per share, and the name of the company was made, "The Christian Publishing Association." Gen. Garfield and J. H. Rhodes were appointed a committee on stock subscriptions, and W. J. Ford was elected solicitor.

The price of the paper was fixed at two dollars and fifty cents per annum, and its publication was to commence the first week in April, 1866. On motion of J. H. Jones, Isaac Errett was unanimously elected editor. The charter bore date, January 2, 1866, and named as Directors, J. A. Garfield, W. S. Streator, J. P. Robison, T. W. Phillips, C. M. Phillips, G. W. N. Yost and W. J. Ford.

The first meeting of the Directors was held February 14, 1866, when Dr. Streator was elected President; W. J. Ford, Secretary, and Dr. J. P. Robison, Treasurer. These, under the rules, constituted the Executive Committee. Isaac Errett, as editor-in-chief, was to have the management of all the business, and the selection of associates and agents, subject to the approval of the Executive Committee. At this meeting the name of the paper, "The Christian Standard," was adopted, and R. R. Sloan was appointed agent to obtain subscriptions. *

* I shall have occasion, in a subsequent chapter, to quote further from Mr. Ford's interesting communication. I insert here the names of the original stockholders:

At this period the enterprise must have looked very promising. It was backed by strong capitalists, who were full of enthusiasm. The association was not only to issue the paper, but to publish books, tracts, etc., and the paper itself was *wanted;* "everybody" had been calling for it, and its circulation would certainly be very large. So hopeful were the original stockholders that they made haste to pass a resolution that "when thirty-five thousand dollars shall have been subscribed, the balance may be divided among the paid-up stockholders." It was to be so good a thing—it might as well be kept in the family! But in truth, as we shall see hereafter, an enterprise of this character is not simply a vessel to be launched at once upon the ocean of prosperity; it is rather a plant that must slowly grow to maturity. The "Standard," with all its backing, had to establish a character for itself, and win its own way, little by little, to popular favor and support. But in any case it had to be started, and the foregoing action was well calculated to give it a good send off.

Mr. Errett could not think of leaving Michigan before providing for his churches; and, of course, there were other preparations to make for this final move. When he had gone to Detroit some years before, he was so fortunate as to secure Alanson Wilcox as his successor; and now, on the eve of departing for Cleveland, he naturally turned again to the same trusted friend and brother. He knew him well—knew

Jno. T. Phillips, Thos. W. Phillips, Chas. M. Phillips, I. N. Phillips, G. W. N. Yost, Gen. J. A. Garfield, J. H. Jones, Isaac Errett, Dr. J. P. Robison. W. J. Ford, J. H. Rhodes, A. J. Marvin, Harmon Austin, Dr. W. S. Streator, Dr. S. A. Boynton, Richard Hawley, I. Sturtevant, J. Featherstone, S. C. Yost, Dr. Thos. L. Bane.

that he was a man whose qualifications of mind and heart eminently fitted him for the responsible post, and he was happy in securing the promise that once more he would undertake the arduous work.

It should here be stated that, among the religious weeklies of the better class which were published at this time, was the "Christian Record," of Indianapolis, edited by Elijah Goodwin. Its circulation was about two thousand copies, and, by an arrangement with the Christian Publishing Association, its subscription list was conveyed to the "Standard." These names would be chiefly valuable to the "Standard" the first year, as serving widely to distribute it and make it known.

Early in February the "Record" published its valedictory, and warmly commended the forthcoming paper and its able editor. In this last issue was published the prospectus of the "Standard"; and those who are familiar with what the paper finally became, and what it accomplished, will be interested in comparing the grand result with the editor's original design. I therefore copy the prospectus as follows:

PROSPECTUS.

A joint stock company, under the name of The Christian Publishing Association, proposes to publish, in the city of Cleveland, Ohio, a weekly religious newspaper, to be called "The Christian Standard." Isaac Errett, editor.

The "Standard" proposes—

1. A bold and vigorous advocacy of Christianity, as revealed in the New Testament, without respect to party, creed or an established theological system.

2. A plea for the union of all who acknowledge the supreme authority of the Lord Jesus, on the apostolic basis of "one Lord, one faith, one baptism."

3. Particular regard to practical religion in all the broad interests of piety and humanity. Missionary and educational enterprises, and every worthy form of active benevolence, will receive attention. While the "Standard is designed to be pre-eminently a religious paper, it will freely discuss the moral and religious aspects of the leading questions of the day, in literature, education, moral and political science, commerce—in short, all that bears seriously on duty and destiny.

4. A Christian literature, involving a review of books and such discussions of literature, science and art as may serve to excite inquiry and promote the intelligence and taste of its readers.

5. A faithful record of important religious movements in the old world and the new. While it is intended to make the "Standard" an organ of the interests and movements of the brotherhood of Disciples, it will not fail to present such a view of the teachings and proceedings of all denominations and benevolent societies as will keep its readers posted in all the important affairs of the religious world.

6. Such a summary of political, commercial and general intelligence as is suitable for a family paper.

Scriptural in aim, catholic in spirit, bold and uncompromising, but courteous in tone, the "Standard" will seek to rally the hosts of spiritual Israel around the Bible for the defense of truly Christian interests against the assumption of popery, the mischiefs of sectarianism, the sophistries of infidelity, and the pride and corruptions of the world.

The editor will be aided by an able corps of contributors.

The "Standard" will be published in quarto form, suitable for preservation, and will be about the size of the Cincinnati "Commercial." The first number will be issued in March or April next.

Terms, two dollars and fifty cents a year, invariably in advance. No club rates. Address,

ISAAC ERRETT,
Cleveland, O.

PROF. J. H. RHODES.

W. J. FORD.

DR. THOMAS L. BANE.

RICHARD HAWLEY.

And now at length his preparations for leaving were all completed. The family were to remain for a few months on the farm, while he went before to put the new machinery in motion, and to prepare for their reception. It was decided, however, that Jennie should accompany him in the capacity of secretary. She desired the position; she needed a change of climate; he would be obliged to *have* a secretary; and it was believed, as indeed the result proved, that she would make an excellent one. And so it came to pass, when he set forth to enter upon the crowning work of his life, he was accompanied by one who loved and honored him supremely and devotedly, and whose greatest happiness it was, then as always, to be near him and helpful to him.

The two voyagers, after a brief but delightful visit in Detroit, where they were received with open hearts and glad welcome, take a night train for Cleveland, which they reach in the early morning; and after securing their quarters and refreshing themselves, they are ready to enter, side by side, upon the vocation which to both of them is new and untried.

CHAPTER XXV.

1866.—IN CLEVELAND.

The birthplace of the "Christian Standard."—The "Review's" visions of elegance and luxury.—Mr. Errett's retrospect of its humble beginnings, and the spirit which prompted its publication.—Death of Alexander Campbell.—Mr. Errett's tribute to him.—First issue of the "Standard."—Its departments, and contributors.—J. F. Rowe.

In the course of a few days after his arrival in Cleveland, arrangements were made for the publication of the paper; offices were rented and plainly furnished with a few chairs, a table for himself, and a desk for the secretary; the walls were cleansed and whitewashed, and the floors were covered with drugget. Everything was severely plain. The offices were back rooms of No. 99 Bank street, but they were well lighted and quiet. Such was the the birthplace of the "Standard." In Cincinnati it was believed at the time, or at any rate it was so represented, that the "Standard's" quarters were most gorgeous; and the "Review" had visions of Brussels carpets, luxurious chairs, rich and elegant surroundings, in which the editor, in *otium cum dignitate*, reclined in his cushioned *fauteuil*, and smoked his fragrant Havana! There was genius in this. It would make the impression that the "Review" was the paper of the *people*—the "Standard" was that of a select and aristocratic *class*.

DR. J. P. ROBISON.

HARMON AUSTIN.

DR. S. P. BOYNTON.

G. W. N. YOST.

STOCKHOLDERS O. P. A.

We have seen how different was the reality from the representation; let us now see the spirit and motive that actuated Mr. Errett to engage in his great task. We have it in a retrospect published by him in 1886:

The first number of the "Christian Standard" was issued April 7, 1866, from the press of Fairbanks, Benedict & Co., publishers of the "Herald," Cleveland, Ohio—the office of the "Standard" being at No. 99 Bank street. It had its origin in no passion for money-making, no craving for editorial distinction, no factious spirit, no scheming ambition of a theological ecclesiastical clique. There had been for years a growing desire among the Disciples for a weekly religious paper of broader range, more generous spirit and a higher order of literary skill and taste than any that had yet appeared under their patronage—such a paper as could not be expected from individual enterprise, but must have capital to back it, and to be sunk in it, if need be, in the effort to place it on a self-sustaining basis. Something of this kind had been attempted at Louisville, Ky., before the war—its failure was not owing to any lack of intellectual force, but to the business adversities following the outbreak of civil war. In May, 1865, at the annual meeting of the O. C. M. S. at Ashland, there was, in private conference, such a general expression of a desire for a new paper that, at a called meeting, after full discussion, a committee was appointed to take the matter in charge and bring it to a practical test as soon as possible. . . . . Among the most enthusiastic advocates of the enterprise was James A. Garfield, who, in his wide range of vision, saw and keenly felt the necessity of giving to our distinctive teaching the advantages of an honorable representation among the first-class religious newspapers of the country, as well as the need of such a paper for Christian homes, to form the taste and direct the religious studies of the rising generation. The present writer did not attend that meeting.

Later in the year we were approached by Dr. J. P. Robison, James A. Garfield, and, if we remember certainly, Harmon Austin, of Warren, to learn if we would accept the editorship of the proposed paper. We were assured that if we accepted, brethren stood ready to furnish capital to the amount of $20,000, and as soon as we could enter upon the work the capital would be supplied. We were then in possession, in Michigan, of a field of usefulness sufficiently large for the measure of our ambition, where our success was assured, our work pleasant, our prospects bright, and our relations to the churches and to the general public as agreeable as could be desired. To withdraw from associations so pleasant and profitable, and from a work so full of promise, to enter upon a new pursuit, calling for a versatility of talents and a wealth of intellectual and spiritual endowment which we had no right to believe belonged to us, was a proposition which, however complimentary, would have met with prompt declination, were it not for the deference due to the judgment of the friends who made and urged it—whom we knew to be our friends, who had known us long and intimately, and whose deliberate opinion we could not treat with indifference. After long and anxious and prayerful deliberation, many conferences with brethren at home, and much correspondence with wise brethren and faithful friends abroad, we finally decided to accept the call.

B. A. Hinsdale was associated with us from the start in editorial work, with the "Book Table" and general literature as his special department; yet he often enriched the editorial columns with contributions that were meaty, vigorous and highly creditable in a literary point of view. . . . Our first number was prepared and sent forth with much earnest prayer for divine guidance and blessing, and no number has been issued since, unaccompanied with earnest prayer, after all the planting and watering by human hands, to Him who gives the increase.

The heading of the "Standard" has in the course of years undergone several changes. At first it was,

as it is now, simply "Christian Standard," without the prefixed article. Between the two words was an engraving of a pair of scales, which represented the Bible as outweighing creeds, fathers, councils, etc. The lettering was in plain type—C. and S. being capitals, the others from the lower case. The motto was: "Set up a Standard; Publish and Conceal Not." Many of the best writers among the Disciples contributed frequently, and some of them regularly, to the early numbers; and Prof. Loos, whose linguistic attainments and other qualifications admirably fitted him for the task, conducted a department of "Foreign Religious News." The paper contained eight pages, which were large, and filled with a rich variety of entertaining and valuable matter. In his salutatory the editor announced, among other things, that, "In the general style, tone and spirit of the paper, we can only say that we have an ideal which we shall strive to realize. We shall seek to be gentle and courteous, but we are determined to be independent. Deference to the counsels of age and experience; respectful attention to the suggestions of friend and foe; suitable regard to honest convictions and prejudices—these we can promise; but, after all, our own best convictions must control us."

It so happened that, while preparing the matter for the first number of the paper which was destined to contribute so much to the advancement of the great cause to which Mr. Campbell's life had been devoted, news of his death was received. The grand old man had gone to sleep with his fathers. And so it came to pass that the first page of the first "Christian Standard" was devoted to a memorial of him by the editor. Perhaps no tribute of the many which were

so heartily paid to him, was more intelligently appreciative. I make room for a few paragraphs, taken from the body of the article, to show his understanding of Mr. Campbell's position and teaching:

It is not designed to enter here on a consideration of the peculiar features of Mr. Campbell's teaching. Briefly, they may be sketched thus:

Christ the only Master: involving a rejection of all human names and leaderships in religion. The Bible is the only authoritative book; necessitating a denial of the authority of all human creeds. The Church of Christ, as founded by him, and built by the apostles for a habitation of the Spirit, the only divine institution for spiritual ends; logically leading to the repudiation of all sects in religion as unscriptural and dishonoring to the Head of the Church. Faith in Jesus as the Christ, the Son of God, and repentance toward God, the only Scriptural prerequisites to baptism and consequent church membership; thus dismissing all doctrinal speculation and all theological *dogmata*, whether true or false, as unworthy to be urged as tests of fitness for membership in the Church of Christ. Obedience to the divine commandments, and not correctness of opinion, the test of Christian standing. The gospel the essential channel of spiritual influence in conversion; thus ignoring all reliance on abstract and immediate influence of the Holy Spirit, and calling the attention of inquirers away from dreams, visions and impressions, which are so liable to deceive, to the living and powerful truths of the gospel, which are reliable, immutable and eternal. The *truth* of the gospel to enlighten; the *love* of God in the gospel to persuade; the *ordinances* of the gospel as tests of submission to the divine will; the *promises* of the gospel as the evidence of pardon and acceptance; and the Holy Spirit in and through all these, accomplishing his work of enlightening, convincing of sin, guiding the penitent soul to pardon, and bearing witness to the obedient believer of his adoption into the family of God.

He was intensely Protestant, steadily cherishing through his life the cardinal principles of what is called evangelical faith and piety—the divinity of Christ, his sacrificial death as a sin-offering, and the indwelliing of the Holy Spirit in the hearts of believers. A Trinitarian in sentiment, he repudiated the unscriptural technicalities of Trinitarian theology, as involving a mischievous strife of words. A devout believer in the atoning sacrifice of the Lamb of God, he would not teach, as gospel, any *theory* of atonement. A stout advocate of spiritual influence and special providence, he was the enemy of all theories of abstract spiritual powers, as tending to ignore the word of God, and leading to a deceptive trust in psychological peculiarities as the voice of the Spirit of God. Sternly opposed to baptismal regeneration, he still insisted on the baptism of the believing penitent "for the remission of sins."

Educated in Calvinism, and always inclining to that school, he was so fearful of the tendency of all speculative theology that it is difficult to trace his own proclivities on these questions anywhere in his voluminous writings. Deeply sympathizing with evangelical Protestantism in its grand ideas and principles, he nevertheless looked on its present divided and distracted state as evidence that Protestants are only partially rescued from the great apostasy; regarded the enforcement of speculative doctrines and creed-authority as the tap-root of sectarianism; and insisting, through half a century, on the abandonment of party names, leaders and symbols, to prepare the way for the union of all believers in one body; arguing that thus only have we a right to expect the conversion of the world.

He suffered much unjust reproach for a plea which, just as he was passing away, he saw rising into exceeding interest among all evangelical parties.

The following words, with which the tribute ends, are tenderly beautiful and affectionate:

He passed away on the Lord's day—the day in which he so much delighted—to the peace and bliss of an eternal sab-

bath. We have not yet learned the particulars of his last hours, except that it was a kingly triumph. In his later years, the personal dignity and official relations of the Son of God was his constant theme of discourse.

Who can imagine the reverence and rapture that shall fill his spirit when beholding the glory of Immanuel, whom, unseen, he loved so well, and at whose feet he laid adoringly the gifts of his nature, and the toils of his life, He is gone. We pause and drop a tear of affection to his memory. We knew and revered him from our boyhood up. In the earlier years of our ministry we owed much to his counsel and encouragement. In riper years it was a joy to co-operate with him in his labors in the kingdom of Christ. Sunny are all the memories of our intercourse. We hope to greet him in a brighter world, and renew, on the heights of Zion, the recollections of many a happy scene in the path of our pilgrimage. *He* is gone, but the *truth* lives; and the God of truth lives and reigns.

The principles for which *Alexander Campbell* so nobly and steadfastly contended, will assert their living power more successfully now that he is gone, than during the period of his personal advocacy. He has left no human leadership. His brethren will never wear his name. Nor will any one succeed to the same influence and power which he wielded. Those who have expected to see the cause he plead die with him, will now learn how little trust in a human arm has belonged to it, and how firm is its grasp of the truth of the living God. Yet his name will be bright in history, after many of the leading men of his times shall have been forgotten; bright, too, we trust, among the immortals in the paradise of God.

In looking over the well filled columns of the first number of the "Standard," one can not fail to see that the make-up and character of the paper had been a matter of careful study. This issue was as accurately and thoroughly systematized as any of those which were

produced after months and even years of experience. Its departments were all properly distributed and proportioned. There was a space allotted to Poetry; followed by Original Essays; by Correspondence; by Foreign Religious News; then various entertaining and instructive excerpts under the heading Literary; next the Bible Class, a valuable department, conducted by E. H. Hawley. These, with the Family and Missionary, led to the editorial page. Next followed the Confidential Drawer, a title changed afterwards into Querists' Drawer. Then came the Book Table, with careful reviews of recent publications; Editorial Items, chiefly personal; Items from Correspondents, containing church news from various States; matters of interest connected with other churches, under the heading, Denominational. There was also a department devoted to Domestic Intelligence, another to Political Items, another still to the state of the markets, headed Financial and Commercial, and the fourth page was chiefly devoted to Educational Interests. After the first issue there was also a department headed Scientific.

It is hardly necessary to remark that the first number of the "Standard," like all its succeeding issues, was a model of dignity and good taste. If there had been anything small about the editor, it would not have failed here to show itself. His paper was backed by men who, both intellectually and financially, were strong and influential. With singular unanimity he had been called to the post of honor and responsibility. The outlook was bright and auspicious. And yet there is not a line or a word of exultation. There is nothing sensational, nothing flashy, nothing appealing to prejudice or any unworthy feeling; and so

far from depreciating other, and to some extent, rival publications, the Book Table is largely occupied by complimentary and commendatory notices of them. Manifestly the paper is in the hands of a man who is conscious of his own force and ability, and who means that it shall make its way by its own intrinsic merits. No doubt a different policy would have been more speedily remunerative. If the paper had been pretentious and self-laudatory—belligerent, sarcastic, smart—abounding in "palpable hits," and illuminated by vulgar coruscations—it would have attracted immediate and large patronage from the uneducated and half-educated, who would have talked about it, and bragged over it, and gloried in it, *ad nauseam*. But this would have defeated the very object which he and the able gentlemen who were fostering the enterprise had in view. They wanted an *honest* paper, sound, vigorous, elevated and elevating—a paper that would cultivate the better and nobler elements in our nature—and that would represent the pure spirit and broad philanthropy of the gospel. Time has amply vindicated the wisdom of this worthy purpose and policy. And to-day the only widely influential and truly representative papers among the Disciples are those which have, with greater or less success, risen to the plane originally occupied by Isaac Errett's "Christian Standard."

Among the gifted writers who contributed to the early numbers of the paper—some regularly and some by occasional letters—it is proper to mention here Marie R. Butler, Henrietta G. Leggett, Alfred N. Gilbert, R. Faurot, Elijah Goodwin, R. Moffett, James Challen, W. C. Rogers, D. S. Burnet, A. R. Benton, Thos. D. Butler, Joseph King, James A. Butler, F.

B. A. HINSDALE.

E. H. HAWLEY.

REGULA

M. Green, Alanson Wilcox, D. R. Dungan, L. L. Pinkerton, J. F. Rowe, H. T. Anderson. Some of these were already distinguished persons, and others came subsequently into greater prominence. They were all skillful writers.

It should be stated that J. F. Rowe was regularly engaged as a contributor. He was a graduate of Bethany College, was well informed on religious subjects, and was a personal friend of Mr. Errett. He had deeply felt the need of such a paper as the "Standard," and had been among the first, though he was not the very first, to urge Mr. Errett to engage in its publication. His truest friends have deeply regretted that circumstances which need not here be detailed, and misunderstandings which were most unfortunate, resulted at length in weaning his sympathies away from the loftier type of Christian doctrine—in the advocacy of which his talents would have found their freest play and most congenial activity. In the more contracted sphere in which he has sought—though with but partial success—to "narrow his mind," he has written much and ably. But it is due to truth and friendship to say that he does not seem to be at home.

I close this sketch by remarking that, while Mr. Errett's able and accomplished coadjutors contributed largely to the variety, interest and value of the paper, the editorial columns constituted the brightest page, and gave tone and character to every issue. They discussed living questions. They were strong and thoughtful, and marked at the same time by a simplicity, a grace and a beauty that made them, all in all, the very Jachin and Boaz of this literary temple.

CHAPTER XXVI.

1866.

The "Bark" fairly launched.—Salutatory.—The paper hailed with respect.—A wholesome lesson given to opponents.—Cleveland as a place of residence.—Miss Jennie in the business department.—Biblical lectures in Hiram.—"Gallows Religion."—Unfriendly influences.—"Unjust Prejudice."—Religious press at sea.—Dr. Baker called to book.—"Shame of Religious Journalism."—Extracts.

Thus the "Standard" was fairly launched, manned and furnished for its great voyage. Everything seemed propitious. The skies were clear, the sea was smooth, and there was no sign in any quarter of coming storm or trouble. But the man who was to direct the course of the little bark was not deceived by these placid indications. Well he knew that contrary winds would arise; that he must encounter angry waves and powerful currents; that he would sometimes be surrounded by fogs and darkness; and that often navigation would be difficult and dangerous. His anticipations of what lay before him, and the high motives which actuated him to engage in the arduous enterprise, are set forth in his Salutatory, from which I quote the opening paragraphs:

In accepting a position of public trust, as the conductor of a religious journal, we are not wholly ignorant of the difficulties, perplexities and responsibilities belonging to

the post. It has been our fortune, at different times to hold such relations to the press as to give us considerable insight into the stern realities of toil, care and anxiety belonging to an editor's life; and we have learned something of the severe trials of faith and patience to which every one must submit who, with fixed principles and manly independence, undertakes to deal with the conflicting opinions and jarring interests of society. Accepting this position with a knowledge of these infelicities, it is to be presumed that only weighty reasons would move us to the task. We are free to avow that, left to ourselves, we must have failed in courage to attempt it. But the solicitations of a large circle of the friends of this enterprise—gentlemen of intelligence and worth, who have known us long and intimately, and whose unanimous wish it would have been folly and stubbornness to disregard—have emboldened us to venture on a work, the grave responsibilities of which fill us with fear and trembling, and lead us to humble dependence on the Father of Light, whose wisdom is alone competent to direct, whose grace is alone sufficient to sustain, and without whose perpetual care and guidance we neither expect nor desire to succeed. Yet it would be silly affectation were we to affirm an utter want of fitness for the vocation on which we enter. We were born free. The principles which, in these columns, we are to advocate and defend, are our heritage from parents who knew no creed but the Bible, and reared their children in the liberty wherewith Christ had made them free. Familiar from childhood with most of the leading minds among the Disciples, identified with the movements of our brotherhood for more than twenty-five years of public life, and from extensive travels among them in fifteen States, enabled to form a large acquaintance with their circumstances and wants; we can but feel that we have a goodly basis of usefulness in the knowledge we possess of our religious movement, of the people who have it in charge, of the means of success at their disposal, and of the dangers that lie in their pathway.

Our enterprise is undertaken from a deep conviction of the necessity of an increase of spiritual forces for the regeneration of society. There is a threefold object before us, which every enlightened Christian must and will approve: 1. The turning of the world to Christ. 2. The union of believers in the fellowship of the Gospel. 3. The education of Christians into a nobler spiritual life. Our prospectus has foreshadowed so definitely the features of the advocacy which we now undertake, that we deem it unnecessary to enter into any minute detail of our plans and objects—especially as we prefer to be judged in the light of actual performance, rather than in that of liberal promises.

The paper commanded respect from the very first. The Disciples were much pleased to see their great distinguishing principles so ably advocated and so powerfully defended, and yet always with gentlemanly and Christian courtesy. The weekly press of other communions, at that time much more narrow and partisan than it is now, soon learned that it was not safe to deal out stale misrepresentations of the Disciples, as settled and unquestionable truth. They were called to account; their proofs were demanded; the real teaching of the people whom they assailed was set forth with luminous discrimination, and supported by full and authoritative quotation; and many a severe castigation was given to the bigotry, the uncharitableness and injustice which in general had characterized those self-appointed censors. But he wielded no cudgel. There was never a word that was either coarse or vulgar—no disposition to overstate or understate or misstate an opponent's position; and this spirit of evident fairness and justice was itself an addition to the weight of his arguments.

A few weeks after the starting of the "Standard," and after its character had become established and recognized, the Phillips brothers came over from New Castle with their wives, to visit Cleveland and, as it was thought, to prospect with reference to settlement there. If they could have been induced to remove to that beautiful city by the lake, it would have been a grand support to the paper, to the churches and all the great interests of the Disciples which were beginning to center there. Nor could it have failed to change the whole subsequent course of Mr. Errett's history. But for some reason, if these able brothers had indeed contemplated such a move, they were not sufficiently impressed by the inducements offered, and they returned home, leaving no sign or hint of any future purpose.

The Erretts, who came in the autumn, found Cleveland a delightful place of residence, with numerous openings for improvement and pleasure. They found charming friends, a good little church, earnest and devout brethren, schools, libraries, charities—everything that contributes to the fullness of an earnest and happy life. The work was congenial; the editor was well and strong; he had plenty of kindred spirits about him—men of culture and aspiration—and he was full of zeal and enthusiasm in his work. He liked it, and could but feel that he was adapted and equal to it. There was but one thing lacking to complete his satisfaction—a large subscription list. The paper was growing in public favor and support, but, like the sturdy oak, it grew slowly. The stockholders, who had put money into it, would expect to get money out of it, and the prospect for that was not encouraging.

The citizens of Cleveland were proud of the paper, were glad to have it there, and many of the business and manufacturing houses advertised in it. But the stockholders had provided no one to solicit this patronage, or it might have been greatly increased.

In the course of a few months an extra room was rented, and a book department was opened on a small scale—mainly to supply Disciples with their own publications. This added a little to the income, but was mainly a matter of convenience to the patrons of the paper.

Miss Jennie had entire charge of the business department, which she soon learned to manage with readiness and skill. In addition to her other duties, she was obliged to protect her father from the overwhelming floods of visitors, who sometimes threatened, like the locusts of Egypt, to devour every green thing in his mind, and leave him no time to use the dry. As a last resort, his watchful guardian locked his door and put the key in her pocket—thus shutting him *in*, in order to shut them *out*.

In June of this year the course of Biblical Lectures at Hiram began. Mr. Errett, as President, and Professor in important departments, was obliged to devote much time, labor and thought to the undertaking, although he actually delivered but one lecture per week. He passed back and forth from Cleveland during the continuance of the course—thirteen weeks—and contributed largely to the success of the enterprise, which was then in an experimental stage. The class of fifty-five which attended were enthusiastic in praise of the lectures, and warm and hearty in their resolutions of thanks to the Faculty and the generous

patrons who had supported the course. It need not be said that the duties at Hiram were not permitted to interfere with the work upon the "Standard." During the period covered by these lectures, some of his ablest editorials were written. The following, published in June, in view of then recent events to which it refers, was timely. And as it deals with a subject which deserves to be better understood, and which I have seldom seen treated with sufficient fullness and boldness, I insert it here in full:

GALLOWS RELIGION.

We have purposed, ever since we commenced the publication of the "Standard," to reprobate the maudlin sympathy for murderers condemned to the gallows, which parades itself before the public eye at every opportunity. Shortly before the issue of our first number, Dr. Hughes was executed in the city. The history of the case, and indeed, the whole history of the man, developed a thoroughly corrupt heart, and a nature which, without the plea of ignorance to palliate its excesses, had been abandoned to the reckless sway of unworthy passions. An immense fund of sympathy was expended on this man, and persevering efforts made for his conversion; efforts which, had they been made in behalf of the ignorant and degraded to save them from the depths into which he had plunged, might have resulted in much good. What they amounted to in his case, the final *denouement* on the scaffold explained. Strenuous efforts were made, in view of his thorough repentance, to obtain a commutation of his sentence; but when these failed, his repentance failed, and the blatant incoherencies of his speech on the gallows, in which he denounced Moses, repudiated the divinity of Christ, and attempted an impudent self-justification, clearly evinced the worthlessness of all his professions of repentance and conversion. Yet we remember to have seen a Spiritualist sheet mainly occupied

with a pretentious display of this death-scene as furnishing a most touching and convincing testimony of the benign effects of Spiritualism!

Subsequently, the public have been regaled with the story of the conversion of two more accomplished murderers—Mrs. Grinder, of Pittsburg, and Probst, of Philadelphia. We have no desire to report the shocking details of the crimes for which they were condemned and executed. It is enough to say that the horrid annals of crime furnish few, if any, cases more thoroughly diabolical in their unprovoked malignity and cruelty. Mrs. Grinder, after indulging her *penchant* for poisoning innocent and worthy people until her soul was reeking with the blood of a number of entirely inoffensive persons, became the subject of seraphic ecstasies in view of that Paradise to which she had waded through the blood of the innocent. The story of her marvelous regeneration was flaunted before the wonder-loving public, until one would almost be compelled to think that the angels were in raptures over the exploits of this she-monster, and had strewn with selectest flowers a special pathway to heaven, and brought a special chariot from the skies, for one who had won such peculiar renown!

Then comes Probst, a very Caliban, whose brutal murder of a family of eight—a family that gave him food and shelter when he was friendless—stands among the most revolting and appalling crimes on record. Not only the indiscriminate murder of sire and child, mother and infant, but the brutal indifference to the enormity of his crime that subsequently evinced the utter beastliness of his nature, made the whole land shudder. Yet the public are treated to a labored narrative of *his* conversion! He even became so pious that he could pray for hours without weariness! He was willing, angelic martyr! yes, *willing* to suffer the hard fare of the prison, hoping by his sufferings (the bitterest part of which, we presume, arose from the absence of lager beer to comfort his leisure in the prison) to *atone* for his sins! He had no hard feelings—magnanimous man!—

against the benefactors whose skulls he had cloven with an ax! He came out from his cell holding up a crucifix before him, and rolling up his eyes towards it in a gaze that was exquisitely saintly! Having atoned for his sins by a compulsory exile from lager beer saloons, and by living on prison fare when he could get nothing better, he furnished the most indisputable evidence of repentance by gazing at a crucifix and meekly receiving extreme unction! And his confessor parades all the details of the prison life of this infamous wretch, and solemnly assures the public that he has gone to heaven!

Now, we desire to protest most earnestly against this canonization and glorification of murderers. It looks as if De Quincey's quaint conceit of murder as one of the Fine Arts is to be realized, and these monsters of cruelty are to have an honorable niche in the temple of Fame as first-class artists. We have little respect for professions of repentance wrung out of the heart of a murderer under the wrenching agonies of the dark prison cell, with grim death staring him in the face, and the stroke of the carpenter's hammer in the construction of the gallows sounding in his ears. In those States where the death penalty is abolished, we are not apt to hear of the conversion of murderers—a clear proof that it is the fear of death, and not the sense of their crimes, that compels their conversion under the hangman's whip. We have come to look with almost unmingled disgust on the strained efforts at pious display, and the incoherent babblings of these gallows scenes. We never had much confidence in death-bed repentance. We have now less than ever. In the presence of that mercy which opened Paradise to the dying thief, we would not dare to say that salvation was impossible to a dying criminal. But we do say the doubts hanging over such cases are so thick and heavy, and the basis for hope is so narrow and flimsy, that such conversions should be kept in obscurity. They are too apochryphal in character to command the respect of the public. They serve only to bring religion into contempt. They cause the common sense of the world

to revolt at the ideas of religion and of salvation which are thus displayed. We noticed in a very sensible article on this subject in the Cincinnati "Commercial," the expression of a feeling which, if not often uttered, is nevertheless extensively cherished: "Probst, the murderer, professes penitence, is shrived, and the pompous announcement flares before the world that he has gone to heaven. Deering, the murdered man, was a good, honest, kind man, but not a church member. He is hurried out of the world by a murderer's blow, 'unhouseled, unaneled,' and the same mercy that smiles through the crucifix and the unctuous ministrations of the priest, on the murderer, turns away from the murdered man, and leaves him to suffer the pangs of utter perdition!" The case is strongly put, but not too strongly in view of the popular teaching on this subject. We protest against this view of the subject as alike dishonorable to God, revolting to the sober judgment of men, and unwarranted by Scripture teaching. The simple fact that a man is cruelly murdered does not entitle him to heaven. But if doubt and darkness may reasonably rest on his destiny in view of mercy neglected—let us at least be careful about canonizing the murderer. If a merciful God sees fit to save him, let it be left among the secret counsels of his own will. There is worthier work for preachers in this world than obtaining passports to glory for fiends and demons, on the strength of a doubtful profession of penitence.

I find on the same page of the "Standard," and growing out of the same matter, one of Mr. Errett's happy little thrusts—showing at once the skill of his hand and the keenness of his blade. It is as follows:

WHICH?

The "Star in the West" (Universalist), commenting on the silly display of Probst, the murderer, as a penitent fit for heaven, says:

"If the future reveals Anthony Probst in heaven, and his victim in hell, it will present a very strange study for

the immortals who have all along considered the Infinite a God of unerring wisdom and impartial justice."

May we not, in turn, ask the "Star" if the future reveals Probst and Deering *both* in heaven, will it not "present a very strange study for the immortals who have all along considered the Infinite a God of unerring wisdom and impartial justice?

Notwithstanding the exceptional ability of its editorials, and the great variety of valuable and entertaining matter furnished in its several departments, Mr. Errett soon discovered that unfriendly influences were secretly operating to limit the circulation of his paper. These were partly due to journalistic rivals, and partly to whispered insinuations of unsoundness. During the year he once alludes to these unworthy suspicions, under the head of Unjust Prejudice. He says:

We copy from the September number of the "Christian Herald" the following editorial notice of the "Standard." While it is honorable in the editors thus frankly to acknowledge the wrong impressions under which they have labored, the fact of such fears and suspicions existing among many good people to whom we are not personally known, indicates that a mischievous work of misrepresentation has been going on, designed to prevent the "Standard" from growing into an extensive circulation. We are happy to say that this design of evil-disposed men is disappointed. Our circulation grows constantly, and those who have been bitterly prejudiced are waking up to discover, like our good brethren of the "Herald," that their fears were groundless. We do not judge the men who thus misrepresent us. If life is more pleasant to them, or the pillow of death will be made any smoother by misrepresenting our motives and aims, let them go on—we shall not be apt to interfere with them.

As to "looseness and latitudinarianism," we have simply to say that, whatever of these have belonged to twenty-

six years of public teaching, will be apt to be found in the "Standard." We thank our brethren of the "Herald" for their frank and manly correction of a mischievous error:

"We felt like waiting a little before giving the 'Standard' a notice. From the time we first saw its prospectus, we had a vague, uncertain fear that its tendency would be rather to lower, than to elevate the standard of pure Christianity. When we saw the first number, we felt a relief—felt that our forebodings had not been realized; but we still felt like waiting to see subsequent numbers before speaking in its praise. Twenty numbers have now been received, and have had the effect to convince us that the editor has not only the ability, but the will, to make a sound and reliable paper. We have seen none of the looseness and latitudinarianism which we feared, but, on the contrary, a fidelity to pure Christianity which we were not prepared to expect."

The religious papers of other denominations were, in 1866, very much at sea respecting the doctrine of the Disciples, and it often became necessary for the "Standard" to set them right. I may appropriately close this chapter by giving extracts from several of its editorials on themes of importance. In the "Christian Times and Witness" Dr. Samuel Baker made a deliverance on baptismal regeneration, contending that it had been taught in the earlier periods by almost every church except the Baptist, instancing the Roman Catholic, the Methodist and the Presbyterian churches, and asserting that "the same doctrine is taught by Alexander Campbell: 'Christian System,' pp. 243, 244."

In commenting upon this, Mr. Errett says, among other things:

To class the Presbyterians with Roman Catholics and the Church of England as believing or teaching that, at the

moment of baptism, the Holy Spirit accomplishes the work of regeneration, is doing them a manifest injustice.

A still greater injustice is done to Alexander Campbell in assigning him a place in the category of baptismal regenerationists. We say this with a full knowledge of all he ever published on this question. The Doctor's reference to the "Christian System" does not show much familiarity with the book; for there are much stronger passages on the design of baptism than are to be found on the pages to which he refers. But even with the strongest passages that can be gathered from his writings, it is a misrepresentation to say that they teach baptismal regeneration, in any such sense as that doctrine is held by Roman Catholics and the Church of England, or even as it is taught in the Methodist Book of Discipline. We do not enter on this farther now. We simply say to Dr. Baker, and all other Baptists, that if they think they can convict Mr. Campbell of holding and teaching this doctrine, we will most cheerfully give them an opportunity in our columns to accomplish the task. It is due to their own integrity that they should either accept this offer, or cease to reiterate this charge. We know not how to reconcile with Christian candor and honesty the persistent attempts of many Baptist writers and editors to fasten this charge on Mr. Campbell, and their equally persistent refusal to inform their readers of what is said in refutation of the charge.

SHAME OF RELIGIOUS JOURNALISM.

It is the disgrace of religious journalism that it encourages, under the fostering spirit of party prejudice, the most reckless misrepresentations of such as stand in another party. With all that is said of the unfairness and dishonesty and bitterness of political partisanship, we have failed to find a lower degree of recklessness among political editors than sometimes crops out in religious papers. We do not object to the full and frank discussion of important differences among religionists. It is necessary. But, in the name

of truth and goodness, we ask what good end is to be served by persistent misrepresentation of those who differ from us? Whether the end proposed is to reach the truth for ourselves, or to guide the erring into the truth, common sense and common honesty would dictate at least ordinary care and candor in making such a statement of the position of opponents as they themselves would acknowledge and endorse. Then, if you can derive logical conclusions from admitted premises, involving anything unscriptural, objectionable, or evil, it is fair to do so; and no one can object to the utmost keenness of logic, or the most withering exposure of the unsoundness and untrustworthiness of the system of doctrine assailed. But when one party persists in charging on another party that which the party charged solemnly and emphatically denies, and which has either no foundation, or has to be sustained by garbled or dishonest quotations, it becomes a downright immorality; and whatever temporary triumph it may gain for the false accuser, must always eventuate in injury to his own soul, and injury to the cause of religion. It disgraces our common Christianity, and in the end will disgrace the party that is unscrupulous enough to employ such weapons of attack. Their violence will come down on their own pate, and they will fall into the pit which they have digged for others.

ANOTHER SKETCH OF CAMPBELLISM.

Our religious neighbors seem to be very much exercised of late about what they are pleased to term Campbellism. Some of the Baptist papers keep up a constant fire against this dreaded enemy. The lecturers at the late Baptist Ministers' Association at Chicago, busied themselves in unmasking this pestilent heresy. A writer in one Baptist journal has been getting up a kind of love story, with a view to bring the blind god to weave the magic of his spell about a controversial fiction, and relieve by his witcheries the intolerable dullness and stupidity of the theology of the story. Recently, we see, the Methodists are coming to

the rescue. The Nashville "Christian Advocate" has a correspondent who seems vexed that, amidst the general exultations of his sect over the triumphs of Methodism, they have so little to boast of in the blue-grass region of Kentucky; and he is bound to take vengeance by unmasking the deformities and perversities of that Campbellism which has stood so much in their way. The "Methodist," too, is opening its tremendous batteries to "kill deader" this monstrous heresy, which has been valiantly slain so many times, but which, like Banquo's ghost, will not be laid. Still they are compelled to cry, "Hence, horrible shadow."

All this is hopeful. It proves that the power of this plea for reformation is felt and feared by the sectaries of to-day; that it is a growing power, whose presence and workings, antagonistical to all sectarianism, are creating uneasiness and alarm. But we regret to see the *kind* of warfare that is carried on against us. It is not honorable. It is not just. And those engaged in it will yet find, to their sorrow, that it is not of good report. It is too late in the day to put down a cause by misrepresentation and falsehood. People are not held, as once they were, in timorous and slavish subserviency to the dictates of party leaders. We live in an earnest age, when good people everywhere are crying out against the sin of sectarianism, and demanding the union of the followers of the Lord for the accomplishment of the world's regeneration; and as they learn—as they must and will—of the essential features of the plea against sectarianism and for union that these poor despised "Campbellites" are making, and how baseless are the representations of their faith and practice made by the orthodox parties, there will come a tremendous reaction in public sentiment, before which these petty slanderers will be glad to make their escape.

Already the "reaction in public sentiment," so clearly foreseen and so confidently relied upon by Mr. Errett, has come, and its power is daily growing more

and more "tremendous." The strong currents of present religious thought are flowing irresistibly towards the very faith and position which the puny arms of short-sighted partisans once so madly and vainly assailed.

CHAPTER XXVII.

1867.—IN CLEVELAND.

"Standard" not yet self-supporting.—The reasons.—Its status revealed by the editor.—Editor's salary.—Resolution looking to suspension.—A brilliant volume.—"Tell it as it is."—Good seed on good ground.—"The Lord's plan."—Paving the way for the foreign work.—"Tokens of alarm."—"Campbellites not Christians."—"Missouri Baptist Journal."—Price reduced.—Discourse in the Living Pulpit.—Brief excerpts.—Encouraging signs.

The "Standard" had not yet, in 1867, become self-supporting. Certainly it had, for a new enterprise, a fair circulation, and its subscribers were more than pleased with it. In every sense of the word, it was an excellent periodical—strong, versatile, wide-awake, abreast with the times, its editor thoroughly well informed, not only in theology and religious literature, but in the current questions of the day. His corps of correspondents and contributors were intelligent and able, adding largely to the interest and variety of every issue. In short, it was a paper that gave pride and pleasure to its patrons. They felt that it represented all that was best and worthiest in the great cause of restoration, advocating and defending the doctrine of the Disciples with dignity and courtesy, and setting forth their great plea with delightful clearness of statement and uniform strength of argument.

Still, the brotherhood as a whole had not, at this time, been educated up to this high standard. Their leading weekly, before the appearance of Mr. Errett's paper, was the "American Christian Review," edited by B. Franklin, of Cincinnati—which, though in some respects strong and influential, was run on a lower plane, and catered to a lower taste. *Its* readers, therefore, missed in the "Standard" the tone to which they had become accustomed, and that slugging sort of belligerency which had been weekly exhibited for their delectation and applause. Many, consequently, who most needed the blessed influence of Mr. Errett's gentler and sweeter spirit, had to be trained and schooled to appreciate it. This was necessarily slow work. It required time and patience. Men had to grow to a loftier stature; their finer sensibilities had to be cultivated, and their "senses exercised," before they were capable of discerning the essential excellence and incomparable superiority of the "Standard." When we add the influence of secret and unworthy efforts of rivals and others to forestall its popularity, and to prejudice the public mind against it, we are not surprised to learn that, though its patronage increased steadily, it increased slowly.

The first year the paper did not pay expenses. The stockholders, if at all well informed as to the conditions of the enterprise, could hardly have expected that it would. Still Mr. Errett, as their employé and representative, was more or less worried on this account. He could but feel that they were disappointed; that, while they might not be looking for immediate, they certainly desired the assured prospect of ultimate, returns from their investment. It should

be stated, however, that there was not one among them, who, for the sake of such returns, would have been willing for the paper to lower its standard or vulgarize its tone. It was exactly what they wanted; and so they saw it enter upon the new year, if not with the brilliant anticipations originally cherished, certainly with their assured favor, their hopes and their prayers.

Mr. Errett was often absent from the office and the city—called away to deliver sermons on special and important occasions—occasionally to make an address, sometimes to conduct a series of meetings. Meanwhile the office-work, now thoroughly systematized, went on regularly and smoothly; and whether the chief was at home or abroad, his editorials never failed to appear, nor the pervasive influence of his spirit to be felt.

In the month of March he reveals, in a standing notice published by him, something of the status and condition of the paper. He says:

A few of our patrons have urged us to reduce the price to two dollars a year, and abolish agencies and premiums, We would be glad to do this if we could. We have figured closely, and the conclusion to which we are compelled is, that the present price must be maintained until the list is greatly increased, or until the cost of paper and printing is reduced. We could publish a paper the size of the "Standard" for two dollars, if we printed on worthless paper and filled it with matter that cost us nothing. But we can not keep up its present style and intrinsic value at a less price than we ask. *Every number we issue costs us more than we get for it*, and it must continue so until we increase our circulation considerably. We can not afford to dispense with local agents, and we will not ask men to work for us without some compensation.

Further on in this same notice, in mentioning the distinctive features belonging to the "Standard," he particularizes among others that, "*It is the only weekly among us that advocates organized effort for missionary purposes.*"

In view of the number and ability of the weeklies that now advocate such effort, this statement is a revelation and an amazement, and when we think of the thousands and hundreds of thousands of Disciples who have been brought to occupy the ground then advocated by this lone and young weekly journal, we begin to realize the immensity of its influence for good, and the wonderful foresight, wisdom and power of its accomplished editor.

At a meeting of the stockholders of the Publishing Association in April, the editor's salary had been fixed at three thousand dollars for the previous year, and four thousand dollars for the current year. This seems to indicate that at that time they had assured confidence in the financial success of the enterprise; but at their next meeting, August 15th, we learn from Mr. Ford's communication, from which I quoted in a previous chapter, that, after considering the Treasurer's report, and a financial statement of the condition of the affairs, they passed, on motion of Dr. Robison, the following:

WHEREAS, Our experience in publishing the "Standard" demonstrates that it can not be continued, with the present funds in the treasury, beyond the first of January, 1868; therefore,

Resolved, That the publication of the "Standard" must terminate with the present year, unless friends immediately come to its aid with money and subscriptions.

A committee of five were appointed "to spend one month each to solicit help to continue—and a committee of seven were chosen to make an address to the brethren on the claims of the 'Standard.'"

The pages of the "Standard" during this year give no evidence of discouragement or weakness on the part of its editor. On the contrary, it is a brilliant volume, glittering here and there with gems of purest ray serene. In addition to a valuable series on First Principles, running through many weeks, in which the elements of the gospel and the plan of salvation were set forth with admirable clearness and masterly argumentation, he conducted, in his own inimitable way, numerous discussions on living questions, that were keenly enjoyed by his readers and exceedingly profitable to them. The "American Christian Review" and "The Gospel Advocate," then as ever harping upon "unsoundness," and opposing whatever they did not originate, were treated to several doses of wholesome and much-needed medicine. The following is as pertinent to-day as it was in 1867:

TELL IT AS IT IS.

"The 'Standard' is edited with ability, and in a fair and liberal spirit. It is the only weekly now that is an advocate of the organization of human societies in religion. Whether from a refusal upon the part of the conductors or not, articles upon but one side of this question ever appear in the 'Standard.'"—"Gospel Advocate."

It seems difficult for the "Advocate" to tell a straight story about the "Standard." If it had stated that the "Standard" is the only weekly among us that advocates Missionary Societies, that would have been the exact truth. But the other weeklies do favor human associations and human expedients for religious objects. The "Advocate" itself

favors human associations for colleges, with a view to accomplish the ends of a truly Christian training. It favors human partnerships for the purpose of publishing a religious journal. It favors General Meetings made up from as many as choose to attend, when such meeting is called by its own editors—a *human* call, and a "*human* society." Not one of these weeklies but adopts and approves human expedients for promoting Scriptural objects: only when they come to missionary work—incomparably greater in importance than any other, and demanding a more extensive combination of forces to bear it along worthily—they become excessive sticklers for Bible authority, and demand a "thus saith the Lord." As if the gospel could only be published orally by the official authority of a single congregation, or by church co-operation, while it may be published from the press by a voluntary association—a human society, with its unscriptural equipments of type, press, printer, and editor—and it is all right! We can not see it.

But the "Standard" *is* the only weekly paper among us now, that advocates missionary societies; and we want the brethren to know this fact. Where there is a great end to be accomplished—a Scriptural end,—and the word of God does not shut us up to any special routine of operations, we go for the best expedients that the united wisdom of the brethren in a given District, State, or Nation may suggest. We are satisfied that, to labor most effectually and worthily for the conversion of the world, we must have *union* of effort; and if we can not unite in this, we may as well cease at once to talk about the union of the people of God. . . . But we have no idolatrous attachment to the General Missionary Society. If it can do the work proposed, we will encourage it. If it fails to command sufficient confidence and sympathy to enable it to do its work wisely and well, we shall go in for whatever form of associated effort the general wisdom of the brotherhood may approve But we record our deliberate convictions here, that if the attacks on our General Missionary Society prevail to its destruction,

and we are left to rely simply on what individual churches may see fit to do, we will throw back our cause at least half a century, and devolve on a coming generation at least ten-fold labor to recover lost ground. We mean to do what we can to save our brethren from this folly.

These wise and earnest words, and such as these, appearing again and again in the "Standard," fell like good seed upon good ground, and brought forth abundant fruitage. The brotherhood *were* saved from the do-nothing folly, and moved onward to glorious victories.

Replying to some strictures of Eld. Franklin, published in the "Review," he suggested:

1. To say that congregational enterprise is the Lord's plan, is begging the question. Let him show that the Lord has ordained any such "plan" as a divine scheme of missionary operations.

2. It was not "congregational enterprise" that gave the gospel its early triumphs. There were apostles before there were churches. They were missionaries, not sent out by individual churches, but by the Lord himself, and were under the patronage, not of individual churches, but of Him who said, "Lo, I am with you alway." Neither is it correct to say that "on the same plan" of congregational enterprise the triumphs of the last forty years have been won. "The congregation and its officers" have played but a subordinate part in this work. The Campbells, Scotts, Haydens, Stones, Rogerses, Allens, etc., who won these early triumphs, did so, congregation or no congregation, through their personal devotion to the work, and largely at their own cost. . . . . It was right when there were no churches, or but feeble ones, that individuals should make the sacrifice, but there is no justice in these extreme personal sacrifices when churches and means are abundant.

3. There were no New Testaments, either written or printed, in the forty years to which the "Review" points so triumphantly. The "Lord's plan" did not include them, ... no schools, academies or colleges to furnish an education to preachers; . . . no *newspapers* in "the Lord's plan"; no "American Christian Review"; no editors nor scribes. Some of this latter class are indeed mentioned in the "N. T.," but they are found in such doubtful company as to forbid the idea that they were included in "the Lord's plan." The editor of the "Review" will have the advantage of *consistency* in his plea when he abandons his paper as a human invention, without precept or precedent in the Scriptures to warrant its publication. The amount of money required to support it would keep a good many preachers in the field; and then we should get rid, not only of "long speeches" and "resolutions," but long-winded editorials as well.

We think it will be apparent to the reader by this time, how sophistical are these attempts to turn the New Testament into a book of statutes, detailing all the minutiæ of ways and means for accomplishing every good work.

I might fill many pages with able and convincing arguments such as these—arguments and considerations which went home to the common sense and conscience of every unprejudiced mind. But the foregoing specimens must suffice. Before finally leaving this subject, however, I should mention that, later on during this year, Mr. Errett began to pave the way for enlisting the Disciples in the work of Foreign Missions —a work which has since come to large proportions, and whose reactive influence upon the churches has been a constant benediction.

At this time there were not only questions within the brotherhood which were pressing for solution—questions relating mainly to methods of work, and the

principles which should guide to their settlement—but there were foes without. And while the "Standard" initiated no wars of invasion, the persistent assaults made upon the great cause which it represented compelled it to defend the faith, and sometimes, in doing so, to carry the war into Africa. The following editorial will serve to show the character of the conflict which had then to be engaged in:

TOKENS OF ALARM.

There are tremblings in the camp of the self-styled Evangelicals. Our Baptist exchanges especially abound in gruntings, growlings, snappings and snarlings, on account of that dreadful heresy, which they nickname Campbellism. It is evident that the plea for Primitive Christianity, whose features they desire to conceal from the public under cover of a nickname, is asserting extraordinary power, or it would not be honored with so much misrepresentation and denunciation. We do not complain of opposition. We regard it as altogether hopeful. We do not even complain of misrepresentation. It may serve to make us humbler and purer. We regret that men professing to be spiritual guides of people should exhibit so much ignorance and wicked prejudice; but we regret this for their sakes, not for ours. Our blessed Lord could not accomplish his mission of truth and mercy without being loaded with reproach and pursued with bitter hate and scorn. It is enough that the disciple be as his Master. The orthodox religionists of that day were his bitter persecutors; what right have we to expect anything better now? Let us rejoice if, in some small degree, we are counted worthy to suffer reproach for his truth; and be calm in the assurance that all this opposition will fall out rather for the furtherance of the gospel.

We propose to treat our readers to a few specimens of the present style of opposition, partly that they may know what is said about them, and partly that they may appreciate

the intensely sectarian spirit that is at work against them. Look at this paragraph :

"CAMPBELLITES NOT CHRISTIANS.—A brother in Indianapolis wishes to know of the 'Christian Times,' What reply should be given when one is asked, 'Why do n't you commune with Campbellites? They practice immersion.' The answer, says the 'Times,' to give is, that the practice of immersion is not, by any means, all that is necessary to constitute a Christian body, whether denomination or church, nor an individual a Christian. It is enough to say, in reply to such questions as the above, that Baptists do not commune with Campbellites, because they do not recognize their Christianity."

Now, this is not at all strange. The pious Pharisees did not *recognize* the claims of Christ. It surely was not because there was no good in our blessed Saviour to be recognized, but because *they were blind.* They could not answer his arguments nor deny his good works, but they could call him hard names, stone him, put him to death, and refuse to recognize his true character! Wonder what the "Times" does recognize as Christianity! If a heartfelt trust in Jesus and in him *alone* as a divine Saviour, a forsaking of sin, and a hearty obedience to his commandments, with a daily reliance on his intercession for pardon, on his word for guidance, on his Spirit for strength, and on his promises for life eternal, does not mark a man as a Christian, will the "Times" please tell us what will?

D. B. Ray, of Tennessee, has been publishing a text book on Campbellism, concerning which the "Missouri Baptist Journal" says :

"As those people usually deny their real sentiments when closely pressed in argument, it is very important that the people have access to a book containing the proof, in the words of the founder of Campbellism, showing the prominent errors of this system in contrast with the Scriptures arranged as a book of easy reference."

We hope our readers will not say hard things about this editor. He is a pious man. He has had a genuine "experience." He *thinks* he possesses the Holy Spirit. We have often noticed that these men who lay such stress on the influence of the Spirit *as a doctrine*, are not always amiable and just in the spirit that controls them in daily life. We do not like to be extravagant in our demands; but, really, where there is so much pretension, it would please us exceedingly to see a better exhibition of the "*fruits* of the Spirit," especially in truth-telling! With what cool impudence this saintly editor brands a community, embracing hundreds of thousands, as hypocrites and liars! They "*usually* deny their *real* sentiments when closely pressed in argument"! And with what dignified ease he *assumes* that the writings of Mr. Campbell, whom he calls "the founder of Campbellism," are what they *really* believe, deny it as they may! If he is an honest man, as we fain would hope, he will yet repent in sackcloth and ashes when he comes to understand the enormity of this outrage against the character of a people who, whether right or wrong, have an equal right with himself to be regarded as sincere and honest.

Some of the friends of the "Standard" wished to have it published from New York, and the subject was considerably agitated during the fall of 1867—so much so that Mr. Errett visited that city to note the indications, and see what, if any, overtures might be made to him there. But it seems that the men of wealth in the New York church were not disposed to pave the way for its removal by the offer of strong inducements. At any rate, the matter was quietly dropped, and no allusion was made to it in the paper. In October the subscription price was reduced from $2.50 to $2.00 per annum, which the editor said was "much below a living rate," but in taking the step he felt confidence in asking the friends of the paper "to go to work and

push it into extensive circulation." A short while after this he announced:

We take pleasure in saying to our friends that new subscriptions are coming in quite freely, and there is a fair prospect of reaching the self-sustaining point. . . . Let our readers all understand that, notwithstanding the predictions of some very knowing men that the "Standard" could not live longer than the present year, *it will go on*, and go on with brightening prospects. We have not been without our trials. We are not yet in possession of the patronage that we need; but we are steadily growing into strength, and have never been so confident of complete success as now.

He contributed a discourse this year to a volume of sermons collected and published by W. T. Moore, with the title of the "Living Pulpit of the Christian Church." Mr. Moore introduces him by saying:

Among the preachers and writers of the nineteenth century, who have plead for a return to primitive Christianity, the subject of this notice stands pre-eminently among the most distinguished. . . . . His writings, like his sermons, are full of strong and rugged points, and are frequently interspersed with brilliant passages of exquisite beauty.

The discourse was on "The Law of Progressive Development," founded on Mark iv. 26–29. The work is accessible, and it is not necessary to reproduce here the outline and argument of the sermon. The following brief excerpts will doubtless be read with interest:

How sadly mistaken are our conceptions of religious life? We have been taught to rely so much on religious

experiences, and have listened to so many extravagant narrations of the miraculous transformations instantaneously wrought, that we are constantly looking for the kingdom to come "with observation," with signs and wonders, and outward display. We fail to learn that the kingdom of God is *within* us, in the truth which an honest heart has welcomed, in the faith to which that truth has led us. We look for the earthquake, tempest, and fire in which God is not, and fail to hear the "still, small voice," in which God is.

. . . . . .

We can not enter here on the question of the millennium, farther than to say that we look for no such materialistic and sensuous, if not sensual, paradise as many seem to expect; we leave all such carnal dreams to Mohammedans and Mormons; nor yet do we look for such a universal spiritual triumph as many others hope for. This world can not, while it lasts, be other than a scene of trial—of probation; but we do look for "the full corn in the ear"; for such a spread of truth and triumph of righteousness as has never yet been seen; for such an overthrow of beasts and false prophets, such a splash and gurgle and roar of waters when Babylon, like a millstone, is cast into the sea; such an overthrow of tyrannies, oppressions, superstitions and impostures, and such a recognition of the supremacy of the Lord Jesus, on the very earth which was the theater of his suffering and shame, as shall vindicate the long-suffering, the wisdom, and the justice of God. And we feel like saying to our blessed Lord, so long insulted and rejected, as the fields grow white to the harvest—as the morning-star glows with unusual brilliancy in the heavens—as the dim twilight of the past gives way to the roseate hues of a gay morning—as we listen to crash after crash of falling errors and wrongs, and catch the notes of one and another song of deliverance—we feel like saying, in the beautiful language of Cowper:

> "Come, then, and, added to thy many crowns,
> Receive yet one, the crown of all the earth,
> Thou who alone art worthy!"

. . . . . .

Let it not be forgotten that the noblest fruitage of Christian life is yet to be seen. We sometimes speak of primitive Christianity as if the noblest perfections of character belonged to the first age; as if the blade, in its first springing, was superior to the full corn in the ear. The full revelation of truth belongs to the first age—for that was the harvest-period in the revelation of truth; but it was the seed-time, so far as the fruits of the gospel are concerned. No one can read the first and third chapters of Romans, and expect to see hewn out of such quarries of Jewish and Gentile humanity blocks of Parian marble. We *inherit* a Christian civilization which they had not; and, in view of the blessed heritage of faith, and hope, and love which we possess, God has a right to expect of the church now, a strength, symmetry and fruitfulness beyond anything that glorified her early history. More than the miracles which we have lost, is the strength and certainty of the faith which has been tested through the storms and conflicts of eighteen hundred years.

. . . . . .

Recurring once more to the attitude of the stockholders, Mr. Ford tells us that—

The resolutions of the meeting of August 15th seemed to stimulate the faith of some to a firm determination for success, and at a meeting held in the office of the "Standard," December 7, 1867, they resolved to continue the publication for 1868, and passed a resolution heartily approving the course of Bro. Errett in his management of the "Christian Standard," and tendered him grateful acknowledgments, leaving it with him and the Executive Committee to conduct the paper. . . . The world-wide influence of the paper, in after years, makes the words of the generous-hearted Thomas Phillips, who offered the following resolution, seem prophetic:

"*Resolved*, That this Association is greatly encouraged, in the light of the facts reported, with the prospects of the permanent success of the 'Standard,' and that we pledge

ourselves to renewed and zealous endeavors to give permanency to the journal, and to extend its circulation as widely as possible, assured that it is doing a most desirable work, and that it will finally yield a goodly revenue, which may be employed for the spread of the gospel."

Passed unanimously.

. . . . . .

I have recorded all these encouraging signs, furnished by both the editor and the stockholders, as preliminary to an unlooked for *denouement*, which I reserve for the following chapter.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

1868.—IN CLEVELAND.

The stockholders abandon the enterprise and turn the paper over to Mr. Errett. — Timely words from Mr. Ford.—Family re-union.—Faith in his paper.—A critical time.—Perplexities.—Propositions from Alliance.—They opened the door out of his difficulties.—"Home talent."—Presidency of the college accepted.—A man for "occasions."—New Castle.—"What we need."—Alliance College dedicated. — Removal of the family. — "Clerical folly at John Allen's."—Bright prospects.—Thanksgiving.—The "Standard's" pulse becoming feeble. — True basis of Christian union.—"Shibboleth."

The recent action of the stockholders would not lead the reader to anticipate what follows:

In less than thirty days another meeting was called. January 6, 1868, the stockholders gathered for the last time, in the "Standard" office. The "Standard," and all the appurtenances of the Association, were transferred to Isaac Errett, conditioned upon his publishing the "Standard" so long as it was for his interest to do so, and that he should furnish to each stockholder, who agreed to the transfer, a copy of the paper till January 1, 1869, and that he pay all debts of the Association. This being done, the Association was dissolved; all its interests having passed to Bro. Errett, and "therewith the ardent hopes of the Association for the continued success of the 'Standard,'" are the closing words of the record.

Mr. Ford concludes his highly prized and interesting communication to me, with the following words:

None other than a heroic spirit, with immense power, of even balance and a faith sublime, could have moved forward, under adverse circumstances, steadily pushing so large a work to success. Since then the "Standard" has become known around the globe; and, in the language of the Phillips resolution: has been "employed for the spread of the gospel." Isaac Errett drew generous spirits around him, as Garfield, Phillips, Ford, Rhodes, Robison, Streator, Jones, Marvin, Gould of Cincinnati, and others who were life-long friends, and rejoiced in the wonderful work he was doing in the fields of America and in foreign lands. Of those who joined him in supplying the "Standard" until it gained root among the cultured classes of Northern Ohio—growing until its branches spread over a continent—Garfield, Green, Hayden, Robison, Sloan, Bane, Rhodes and Hawley are with him on the other shore.

The recent holidays had been passed in unwonted joy. Miss Jennie, upon whose heart the sunshine of every bright day in her beloved father's history seems to linger as a fadeless benediction, recalls those holidays which, she says, were made memorable by a family re-union—"our last. James came from Michigan, Russell from Bethany, and we made merry together. Father and mother were one with us in all the fun and nonsense. The Christmas dinner was the crowning delight of that rare time. From the 'for this and all other mercies, brother Charles,' which fell reverently from father's lips; and the quick response, 'may the Lord make us truly thankful, brother Ned' —to the end of the repast, it was a feast of reason and a flow of soul, brightened by wit, softened by humor. There were just ten of us at the table—without an

alien or a foreigner—a complete home circle of our living. We had been reading 'Nicholas Nickleby,' and it was wonderfully suggestive in the right line, and made it a day to remember. I like to think of my father as he was that day, giving himself up so entirely to all the innocent pleasure and fun of the young fry. There were tender words, and loving deeds and remembrances to hallow the memory of those hours, and call us all to better, truer life. Father was proud of his six bright sons. It was the last time he saw them together."

Miss Jennie's characteristic modesty will not permit her to mention the two bright daughters; but *cela va sans dire*. We know well that they filled no small place in that loving father's heart.

As we have seen, he passed speedily from the joys of this festal occasion—which he doubtless regarded as the crown of a triumphant past, and the introduction to a yet brighter future—to the painful anxieties of an unlooked-for and weighty responsibility. The paper, not yet self-sustaining, was thrown upon his hands. The stockholders had lost faith—not in him nor in the need and worth of the "Standard," but in the investment. It was not yielding returns. It was not likely to yield them. They were not willing to venture. Mr. Errett made no complaint, public or private, but he was sadly disappointed. The enterprise had been barely able to *stand*, with all the strong support of its originators and backers, and now it must *walk*, and walk alone! He believed in its final success, if only he could continue to hold it up a little while longer. The paper, wherever it went, was popular. It was daily more and more highly appreciated; it was grow-

ing in public favor; and it was already recognized as a power for good. He was proud of it—of its character, its reputation, its influence—and he could not bear to have it fail in his hands. More than all, he felt that the great cause which it represented, and to which already it had given a better name and a more honorable standing among worthy and thinking men, would suffer irreparable loss, and be immeasurably set back in the accomplishment of its great mission, if such an organ, voicing its best thought and its true aims, should be allowed ingloriously to sink into oblivion.

It was a critical time, not only in Mr. Errett's personal history, but in that of the Disciples as well. One almost shudders to think what would have been the outcome if the "Standard" had gone down, and the grand plea for the restoration of primitive Christianity had been remanded to the care and keeping of those organs which had already so signally demonstrated their incapacity and unfitness for the charge. And the hundreds of thousands who to-day rejoice in the conscious possession of Christian freedom, and in the clear comprehension of those great cardinal principles which direct and control in all Christian activity and enterprise, should enshrine the name and memory of Isaac Errett in imperishable honor, because, in this dark hour, with heroic courage, and unfaltering firmness and faith, he resolved that, by the help of God, this little bark, freighted with such precious treasure, *should not go down.*

But what was he to do? He had a family to support—and the paper could not even support itself. He had a farm in Michigan, but he could find no sale for it. He could command a good salary preaching, but not at

points in easy reach of Cleveland, and those remote would prevent the performance of his editorial duties. We may imagine the many hours of anxious solicitude which he gave to the solution of a problem so complicated and difficult, and which had been so suddenly and unexpectedly thrust upon him.

It was at this time, and while in this state of suspense and uncertainty, that the proposition from Alliance came to him. It was not what he wanted; his friends thought that he should not have accepted it; but they failed to consider, if indeed they knew, the pressure that was upon him, and the difficult strait which he was striving manfully to navigate. I can not better tell the story than in the language of Miss Jennie, who was on the inside, and knew all about it:

There came to the Cleveland office about the beginning of the year 1868, a delegation from the town of Alliance, Ohio—Jehu Milner, Elisha Teeters, John L. Pinkerton and A. B. Way—in behalf of a new college enterprise in that ambitious town. They had just completed a handsome college edifice, and desired to build up a grand institution of learning at that center of influence and prosperity. They represented the building as nearly ready for occupancy, all paid for to date, with ample provision for the finishing touches. A. B. Way, as financial agent, exhibited a subscription paper towards an endowment fund with the names of men and brethren whom father knew to be sound, and second to none in business sagacity and integrity—abundantly able to pay the generous pledges in dollars set opposite their names. This was accompanied by the assurance that there was as much more promised that would materialize within a year in pledges or cash. They also presented a list of two hundred new subscribers to the "Standard," with the money, and pledged themselves to make it five thousand within a year, Mr. Way agreeing to take the field and work

for that end—if father would consent to accept the Presidency of the college and take his paper to Alliance. The paper was not wanted as an *organ* of this enterprise—Oh, no! It was to be as free always as it had been in the past, to speak for all our schools. It was only a question of time till Alliance would be the great intellectual center of the United States—already better known than any city of Ohio —(did n't all trains on two railroads stop there for meals?)— it had determined to surpass any thing in the country. They offered a salary of three thousand dollars, and some valuable town lots for a future home. There was a demand for a college in that region—to educate the hungry thousands who were not disposed to go far from home. They painted a rosy future for Isaac Errett, for whom, really, they had done all this—for the "Standard" and the College—and he took it into consideration.

As a matter of course Mr. Errett did not accept all this chaff as good grain; but if the substantial *facts* as presented could be received without discount—the college building, the assured endowment, and the ample salary—he might well have hesitated, in view of his embarrassments, before declining an offer which came so opportunely and which promised so well. But before accepting it he prudently consulted one or two of his shrewd business friends, and they warmly advised him to close with the offer. He at length accepted the position without consulting the "home talent," or remembering that a woman's intuitions are often more trustworthy than a man's logic, and was greatly troubled to find the entire family opposed to the scheme; but it was then too late to withdraw.

In the "Standard" of February 22, he announced the transfer of the paper to him by the Christian Publishing Association; that this involved no change

in its character and aims; and that, while he did not conceal the fact that he was accepting considerable risk, he was encouraged from the past to hope for entire success. In the same connection he stated:

It has already become public, but not in our columns, that we have accepted the Presidency of Alliance College. This will not, for some time to come, necessitate any change of location, as we shall not enter upon our duties in the college until next August or September. Nor will it make the slightest change in the character of the paper. A few friends of other educational institutions have expressed fears that the "Standard" will become a special organ of Alliance College. These fears are all unfounded. The college has nothing to do with the paper. The "Standard" will be in the future precisely what it has been in the past—a channel of communication for *all* our educational institutions, through which they may freely set forth their claims and their achievements. We expect to be a co-worker with our brethren in the good cause of education, not a foe or rival of any. When we started the "Standard" many good brethren were fearful of ill-natured rivalries and quarrelsome contests with other papers. We have convinced them of our ability to publish a paper free from dishonorable strife; and we hope to be equally successful in convincing them of our ability to manage an educational institution honorably and magnanimously, with a just regard to the rights and merits of others.

The paper's list at this time had reached fully six thousand *bona fide* subscribers, besides about five hundred sent in exchange, and free to preachers, contributors and the poor. During the early months of this year Mr. Errett preached every Sunday in Temperance Hall, on Superior street, which had been rented as a place of meeting. He not only gave his services to this work, but also contributed towards

defraying the expenses. There was a fairly good attendance, and, with proper support, it is probable that a good church might have grown out of the enterprise. Still, the location was not the best. The Spiritualists had their place of meeting in another part of the same building, and they were noisy and annoying; and as their street entrance was the same as that of the Disciples, many of the latter did not feel comfortable to be seen going in and coming out there. They could but fear that their friends would misjudge them.

Mr. Errett was a man who was always much sought after for special occasions. He had a delicate sense as to what was appropriate and becoming, and he was often constrained to leave his regular work in order to gratify the ardent wishes of distant and admiring brethren. However important the occasion, and however anxious they were that everything should pass off well, they felt safe and happy when they had secured his consent to be present. He did much of this sort of work in 1868. His dedication of the magnificent church which had been erected in New Castle, Pennsylvania, followed by a two weeks' successful meeting in the month of February, was a noteworthy event at the time; and a similar dedication of an elegant and commodious building in Allegheny City was not less so. This was a large and enterprising church of five hundred members, and his week's preaching to them was a continual and nourishing feast. In the account which he gives of this visit, he says:

> We found time to call on two of our brother editors in Pittsburg—Dr. Nesbit, of the "Christian Advocate," whom we found at his post cheerful and affable, and with whom we enjoyed a pleasant social interview; and Alex. Clark, the

editor of "Our Schoolday Visitor," and pastor of the First Methodist Church. Mr. C. is a liberal-minded gentleman, who is fast outgrowing creed authorities and who preaches in the spirit of a true reformer. Hard-working, earnest, and truth-loving, he is making a strong impression on the public mind. We would be glad to see him fully emancipated from sect and party, and throwing the whole weight of his earnest life in the scale of primitive Christianity. A number of ministers of different denominations dropped in at our meetings. The tokens of a growing liberality of sentiment are everywhere manifest, and encourage us to look for that most desirable consummation—the union of all who love our Lord Jesus Christ in one body, knowing one Lord, one Faith, and one Baptism, possessing one Spirit, rejoicing in one Hope, and glorifying one God and Father of all.

The editorials published this year, in series, on "What we Need," were timely and important. Mr. Errett's intimate familiarity with the churches in various parts of the country, and his own ripe experience both as pastor and evangelist, made him singularly competent to perform this work. He realized, too, that the great body of the Disciples were gradually being uplifted to a higher plane, and that the time had come for them to write, in their lives and deeds, a new chapter of history. Among the more spiritually minded there had grown up longings for the attainment of a higher life, and earnest desires that the work and worship of the church might be so directed as to be more helpful towards this end. It was felt that a new era had dawned: the past was not to be reproduced; the old time sermons, so valuable and necessary in their day, had lost their original flavor, and had ceased to be interesting. All the ordering and exercises of the Lord's house called for a change, at least

in tone and spirit; and yet it was not readily apparent in what particulars this change was called for. Something was wanting—in almost every phase and aspect of the general subject, there was room for improvement; and Mr. Errett's wise and well-considered presentation and discussion of these points were welcomed everywhere, and were productive of much good. These thoughtful articles are not in a form that admits of profitable quotation here, and, indeed, largely owing to the impulse which they gave and the nourishing influence which they exercised, the brotherhood have so grown in grace and knowledge that their republication, either in whole or in part, is not now demanded. But it was such work as this, in which, like a watchman upon the wall, he looked abroad over the whole field, noted the drift and tendency of the great movement, while he encouraged and helped the mighty army to go forward—that showed his deep and hearty interest in the true welfare of his brethren, and which resulted at length in elevating him to the highest place in their affection and esteem.

Alliance College was dedicated with appropriate exercises, August 13. There was a large concourse, and the occasion was made interesting and memorable. Some of the great dailies from larger cities were represented, and their published reports were highly complimentary. The "Pittsburg Gazette" said of the building—it "is justly regarded, alike by architects and educators, as one of the most convenient and complete in the State. A large boarding hall, exclusively for ladies, is in process of erection, designed to accommodate one hundred boarders. The grounds are sufficiently spacious for outdoor recreations; they are very

tastefully laid out, and beautifully ornamented with trees and shrubs. The entire cost of buildings, grounds, philosophical and chemical apparatus, will reach one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. One hundred thousand has already been donated and applied, and a large portion of the balance provided for." After further descanting on the crowd, the celebrities in attendance, and the "indefatigable efforts of Mr. Way, who has induced his friends to donate this large sum of money for educational purposes," the exercises are mentioned in detail, and the president's address reported almost in full.

Really, this was a fine show, and it certainly gave promise of grand and substantial results. The powers behind the throne had supplied an abundance of glitter; it looked like gold; may be it was; we shall hereafter see.

The selection of the Faculty had been left to Mr. Errett, and he had secured a good one. Every department—Languages, Mathematics, Natural Sciences, Music, etc.—was supplied. It may be granted that there were a few light weights, but the occupants of the more important chairs were able and cultured gentlemen and ladies. Mr. Errett was announced as "President and Professor of Biblical Literature, Evidences of Christianity and Moral Philosophy." The College opened with a good class, and every thing seemed propitious. Mr. Errett was pleased with the outlook, and having sold his Michigan property, he bought a good house and lot in Alliance, and proceeded to improve and beautify his new possessions. In the course of a few weeks the family moved in from Cleveland—all except Miss Jennie, who was left behind for a time in charge of the

"Standard" office, in which she had the valuable assistance of Eld. John Boggs. As she was soon after prostrated by typhoid fever, Mr. Boggs, for several weeks, had the work of both upon his hands. He seems, however, to have been equal to it, for the paper regularly appeared in good form, and showing no signs of any neglect. It should be said for Miss Jennie that she had no faith in the Alliance enterprise from the first, but, like the loyal and devoted daughter that she was, she said nothing to discourage her father. The letters from home were full of enthusiasm, and both he and Prof. Hinsdale,* when from time to time they visited the sanctum, were buoyant with bright hopes and prospects.

The leaders that were sent in from Alliance were in the editor's usually happy vein—some of them discussing weighty and important matters, and handling with masterly skill several of the living issues of the day. Others touched upon things of current public interest, but always with an infusion of good, sound sense. From this latter class I select the following:

CLERICAL FOLLY AT JOHN ALLEN'S.

Most of our readers have heard of John Allen, the "wickedest man" in New York, and his Water street dance house. They also know that, wicked as he was, he was not lost to good influences; and that he was induced, through the labors of some good men in New York, to abandon his former business, and to open his house for prayer meetings, so that now the pure and vile, the religious and the godless, the converted and the inquiring, meet to pray where before only the lowest and vilest congregated, and for the most detestable purposes. From present indications, we should

*Professors B. A. Hinsdale and A. R. Benton were associated with him in the college and in the editorial work of the "Standard."

say a strong religious interest would spring up in that quarter of the city, and that much good would be done. However this may be, strange things are seen and heard at John Allen's. Some of the reports are exceedingly hopeful. Here is the most discouraging one we have seen:

"Of the ministers of the gospel who officiated yesterday at John Allen's prayer meeting, each one prayed aloud for those poor, ignorant, fallen creatures, few of whom could read or write, and some of whom had never heard of Christ or forgiveness, just exactly, word for word, as he would have prayed in his cushioned pulpit up town, with a 'wealthy and fashionable' congregation before him. One after the other, each minister of the gospel rose in his place with that motley crowd about him, and talked about the shining light, and the throne of grace; about the good shepherd, and the sheep in the fold; about the vineyard, and the slippery places; about Lazarus, and the prodigal son, and the worms of the dust; about the bottomless pit, and the waters of Jordan; about ministering angels, and loud hosannas, and Gethsemane, and Calvary, and Zion, and so on, John Allen standing there with his wife; and the poor besotted women over in the corner were earnestly besought to lay hold on the cross, to flee from the coming wrath, to avoid the avenging sword; they were implored to plant their feet on the rock of ages, and to drink of the water of life, to keep their lamps trimmed, and to let their light shine before men. They were entreated to call aloud, and not to turn a deaf ear to the trump of salvation; to press on in the strait and narrow path up to the gates of gold, till they could behold the hills of Zion, and lave their bodies in the cool waters of Jordan. And through all this John listened reverently, occasionally urging the people to move up, and make room for those outside who wanted to get in; the mother, with her hand resting on her head, stared abstractedly at the crowd around her, occasionally frowning at the boys to keep them quiet; the poor things over in the corner listlessly wiped their perspiring faces with their sleeves, gazing mean-

while at the fantastically cut fly paper pendant from the ceiling."

These reverend gentlemen apparently think preaching Christ is a species of magical incantation, and that the words "Jordan," "Hosanna," "Gethsemane," and the expressions "through grace," "sheep in the fold," "Good Shepherd," only need to be uttered as a charm to effect the salvation of the poor creatures who throng John Allen's dance house. It is not easy to get down to the plane of life where they live, and talk to them after the manner of Christ. But that it is idle to address them as intellectual congregations are addressed, using a style of speech with which they are wholly unfamiliar, all can see who do not hold to the magical theory; such folly as this would pass belief, were it not so often seen in other places. It is most discreditable to those who are guilty of it, either at John Allen's or elsewhere.

The year closed most hopefully for the college. It had opened with a liberal patronage, which had considerably increased; it stood well in public favor—the name of its President being itself a tower of strength, and there were honored names associated with him in the Faculty. The present was altogether satisfactory, and the future was radiant with promise. Mr. Errett was happy, and on Thanksgiving day he had in part expressed his joy by giving a rich feast to his colaborers. A box of choice edibles had been sent down from Cleveland, including the inevitable turkey and its traditional *et ceteras*. Host and guests alike were in good spirits, and the fine dinner, seasoned with the sauces of wit and humor and thanksgiving, was an unqualified success.

But while everything was moving on so bravely in Alliance, the "Standard," still published in Cleveland, had begun to move in the opposite direction. The

subscription list, the real pulse indicative of a paper's state of health, was gradually and slowly, but surely, diminishing. Then, as the year drew to a close, there was hurry and flurry and confusion, with upturnings and overturnings, incident to the contemplated removal of the paper to Alliance. It was a "big job" and a troublesome one, but everybody took hold without flinching, and so the going out of the old year found the "Standard," with all its paraphernalia, and all its "happy family," safely, if somewhat confusedly, housed in the promising little city of Alliance, which was believed to be the terminus of all its wanderings.

I feel that the interest and value of this volume will be greatly enhanced by the insertion of the following specimens of Mr. Errett's editorial work. They relate to subjects which are still before the public mind, and the views of so thoughtful and careful a writer will be found worthy of calm consideration:

(From the "Christian Standard," June 20, 1868.)

THE TRUE BASIS OF UNION.

The facts to which we have recently called attention, touching the ambitious movements of Roman Catholicism, and the evidence of incompetency of Protestantism, split up into jarring and rival sects, to meet the issue, are eliciting attention to a phase of the union question which hitherto has been almost entirely ignored. It has generally been conceded by the most ardent advocates of union among the different Protestant sects, that *organic* union is out of the question; that unity of spirit, with free co-operation between the different denominations, is all that should be aimed at—all that is practicable. This sect-demon can not be exorcised without throwing the bodies he inhabits into terrible convulsions. Rather than undergo this tremendous exorcism, they prefer to soothe the demon into quietness for a season.

But it will not do. The organic union of the Roman Catholic church is such as to enable it to concentrate its energies in any given direction, with a force which the divided ranks of Protestants can not withstand, and under Jesuitical rule, which is now predominant, the immense resources of that church are being brought to bear with startling effect on the populations of Protestant countries. If the cross of Christ is not sufficient to *draw* Protestants to a common center of attraction, the wiles and successes of Popery will *urge* and *compel*, sooner or later, a triumph over the sectarian policy.

Hon. Henry W. Green, the venerable ex-Chancellor and Chief Justice of New Jersey, went recently as a delegate from the old school assembly to the new. In the course of a telling speech he remarked:

"In the Catholic Church there were many diversities, yet the church was one, and all its influence was directed towards the same end. And this Presbyterian Church, so united in feeling, was broken up into separate creeds. Was this right? Was it to the honor and glory of God? There was a principle in medicine which he begged pardon for applying in this connection—"*Ubi attentio, ibi irritatio.*" Start a sharp question in any church, and you would have a large difference of opinion. He was somewhat like the mother of his friend there (Mr. Dodge), who, when asked as to her feeling in the matter now under consideration, answered that she had heard there was a difference, but on *which side* she did n't know. (Laughter.) For the life of him, when he heard the addresses yesterday and this morning, he could not tell whether he was in a new school or an old school church. The only difference was, as some one has said, that one of them sung long meter, the other short. (Laughter.) They worked at a little scratch on their bodies and made it sore."

He further remarked:

"His heart's desire and prayer was that they might all again be one. He would not say when or where. He would leave that to the venerable fathers of the church. The

elders had not created this division. Alienation had not come through them. There was but one voice among the laymen of the church. They would leave the matter to the clergy; they would suffer rather than dissent from them. It was the clergy who made the severance, and it was the clergy who must make the union. He prayed that this union might come speedily in His time and His way."

Henry Day, Esq., made a speech to the Old School Assembly, the drift of which we gather from the New York "Observer":

"Mr. Day held that the laity almost universally demand this union, and a large part of the clergy; that the differences between the old and new school are the refinements of schoolmen, unknown to the masses of the people and not worthy of being made the ground of separation of two great churches, which are *one* in heart and work. He was eloquent in his illustrations and appeals, and was only interrupted by expressions of approbation with which his remarks were received."

It is beginning to be seen and felt that the *clergy*, rather than the *laity*, furnish the obstacles to union; that people, one in faith, are kept apart by subtle abstractions which none but the clergy care for; and that Protestant Christians are victimized by the sect-spirit—that they are contracted in their sympathies, weakened in their efforts, and rendered comparatively helpless against the steady aggressions of the united Romanists. There is coming up, therefore, a loud demand for the visible, organic union of all who are really one in faith and in spirit. We take the opportunity which is thus opened to us to suggest some thoughts on *the true basis of union* furnished in the New Testament.

We do not wonder, when we look at the deep-seated dominion of the sect-spirit, and the fearful multiplicity of discordant parties, that good men are skeptical as to the possibility of organic union in an anti-sectarian sense. But we invite the attention of the skeptical to some universally

admitted facts. In the first age of the church of Christ the sect-spirit was rampant. The Jews were divided into discordant sects. Jews and Samaritans had no dealings with each other. The Jews were barbarians to the Gentiles; the Gentiles to the Jews were dogs. The Gentile world was divided into various sects in philosophy, and almost endless varieties in religion. Yet the apostles did gather, out of all these masses of hateful and hating humanity, a church—a brotherhood—which was *one;* Jew, Gentile, and Samaritan, Pharisee and Sadducee, Stoic and Epicurean, Barbarian, Scythian, bond and free, were all made "one in Christ Jesus"; and to this oneness—this heaven-descended spirit of reconciling love, more than all else, did the early church owe her matchless triumphs. *What has been done can be done again.*

We are aware of the plausibility of the objection that it is impossible, and even undesirable, to destroy the diversity and variety of the operations of the human mind; and that a union like that of Rome, purchased by the stagnation of intellect, the crushing of reason, and the assertion of despotic authority over the souls of men, is impossible among Protestants. But we ask, Is it necessary, in order to unity and union, that we should inhibit freedom and destroy variety? Did the apostles require this? We freely admit that, if unity among Protestants is attained, it will be "unity in diversity"; and all we ask is, *let all needful diversity be tolerated within the Church;* let it be the diversity of *one harmonious Church*, not the diversity of jarring sects. Evidently if unity is reached among a few people, and in harmony with the spirit of freedom in which Protestantism rejoices, it must have but few elements—it must be union in *a very few particulars.* How was the one Church of primitive times built? *Its foundation was laid in one cardinal truth.* "Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, *which is Jesus Christ.*" *The primitive creed had but one article in it:* "I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God." The divinity of Jesus as the Son of God—the official power and glory of Jesus as the Christ, the anointed Prophet, Priest

and King, in whom a lost race was to find wisdom, mercy and gracious sovereignty, for their perfect redemption: this was the entire creed of the apostolic church. All who trusted in Jesus as a divine Saviour, were received to baptism on that simple trust, without regard to their former faith, or past relationships. Repudiating all other sovereignties, in the "one faith," they received the "one immersion," and thus became members of the "one body," under the authority of the "one Lord," and drank into "one Spirit," rejoiced in "one hope," and served "one God and Father of all." It is all the creed the Church needs now. The divinity of the Lord Jesus, and his prophetical, priestly and kingly power and authority, must be sacredly guarded. None who deny the divinity of the Christ can enter this brotherhood; all who accept it, and are ready to give themselves to Jesus as their Lord and Saviour, have a right to be immersed into the names of Father, Son and Holy Spirit, into the one body of which Jesus is the Head. No man, nor body of men, has a right to impose anything as a test of membership which the Lord has not ordained. The creed which the "Church Union" offers as a basis of union, is as human and unauthorized as any other creed; and to talk of a "catholic" plea on a merely human basis, is to outrage the rights and liberties which the Lord of the conscience has purchased for us with his own blood.

When multitudes from these discordant and antagonistic sects and races were thus made "one in Christ Jesus," they were taught to "preserve the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace." How? First, by being "perfectly joined together in the same mind and in the same judgment," in regard to all things that the apostles enjoined. Second, by allowing to one another the most perfect liberty in regard to all things not divinely commanded. The things commanded by Christ were "essentials"; the things not commanded were "non-essentials." In regard to these non-essentials, two things were enjoined. First, no man was allowed to judge his brother in these matters—to his own Master he stood or fell.

Second, every one, inspired by the law of love, was to see to it that his liberty was not so used as to become an occasion of injury to his brethren. Within these limits the largest liberty and greatest diversity were allowed—unity only being sought in the faith in Christ and in obedience to his laws.

If, then, any one denied that Christ came in the flesh, or denied that he was the Son of God, he denied the creed of the church, and could be cut off. Or, if any one persisted in violating any of the laws of righteousness or of purity that Christ had given, the church, after suitable admonition, could "put away that wicked person." But where faith in Jesus was maintained inviolate, and the commandments of Jesus were faithfully observed, no other test of fellowship was required; in all else every soul was free to enjoy its own rights, to possess its own idiosyncrasies, and to pursue its own bent, responsible only to God, subject only, among men, to that law of love which promotes the peace and good will of all. No man was allowed to judge his brother, nor was any to put a stumbling block in his brother's way.

Now we ask if there is not here sufficient freedom—abundant scope for all desirable diversity—and yet visible and real and effective *union* in one grand brotherhood? Why not come to it? Let all doctrines be swallowed up in the "one faith" in the Son of God—a faith that has life, inspiration, power—a warm, generous, unifying faith, quickening as the sunbeams, and not pale and cold as the moonshiny theologies of the past. Let all the corruptions of baptism which we have inherited from the church of Rome give place to the "one immersion," which alone is catholic —which all parties accept, and which is the peculiar badge of none. Mr. Beecher, in his late speech before the Congregational Union, expressed his conviction that he and his brethren might yet have to go through the water to the Baptists, since the Baptists could not come to them; and wondered that they should "linger shivering, on the brink" of the baptismal stream, and fear to plunge in! It will yet be a wonder to the saints of coming generations how there

could have been so much bitter controversy over this question, when there was "one baptism" that all acknowledged and accepted.

Let the bond of union among the baptized be *Christian character* in place of *orthodoxy*—right doing in place of *exact thinking;* and, outside of plain precepts, let all acknowledge the liberty of all, nor seek to impose limitations on their brethren, other than those of the law of love.

A union of Christians thus effected would have all the grandeur of a miracle, in its superhuman triumph over the narrowness and bitterness of sect. The resurrection of men out of their graves would not give an impulse to the movements of the church comparable with that which would come through this supernatural triumph over selfishness and sin. The *united* voice of believers would sound like a trump of resurrection over the world; its sublime thunders would start hosts into life that have long lain dead in the valley of dry bones; the land would tremble under the onward march of the army of the living God, "stepping to the music of the union"; infidelity, stripped of its supplies, would grow pale and die; Romanism would yield before the enthusiasm and power of God's *united* free-men; the winds would bear over the oceans the glad tidings of great joy; the wealth of a united church would send hosts of missionaries into every land; truth would spring up out of the earth, and mercy smile from heaven, and the whole world be speedily girdled with the victories of redeeming grace. Sweetly would the words of prayer that came from the agonized heart of the sufferer on the brink of Gethsemane's strife, echo along the hill-sides, and through the valleys, and over the seas, until every heart would drink in their matchless inspiration. "Father, I pray for all who shall believe on me through their word — THAT THEY ALL MAY BE ONE, as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they may be one in us; *that the world may believe that thou hast sent me.*"

The reader will no doubt enjoy the following, which bears upon one phase of the same subject. Its

pungency and personalism, while adding a relishing spice, do not conceal the underlying soundness and good sense of the whole presentation. It was called forth by the action of the Evangelical Ministerial Association of Cincinnati. "For the purpose," as they said, "of promoting brotherly regard, for a free and candid interchange of views and experiences, and for conference respecting the best methods of furthering the cause of Christ, we, the undersigned, adopt the following constitution." After giving the name of the organization, this document proceeds: "Every minister, in good and regular standing in his own denomination, shall be recognized as a member of this Association upon his acceptance of the following statement of doctrines." Then follows an old-fashioned confession of faith, containing the usual points of theology, all of which, together with the by-laws and proceedings of the meeting, Mr. Errett copied from the Cincinnati "Evening Chronicle," and then proceeded to puncture the pretentious little bubble as follows:

(From the "Christian Standard," Nov. 21, 1868.)

SHIBBOLETH.

We do not question the right of any number of clergymen, wishing to enjoy the advantages of a select and exclusive association, to establish such terms of membership in such association as will exclude all uncongenial and undesirable associates. If the object is to strengthen one another in the exclusiveness of sectarian bigotry, by letting into the room where they meet just enough light to be grateful to those of weakest vision—to stunt the souls of all in the association by circumscribing the limits of free thought and free speech; and to dwarf the manliness and generosity of every nature by compelling it to run blindly in the grooves of an established human standard, and grind

out its theological grist on a treadmill, in one unbroken circle of thought and sympathy; why, they have done a good thing in making a human creed as a test of membership, and the narrower and more exclusive they make it the better. As a theological yard-stick to measure souls by, with a view to reject all that have grown beyond it, as well as all who have not yet grown up to it, and to retain all that are of a uniform size and shape, the creed proposed in this constitution will answer very well.

But while we do not deny the right of any select class thus to choose their own associates, we claim, on our part, the right to express freely our sense of the folly and ridiculousness of such a proceeding, especially as their proceedings have been given to the public.

The *objects* of this association are stated to be, for "promoting brotherly regard; for a free and candid interchange of views and experiences, and for conference concerning the best methods of furthering the cause of Christ." This, then, is a very different thing from an association for the cultivation of exclusivism. The objects are laudable, but they are just such objects as can not be served by a human creed. The "promotion of brotherly regard" depends on unrestrained religious intercourse and the presence of that spirit of love, which lives only in a free atmosphere, and is sure to be grieved away from the heart that accepts the bondage of human authority. "A free and candid interchange of views and experiences" can not take place, except within very narrow limits, where a human creed thrusts in its stereotyped phraseology and petrifies every soul into uniform shape and size. The best possible way to unity is "a free and candid interchange of views and experiences"; but how can this free and candid interchange take place, when you have first fettered the soul with a stereotyped utterance of faith on all the leading points in theology, and forbidden any utterance at variance with it? Moreover, "conference concerning the best methods of furthering the *cause of Christ*" does not demand a

human creed. If it is conference concerning the best methods of furthering the cause of certain Protestant sects styling themselves "evangelical," then we can see the necessity of an anti-christian instrument to further this anti-christian purpose. But "*the cause of Christ*" demands no such expedients; it rests on Christ's own authority—has a sufficient basis in the foundation that God has laid in Zion—and a sufficient safeguard in the terms of fellowship which He has established.

"But," it is argued by Rev. W. C. McCune, that "there must be some test to prevent the intrusion of those not considered evangelical."

We confess to some surprise at such a statement from such a source. For, if there are any who are not quite evangelical, yet sufficiently concerned about the cultivation of brotherly regard and the furtherance of the cause of Christ to lead them to seek membership in such an association, it is altogether probable that a "free and candid interchange of views and experiences" would bring them right, while a cold rejection of them must drive them farther away. It is possible to be wrong in head and yet good at heart, and many a strait-laced pharisee—many a petrifaction of orthodoxy—may be ruled in by such a creed who had better be out, and many a brave and earnest and loving, but erring soul, will be ruled out by such a standard of orthodoxy, when it had better be in. If a flaming sword is to guard the way of the tree of life, let it be a sword of God's making and appointing—not man's. This supercilious bearing towards the erring—this tender-footed zeal for the punctilios of orthodoxy, is certainly not calculated to promote brotherly regard, to cultivate freedom and candor in the interchange of views, nor to further the cause of Christ. Jesus tolerated many errors in his Disciples; the primitive church was burdened with much that was erroneous and imperfect in its membership; are we better than they?

But we are especially surprised at this statement coming from Mr. McCune. It is not long since he was made to

suffer from the exclusiveness and tyranny of creed-advocates. We have not forgotten his noble plea in his review of Dr. Pressly on close communion. In that review he clearly showed that schisms were the weakness and the disgrace of Protestantism; that "each succeeding generation finds the church relatively weaker, and the unconverted world relatively stronger"; and *that the substitution of human terms of fellowship in place of the divine terms is at the root of all these schisms.*

He argued very forcibly that, if "anything beyond a saving faith in Christ is demanded as a term of membership and communion, it is, in principle, close communion" (p. 21). Hear him in the following clear and forcible statements:

"The Divine Master has enacted that the *teaching and example of his apostles* shall be law in the Christian Church, for they were taught by the Holy Spirit. What they bound is bound; what they loosed, is loosed; what they made law, is law; what they did not make law, is not law. *Whatever kind of creed they authorized in the church, is the only kind of creed that is authorized.* If theirs was brief and simple, so must ours be brief and simple. If they declared, "If thou believest with all thy heart, thou mayest" be baptized and received into the church, so must we declare. If they require no more than is necessarily implied in that demand, so must we require no more. *And as no law of the church is of greater moment to her as a visible organization—as no law so much affects her power and purity, as the law by which she receives and retains her members*, so no law should be more strictly observed than this law" (pp. 44, 45).

"It would not be difficult to show that the members of the primitive church, previous to their conversion, held errors no less dangerous and fatal, and far more numerous, than those held by the great mass of converts in this land, previous to their conversion. . . . And as these inspired apostles regarded their brief creed as sufficient protection

against these perversions then, SO THIS SAME CREED *would be a sufficient protection now*, in this land, where fatal Jewish and heathenish heresies are not so prevalent. And as they demanded of applicants for membership a saving faith in Christ, which necessarily included all other saving graces, and thereby excluded all fatal heresies when this demand was actually met, so this demand, made now and met now will now, in like manner exclude all fatal heresy" (pp. 47, 48).

"It is evident that an argument to prove the necessity for enlarging the creed, *based on the present perversions of Scripture* and the prevalence of error, *is as weak as it is popish*" (p. 49).

Now we respectfully call on Rev. W. C. McCune to justify his "weak and popish" attempt to fasten another creed than the simple creed of the primitive church on this association.

If he pleads that all that is in his creed is fairly *implied* in the primitive creed, we answer, such is the plea of all creed-makers; but if the Holy Spirit was content to leave it to be implied, and, *merely as implied*, it was sufficient to guard against error, then, *in the same inspired form*, it is a sufficient safeguard yet.

If he argues that this is not a church, but a voluntary association, then, we ask, why be more select in the terms of membership of a human association, than the Lord has been in a *divine* association? *Less* select it may be proper to be; but *more* select—how can that be?

Were the members of the primitive church "evangelical"? Then can we not test who are evangelical by the same tests now without this new *shibboleth?*

We thank Bro. W. T. Moore for standing up manfully to the advocacy of the only unsectarian platform of membership for such a body of ministers.

We hope he will maintain his position, respectfully and kindly, but frankly and boldly, and test whether they will seek to oust him as being too large for their procrustean bedstead.

It is somewhat astonishing to us that Mr. McCune should attempt to impose on others a yoke of bondage which he himself was unable to bear.

We have known boys, when whipped by others stouter than themselves, to take vengeance by whipping the first boy smaller than themselves that fell in their way! We hope this does not fairly illustrate Mr. McCune's course.

We say these things without reference to the contents of the proposed creed. Apart from a single sentence about "regeneration by the *direct* agency of the Holy Ghost"—a doctrine which we defy Mr. McCune, or any other man, to deduce from what he admits to have been the creed of the primitive church—there is little in the statement which we could not honestly accept, but that which we could accept might be a stumbling-block to souls, perhaps worthier than we. Moreover, why talk of "the *supreme* divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ"—as if there were subordinate and inferior divinities? Why talk of "the personality *and reality* of the Holy Ghost"? This term personality is an awkward metaphysical invention to meet a difficulty. It may be well enough, but why make it a matter of *faith*, when the Bible says nothing about it? And when *personality* is admitted, why add *reality?* Again: Why say "we believe *in* the fall and corruption of human nature"? We believe the fact of the fall and corruption of human nature—but we do not believe *in* it! What wretched tinkering is this!

When they say, "We believe that the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments are a revelation from God, given by inspiration of the Holy Spirit, and they are the only infallible rule of faith and duty," they furnish an all-sufficient creed, and there they should stop.

CHAPTER XXIX.

1869—IN ALLIANCE.

The town of Alliance in 1869.—Duties of his office.—Morning lectures.—Sunday afternoon lectures.—Delightful surroundings.—Too much work for one man.—Feels forced to resign his place in the college.—Good word for the institution.—Communication from the Board.—The "Standard" financially at a low ebb.—R. W. Carroll & Co. come to the rescue and save it.—Announces the immediate removal of the paper to Cincinnati.—End of Volume I.

The little town of Alliance did not impress the *attaches* of the "Standard" very favorably. Comparing it as they naturally would, with the beautiful and flourishing city which they had just left, they thought it prosy, dull and dirty. The people did not seem to be wide-awake. They moved about leisurely and slowly, as if there was but little to do, and plenty of time to do it in. The streets, too, were muddy—*deeply* muddy—which indicated the absence of public spirit; and in general the presence of brain and push and determined purpose was not *prima facie* manifest. The "Standard" had two rooms on the main street, one used as a depository for books—the stock now containing an addition of college text-books and stationery—and the other room was appropriated as a business office. The paper was printed in the "Monitor" office, situated a few doors from the "Standard" office. The

editor's *sanctum* was in the college building. At first there seemed to be no end of trouble with the mails, the little post office not being prepared for so large an addition to its business. Altogether, it was a lonely and forlorn outlook; and in spite of the sunshine which never failed to irradiate the editorial room, and to make the face of the paper beam with gladness, the subscription list kept on dwindling and dwindling. It did not go into a "rapid decline," but, all the same it was declining. There were reasons for this, apart altogether from the merits of the publication. It was but natural, notwithstanding the editor's assurance to the contrary, that the friends and supporters of other institutions of learning should expect at least the incidental influence of the "Standard" to bear mainly in favor of Alliance College. Such being their feelings, they would not be likely to work *for* it as they had formerly done, even if they did not work *against* it—as perhaps some of them did. Then the friends of rival publications, and especially their editors and publishers, would not be slow to make the most of any pre-existing disposition to ignore the "Standard," and to cast suspicion upon its editor's good faith and motives. Secret influences of this sort—little undercurrents of evil surmisings and whispered insinuations—are always potential for a time, because it is impossible to meet or counteract them. Certainly, there had been no change in the journal itself. It continued to bear to its subscribers its weekly budget of good things. All its departments were admirably filled; its correspondence was extensive and varied; and the editorials, which gave the key-note to the whole, were brilliant, pointed and dignified as they had ever been.

Barring this evidence of a diminution in public favor, Mr. Errett's position seemed to be all that he could have wished. As president of the college, his post was highly honorable and useful. He had developed eminent talent as an educator and administrator, which caused him to be sought by other and older colleges. He had provided himself with a delightful home, whose ample grounds gave opportunity for the gratification of his fine horticultural taste. And, to crown all, by means of his able journal he could send abroad his great influence, and so contribute to the advancement and upbuilding of the cause and people so dearly loved by him. Upon the whole, it seemed to be the realization of an almost perfect ideal.

His daily work in the college, apart from the special instruction of the classes embraced under his professorship, involved a morning lecture on the Bible to the whole school. This admirable educational device was first introduced, so far as I know, by Mr. Campbell, in Bethany College. It constituted one of the chief attractions of the course there—the eminent lecturer giving forth, on these occasions the matured product of his vast Biblical and general information. The lectures, consequently, were not only instructive, but also in the highest degree stimulating to the intellect. It was wise in Mr. Errett to introduce this feature in Alliance—especially as he was so well qualified to make the best possible use of it. I have in my possession the copious notes prepared by him for this course. They cover a broad field of study and investigation, and give evidence on every page of the thoroughness and conscientious painstaking with which he did his work. They were well calculated to give

inspiration and proper direction to the aspiring minds and hearts of the young men and women who listened to them.

He also delivered a chapel lecture every Sunday afternoon to the general public. These, of course, while wide in their scope and aim, and free from the formalism which usually grows up around the pulpit, were yet somewhat sermonic in character. Believing, as he did, that all redeeming influences were intended to operate upon the *life*, and to develop and mature a grand and noble *manhood*, he could not have failed to bring those divine and elevating powers to bear upon his auditors—making them realize something of the depth and meaning of human existence and responsibility. No wonder the people regarded these lectures as simply delightful. There is no richer blessing for a community than to be brought immediately under the influence of a great, free, powerful and sanctified mind.

In other respects, also, the college was intellectually helpful to the citizens. Both Faculty and students contributed freely to the instruction and entertainment of the public. There were courses of lectures on secular subjects, and various literary and musical entertainments, which were highly creditable in themselves, and which tended to enlarge the mental horizon, to improve the taste, and to awaken the aspirations of the people. We may see, therefore, that life in this little town was by no means dull or disagreeable, and that the college especially was doing good, earnest work, advancing and cultivating its students, and contributing healthful stimulus to the public. J. H. Jones, who has already been brought before the readers of this work, was pastor of the church, which

had come to partake of the enthusiasm and warmth of his zealous spirit, and was moving successfully forward in good works.

As we think of Mr. Errett's pleasant surroundings and grand opportunities in that quiet little retreat, we could almost wish that he might have been permitted to end his days there. We feel that, with proper support, he could have made the institution over which he presided worthy of his name and talents, and widely useful to the public; while his journal, even in that small place, might have grown in efficiency and power, while maintaining its well-earned reputation for conservatism and enterprise. But he found the labor too much for him. He was doing the work of several men, and he discovered that some of it must be shifted to other hands, or fail to be properly performed. He had, therefore, with great reluctance, and after much hesitation, decided that he would be obliged to give up either the "Standard" or the college. And as it was manifest that no one could take his place upon the "Standard," and give satisfaction to its patrons, while there would be but little difficulty in securing a competent educator to fill his office in the college, he made up his mind to resign this office, which he did, the resignation to take effect at the close of the scholastic year, then near at hand. He took this step, notwithstanding his abiding confidence in the growing strength and ultimate success of the institution. This feeling is shown in the following editorial published about this time:

THE ENDOWMENT OF ALLIANCE COLLEGE.

We are glad to say that the initiatory steps in this movement have been taken. Within the last week *twenty-five*

thousand dollars have been given towards the endowment of Alliance College. We hope to be able to record, within a week or two more, the addition of several thousands to the list. We have waited patiently, amidst predictions of failure, and have quietly toiled on, without a word of complaint or reply to the croakings and vaticinations of the feeble and faint hearted; and now our first answer is twenty-five thousand dollars. Let the public understand that the friends and supporters of this college are in earnest and mean to make it a success, and that, at no distant day, we expect to see it placed on a basis that will put its permanency beyond reasonable question.

The commencement of the college was an occasion of great interest, and demonstrated the efficient and faithful work that had been done by both faculty and students. The "Standard" comments on it were as follows:

We are happy in saying to our friends everywhere that the first year of Alliance College has been, for a new institution, a very great success. The faithful and earnest toils of the professors, the successful discipline, the orderly conduct, uniform good health, and gratifying progress of the students, the pleasant relations between the college and the community at large, the healthful religious tone constantly prevailing, and the growth of the entire mass of students in Biblical knowledge, and the liberal tokens of confidence and good will in the shape of some thirty-five thousand dollars of an endowment fund, are all cheering and unmistakable indications of success which it gives us pleasure to record. Whatever may have been the doubts of a year ago, there are none now as to the possibility of making this college a mighty power for the cause of Christ, for a large region of country not otherwise reached by our educational institutions. Nearly a score of young men have just gone from us to preach the gospel of the grace of God, who feel a strength, and courage, and steadiness of aim, that will

greatly increase their usefulness, and who bear with them treasures of knowledge which we are sure will be a life-long benefit. We hope that the churches—especially those in Eastern Ohio—will understand the importance to themselves of promptly endowing and patronizing this promising institution of learning.

It will be seen, from the statement of the "Herald," that we have resigned our position as President. It is proper to say that this step originates in no lack of confidence in the enterprise, nor in any diminution of interest in its welfare. We found more work than any one man ought to be required to perform. To edit a weekly paper like the "Standard" — itself furnishing work enough to keep two editors in constant employment — prepare daily lectures, preach regularly, manage affairs of government and discipline, and attend to the thousand and one minor details of a college—all this may be easily accomplished by some men, but we are not of the number. It became a matter of demonstration to us that release must be had from some of our toils and cares, and as we could not readily gain release in time from the "Standard," we determined to obtain it from the college. Had there been any doubt about securing a competent president, we should have been compelled to hold on until the want could be supplied; but we were fortunate in having in our Faculty an experienced educator to whom the duties and responsibilities of a college presidency were not unfamiliar, so that the change could be made now without injury to the college.

President Benton was for many years the presiding genius of N. W. C. University at Indianapolis; and although preferring a position of less care and toil, has yielded to our solicitations to accept this post at Alliance. He enters on his work with a determination to make it succeed, and will bring to it all the treasures of his learning and experience. He will have our hearty co-operation in all that pertains to the usefulness and prosperity of this undertaking. The Faculty, though somewhat diminished in numbers and

strength from that of last year, from a necessity to regard financial interests, is abundantly adequate to the wants of the college, and will be found fully qualified for their work. We hope to see an increased attendance next year. The reputation already won, and the hearty good will of the students, will, we trust, prepare the way for greatly enlarged prosperity. Let its friends work earnestly for this end. A few men are bravely bearing heavy burdens for the sake of a great public good. Let all who desire the prosperity of the cause of education and of the cause of Christ take hold earnestly of this enterprise, and push it forward to permanent success.*

To give an intimation to the public of what the college contemplates in the line of Christian usefulness, we append a document recently prepared by the Board and the Faculty:

"TO ISAAC ERRETT, *President* of Alliance College for 1868-9:—We, the members of the Board of Trustees and of the Faculty, esteem it a great pleasure, as well as duty, to acknowledge the distinguished services rendered to Alliance College by President Isaac Errett. His services have been entirely satisfactory during the past year, and characterized by eminent ability and scholarly attainments. We feel under a deep sense of lasting obligation to President Errett for

* It was not known to our editor, nor was it generally known in Alliance that the handsome endowment fund of which they had heard so much, existed only in the mind of the financial agent of the college, who had taken counsel of his hopes for the success of his sublime cheek and his persevering efforts to build up the town and the college at the expense of rich outsiders. The money expended for the college building, and for the necessary expenses, in a measure, too, was borrowed from trusting citizens, who had unbounded faith in his ability to *talk* the enterprise into success; and "Barkis was willin" to have success on those terms. It was the confession of one of the victims to Isaac Errett, after he had taken his paper to Cincinnati, that opened his eyes to the true inwardness of the fraud practiced upon him. He was appalled at the revelation. He had written glowingly and hopefully of the college and its prospects in full assurance of faith in the truth of all his statements—and behold it was all "vanity and vexation of spirit." The college lived to be *nearly* three years old.

the prestige of his name and extended influence, as having been indispensable to our success in launching our college enterprise, and crowning its first year's efforts with glorious success. We most sincerely and unanimously desire and entreat him to accept the Professorship of the Chair of Biblical Literature offered him by the Board, that we may still retain his invaluable services in training young men for the Christian ministry, and crowning our efforts with still greater success in educating and saving humanity, and pledge him our unanimous and hearty support."

Not only did Alliance thus earnestly seek to retain him in connection with the college, but other institutions tried to secure his services and the influence of his powerful name. Bethany College offered him a chair, and sent a committee to solicit his acceptance of it; while Kentucky University urged him to take the presidency of the State Agricultural College, then connected with the University. While these offers were highly appreciated, and in many respects tempting, there was a counter-voice coming up loud and strong from the great public, earnestly insisting that the "Standard" must be continued.

The situation was embarrassing. The paper had not been paying expenses—he had been receiving not a cent for his own labor upon it. Either of the positions tendered him would yield a support; the "Standard" would not; and yet it was hard to give up this great enterprise, the joy of his heart and the pride of his life—hard to abandon the immense possibilities which he clearly saw in it, and let it go down in inglorious failure, amid the crowings and rejoicings of its rivals.

But this was not to be. The mission of this great journal, born of prayer and nourished by sacrifice, had

not been fulfilled, and the divinity whose eye had ever been upon it, raised up for it a horn of salvation, and opened for it a way into larger influence and grander achievements.

R. W. Carroll & Co. were leading book publishers in Cincinnati. Their house enjoyed an enviable reputation. It was financially strong; it was enterprising; and, in all its business transactions, distinguished for perfect integrity and uprightness. Mr. Carroll, the senior member of the firm, was a gentleman of lofty character and worthy aims, refined in feeling, and cultivated in mind and heart — a gentleman of the old school, to whom honor and truth seemed native endowments. He was not identified with the Disciples, but he had published for them, and had learned to appreciate their strength and prospects, and to know them as an enterprising and reading people. By some means he had heard of Mr. Errett's perplexity with reference to the "Standard," and he readily perceived that if his house had the publication of the paper, it would be valuable as an advertising medium, and would secure the publication of many of the works produced by the Disciples; and that the greater and more influential the paper, the more valuable it would be to all parties. He, therefore, visited Mr. Errett at Alliance, at the very time when his way seemed completely hedged, and submitted his propositions. Mr. Errett was to be editor, and have full and unrestricted control of the paper in all its departments, just as he had always had, while R. W. Carroll & Co. were to be responsible for the publishing, mailing, book-keeping and, in a word, all the strictly business part of the enterprise. The problem was solved; Mr. Errett wisely accepted the

proposition, to go into effect almost immediately; and the "Standard" was saved*—nay, more, it was started upon that grand career which, with constantly increasing power, it has pursued to this very day.

On the 24th day of July, 1869, the "Standard" was issued from Alliance for the last time. In that number Mr. Errett published the following:

REMOVAL OF THE CHRISTIAN STANDARD TO CINCINNATI.

After mature deliberation, and extensive consultation with leading brethren, we have concluded to decline the offers of our institutions of learning at Alliance, Bethany and Lexington, and give our time and strength to the "Standard." We may, in connection with this, be able to do some work for some of our colleges, but at present we consent to the employment of all our resources for the benefit of the patrons of our paper. We have been brought to this conclusion by two leading considerations. (1) We were unable to find an editor into whose hands we could commit, with confidence, the management of the "Standard"—all whom we were desirous to elect to the place being otherwise employed: and it became, therefore, a direct issue, to discontinue the paper, or to decline all other solicitations, and devote our energies exclusively to its interests. (2) The protests against its discontinuance that have come in from all sections of the country, are numerous and earnest. We do not feel at liberty to disregard the wishes of brethren who have stood bravely by us through the trials of the past, so long as it is in our power to serve them. We accepted

* Miss Errett writes on October 3, 1892: "Meeting Mr. Carroll the other day, I was asked just what I wanted with his picture. I told him he was to pose as the great *originator of the Standard Publishing Company*. 'No,' said he, 'the *savior* of the *Standard*, for when I went to Alliance to see your father, he was determined to give it up. He was utterly hopeless, and did not want me to take on such a load. He said it could not live, and had better die on his hands at once than on mine a trifle later. But I insisted on making the venture, got his consent, and *saved the Standard*.'"

this post originally in deference to the judgment of others, and with fear and trembling on our part. We continue in it, because we are sustained by their judgment in the conviction that we are doing a work that needs to be done. Our personal tastes and inclinations would lead us to a life of greater quiet—but we defer to the wishes and judgment of our brethren.

Having thus decided, a change in the place of publication becomes desirable. Alliance was only chosen because our college duties made it necessary that our head-quarters should be here; and as printing could be done as well in the "Monitor" office as in any of the establishments of our larger cities, it was a matter of convenience to issue the "Standard" from this point. Being released from the college, the necessity no longer exists for its continuance here, and we, therefore, transfer it to Cincinnati as the most desirable center of operations. . . . . We have lodged the business interests of the "Standard" with R. W. Carroll & Co., whose reputation as publishers is well established. Our readers may expect to receive from their hands the handsomest weekly yet issued among us. They are well known as gentlemen of high respectability, and the style of their publications for neatness and elegance has given them a front place among western publishers.

The winding up at Alliance may properly conclude the first volume of this history. It introduces a new era, so to speak, in Mr. Errett's life. Hitherto he has had no certain dwelling-place. An unseen hand has led him hither and thither, and his way has been long, and weary, and toilsome. At length his wanderings are ended, and henceforth he will continue to reside in the Queen City of the West, until the Father calls him to the restful home above. We cannot doubt that this final stage in his earthly pilgrimage was all the while contemplated by the infinite intelligence by

R. W CARROLL.

which the steps of the good man are ordered; that he was being educated, disciplined and fitted for the master work of his closing years; that his mind, broadened by large and varied experience and strengthened by sore trials and struggles, might be delivered from the constraints of provincial and sectarian narrowness, and become universal in its sympathies. And now at length the door is opened before him, that he may enter into enlarged freedom and service. He is in his fiftieth year, but still hale and vigorous; he is richly furnished with accumulated stores of learning and experience; his reputation is established, and he has won the honor and love of a great and powerful brotherhood; and now with the mighty instrument in hand which he knows so well how to use, we may confidently expect that his greatest work and most signal successes are yet to come.

END OF VOLUME I.